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Saturday Review

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April 20, 1963

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, Seth Dennis. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVI, No. 16, April 20, 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature" © 1963 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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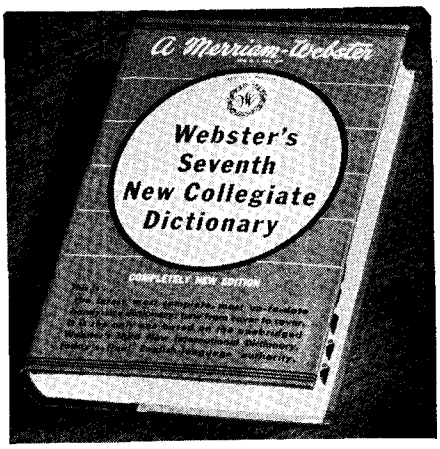

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A bankrupt mortician in Tryon
Was forced afar to roam.
It takes a heap o' dyin'
To make a Funeral Home.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

THE CHIMERA

1 Updike the Halls with Aphrodite

2 The ruffling fragrance of crushed
3 golden pencil drippings—cascading
4 the astonished lips of the wastebas-
5 ket like a Danaean showerbath—
6 wrinkles Jim Mera's leonine nostrils
7 as he coaxes the ambrosia through
8 his tortured twisting nasal passages
9 to savor it, thick and sweet, upon
10 his gently flicking tongue. Amber
11 light like melted pennies dapples
12 the polish on his hooves. His tongue,
13 undulating as gently as a butterfly
14 in the breeze, is erasing the black-
15 board, for the school lacks sponges.
16 Now, shimmering as black as a
17 dolphin in sunlight, the blackboard
18 (a pitiless infinity of antiwhite)
19 can no longer boast its chalked
20 heroic epithet: MR. MERA IS A LION-
21 HEADED DRAGON-TAILED OLD GOAT!!!
22 "Frailty, thy name is chimera," sighs
23 Jim Mera hopelessly. His loveless
24 Psyche textbook in one cleft hoof,
25 he clatters wearily across the gray,
26 meaningless classroom and swishes
27 his olive-drab tail across the desks,
28 demolishing three.
29 "No wonder the DAR don't like
30 chimeras in public schools!" ex-
31 claims Mrs. Harper, the cafeteria
32 supervisor, who is perched upon the
33 door ledge. She resembles a rusty
34 soup spoon that has lain too long in
35 a bowl of chicken gumbo.
36 "I'm a burdensome breed all right,"
37 admits Mera sadly, "but I do come
38 in handy at weenie roasts . . . ,"
39 and exhaling sharply, he ignites her
40 waiting cigarette and several old
41 PTA posters.
42 Mrs. Harper gnarls her barbecued
43 yellow beak distastefully. "Since I
44 ain't your best friend, Mr. Mera, I
45 can tell you—"
46 "No need, no need to at all, Mrs.
47 Harper," sig[illegible] the old schoolteach-
48 er, and he sacrifices a green mint-
49 flavored mouth sweetener to Clean-
50 er Breath Cleaner Teeth.
51 Mrs. Harper, fluttering into the
52 hallway like sodden, mangled
53 Pigeon Feathers, once more twists
54 her scrawny neck to cackle, men-
55 acingly, "Before I report them desks
56 and PTA posters I got one piece of
57 advice for you, Mr. Mera."
58 "And what's that?" asks Mera, al-
59 ready knowing.
60 She gesticulates with a dishpan-
61 handed claw. "Chimera, Run!" says
62 Mrs. Harper, and she is swooping
63 away to the kitchen, her ashes bliz-
64 zarding behind her like manna
65 from heaven.
66 "Alas," says Mera, coiling his green
67 tail into his attaché case, "even in
68 Pennsylvania one cannot escape
69 petty prejudice."

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—Ted Schaefer.

• • •

MASSCULT AND *MY*CULT
or
Against the Book Reviewers' Grain
With Dwight MacDonald
(being a handy translation of a prospectus recently published in Esquire)

I HAVE read the *New York Times Book Review*, not recently, mind you, but at least as recently as 1959 (I review movies, generally unfavorably, and do very very long fact pieces, so I can't read *everything*), and I have come to the following conclusions:

1. The name of the Sunday Editor of the *Times* is Lester Markel.
2. The *Times* is middle-class.
3. There are more good reviews than

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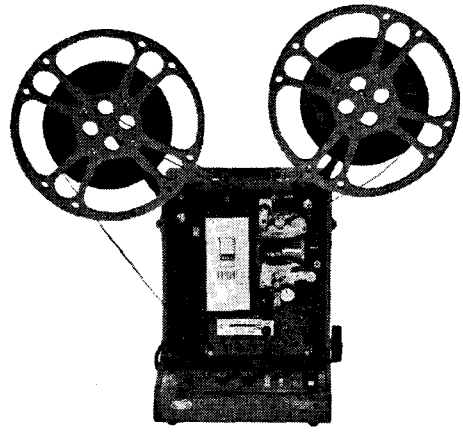

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The button you push turns on the sound.

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bad reviews in the *Times Book Review.*

4. Some of my friends have told me their reviews were *shortened.*

5. Many of the reviewers are experts.

6. There is some pretty stodgy writing in the *Times.*

Fortunately there is a remedy for this shabby state of affairs. Me!

Me—I?—and a couple of friends have started a critical journal that is just about tops in taste and talent. For those who have missed my attacks on Arthur Schlesinger, the revised King James Bible, and *Webster's New International,* let me offer the quintessential (Style! Word magic!) summary of my qualifications:

1. I am not now and have never been Sunday Editor of the *Times.*

2. I am not middle-class. No man who wears lavender shirts and ties and a goatee can ever be confused with the bourgeoisie.

3. I pledge that I will print more bad reviews than good reviews.

4. I pledge that I will never never shorten reviews. I may even lengthen a couple.

5. I am not an expert in any field.

6. I am not a stodgy writer. Call me prolix, call me clumsy (see MANNER OF SPEAKING, *SR,* March 9), but never call me stodgy. The quintessential qualities of my style are in this very article! E.g.:—

Original: "I had assumed that each bookstore reported their sales of each title. . . ." And yet again—"It is entirely up to the accuracy, or the conscience of each (unweighted) bookstore which titles they report." (Agreement of pronoun and antecedent is the quintessential earmark of midcult conformity.)

Fresh: ". . . . as Mark Twain remarked about the weather, nobody does anything about it." (Some clichés are o.k. My own.)

Perceptive: "No other paper here or abroad rivals the *Times* as a collector of News." (Painstaking research by a high cult pundit can turn up some really unusual stuff.)

Well, why go on? As Mark Twain put it: "Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed." (*Bartlett's, p. 679.*) (Literary scholarship! Familiarity with reference books!) So without any further hemming and hawing or beating around the bush, let me tell you aspiring middlebrows to watch your newsstands for a new literary review which has, to quote from an E. R. Squibb label, "The Priceless Ingredient." Namely, that little old feudmaker . . . me! —M. L.

(*First of a two-part series.*)

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Elderly couple turned back into East Berlin by communist guards at Berlin wall.

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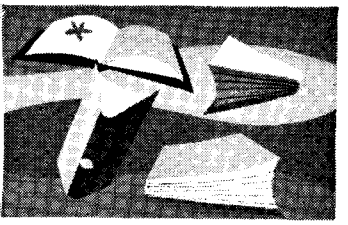


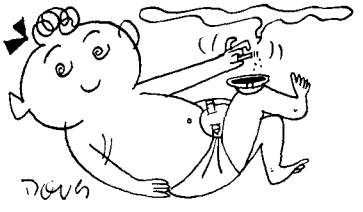
WE'VE RUN ACROSS several unusual things lately, and it's only fair to pass them along to historians. Edmund G. Love, the author of *Subways Are for Sleeping*, advises that his father ran an unusual retail coal business some years ago in Flint, Michigan, with a fleet of trucks marked with the legend "Love Your Coal Man." And reader Barbara Bromer tells us that her mother knew an undertaker named Abner Ihde, who claimed that he got a free plug at every funeral. It seems that everyone always sang "Ab Ihde with Me." Reader Byron Fish dispatches the intelligence that out in his state, there's a town of more than usual interest. Its name is George, Washington.

IN THE UNUSUAL publisher department, you can't overlook Nat Sherman, who publishes cigarettes rather than books. Among the best-sellers he creates at his Broadway shop are such imprints as "It's a boy," "It's a girl," "It's twins," "Call me grandpa," "Call me mister," and "Good luck."

"This year," Mr. Sherman told us, "it's boys, boys, boys. In the thirty-two years I've been running the business, I've never seen such a run. They're even outdoing 'Happy Anniversary.' Can't quite understand it."

If your taste runs that way, Mr. Sherman makes up cigarettes in every color of the rainbow, to say nothing of gold and silver tips, and, of all things, a cigarette called a twist.

"Everything sells according to season," says Mr. Sherman philosophically, "but I can't get over all these boys this year."



IN THE UNUSUAL library department, we recently had occasion to drop by Sound Transfers, Inc., in mid-Manhattan, whose shelves are filled not with books but with cans. Each can is loaded with 35-millimeter optical tape, used for dubbing sound on film, and the titles are more intriguing than any crop of best-sellers you're likely to run across. A can titled "Traffic—Air Hose—Gas—Hiss—Fire and Flames" immediately caught our curious eye, to say nothing of "Bow and Arrow—Pistol (.45)—Drum—Siren," along with "Dogs—Birds—Monkeys" and a puzzling can of tape titled "Light Machines—Chairs—Death—Factory."

Ken Collins, the diminutive ex-Londoner who operates the company, stocks more than half a million separate sound effects. "But the problem is," he says wistfully, "that we never seem to have enough."

To create some effects, it is not at all unusual for Mr. Collins to find himself scuffling in dirt, roaming through dilapidated buildings, or clacking two hollow plastic film cores together to get the sound of a horse trotting on cobblestones. At one time, he spread out yards of quarter-inch magnetic tape and trampled on it to create a perfect sound of an explorer treading through the jungle underbrush. "The sound of

surf," he says, "is very hard to create, but an empty film can with a handful of rice swishing around in it does nicely."

One particular can, sitting mutely on the shelf, must have been reserved especially for television. It was labeled: "Yells – Screams – Cries – Body Falls – Punches – Slaps."

A MOST UNUSUAL businessman is Clarence B. Randall, the author of *A Creed for Free Enterprise*, *The Folklore of Management*, and the spanking-new *Sixty-Five Plus*, the book that tells of the joy and challenge of the years of retirement.

Mr. Randall is a gentleman of the old school, with the youngest of ideas. As president of the Inland Steel Company, he was a brilliant executive. In retirement, he writes sensitively and deftly. As special adviser to President Eisenhower on foreign economic policy, he was a dedicated public servant. In retirement, he combines his passion for ornithology with a capacity

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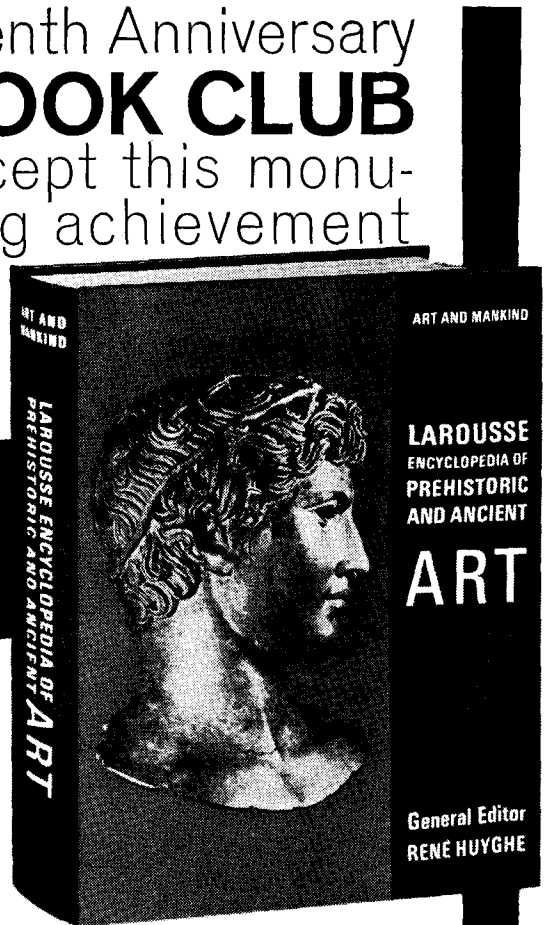

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At lunch at the Algonquin the other day, he recalled his days at Harvard with Robert Benchley, before the latter had become a member of the famous Round Table at the same hotel.

"You could tell Bench was bound to go places from his first days at Harvard. He kept his classmates doubled up with laughter, and the faculty half laughing and half ··· ·ing what to do with him. At one ·ch he made at school, he put on ı. most somber expression and said to ·he audience: 'Gentlemen, we must turn ourselves to a very serious flask. . . .' That was enough to start things off, and the rest was all Benchley."

Clarence Randall was already displaying his managerial talents at the same time at Harvard. He handled the ticket sales for his club's regular performances of pre-Elizabethan plays. But one time, when Robert Benchley was starring and suddenly found himself placed on probation, the director pushed Randall into the breach. "Play the part, Randall," said the director, "but play it straight. You're no comedian."

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"Look," he said to his partner, "we'll never get Ryan. Why don't we just forget about him and try for Kennedy?"
—JOHN G. FULLER.

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Earl Rogers introduced ballistics as a science for the first time in any court in the United States. J. Edgar Hoover, with whom I've often discussed these early "firsts" of my father's, says the FBI has no record of actual testimony prior to that date.

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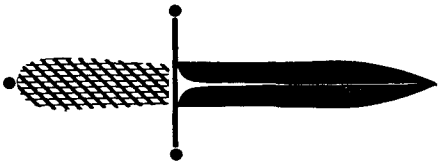

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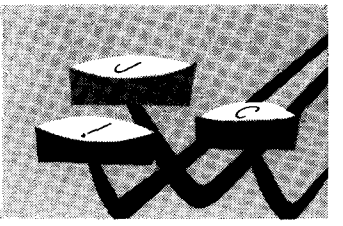

EPATEZ LES BOURGEOISES? NOT BLOODY LIKELY: The General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (i.e., the State Legislature) has produced some extraordinary pronouncements in its time, but none, to my way of thinking, quite as flavorful as the demand from the floor by one impassioned Representative that "we crack down on all these Communists and bugg-wuzzies!"

"Bugg-wuzzies," I could only conclude, was his rendition of "bourgeoisie," by which he obviously seemed to mean something like "Bolshevik." Let him be warned, however, that them there bugg-wuzzies are hard nuts to crack. The French did not exactly succeed in wiping them out, though they did give it an all-out Gallic try at the local guillotines. And there seems to be some fair evidence that even the Russians are evolving a bugg-wuzzy of a sort.

These reflections on the perdurability of the cash-register class were left over from an effort to define the word "bourgeoisie" for one of my homeworking children. I am blessed if I know what I did answer, but what remained in my mind after the effort was this recollection of the Massachusetts bugg-wuzzy, and a small incident in Rome some years ago. These events have satisfied me that I have isolated from the center of the bourgeois soul a first seed compounded of cupidity and respectability, with respectability as the inert coloration and cupidity as the essence.

I needed a typewriter and, having just converted a check for almost $2,000, I stopped to shop on my way home. I happened to be wearing chinos, a battered old workjacket, and tennis shoes—my working clothes. If what you want in Rome is service, old clothes are a mistake. But there I was and in I went.

La Signora was busy, almost pointedly so, but one of the Signorine finally detached herself and indicated she would be reasonably courteous, that she would even be courteous enough to assume that I might conceivably be a customer. I was looking at an Olivetti, the price of which converted from lire into something like $130 (typewriters come high in Italy). I wasn't at all sure I wanted to go that high, especially since I am hard on typewriters and the one I was looking at seemed a bit slightly built for my kind of hammer-and-bang. On the other hand, I did have to have some sort of contraption.

As I was casting around in my mind, a man entered wearing a dark suit, a pearl tie, and a homburg. Nothing elegant, really. He was the standard one-suit Roman, but in the mystique of the Roman *borghese* he was wearing all of it. Instantly, La Signora was free to wait upon her properly uniformed compatriot. It turned out he wanted a ribbon and La Signora bustled to one side of me to hunt through her ribbon cabinet.

As I have noted, I had just cashed a large check. Italian 10,000-lire notes —the largest denomination available and worth about sixteen American dollars —are about the size of a small diploma. My check at the unofficial *cambio* had fetched well over a million lire, or approximately one hundred and thirty diplomas, which I had rolled into two wads and jammed into the side pockets of my chinos, the wads crammed in too tight for the most light-fingered of pickpockets to extract. Jammed in with one of the rolls were my cigarettes. I was packed for safety.

On a sudden sly impulse I reached in for my cigarettes and brought out one of my wads with them. As a sociological experiment it was an instant and total success. "Mariannina," said La Signora to my Signorina, "see if you can find an Olympus portable black ribbon, I am sure we had some."

She did not even try to gloss over her change of pace. She did not even offer her excuses to the gentleman *in borghese* (that being the Italian idiom for a man dressed up to clerkly standards of respectability). She came directly to me as I put my wad back, perhaps in fear that it was going out of her sight forever.

"Is there anything *I* can show you, sir?" she said.

All of which leads back to the definition I should like to have offered my family-scholar: A bourgeois, at least in the European version (and at least as many as the bugg-wuzzies have not converted) is an idea that can sometimes be confused with the suit it is wearing, but that can always be clarified by cash.

TOWARD A CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL: On the subject of family scholars, I am happy to announce that Benn Anthony Ciardi has achieved first publication, or at least mimeocation, in *The Volcano*, the literary journal of the Edgar School (Metuchen, New Jersey). Let me ignore all who—carpingly—may claim I have passed over better expositions in order to single out my son's. All fixed principles of nepotism aside, I submit that the following essay achieves its own unmatchable tone. It is here reprinted entire by permission of the author and with due acknowledgement of its prior publication in *The Volcano* for February, 1963:

BIOGRAPHY OF ABE LINCOLN

> Abe Lincoln was a poor man. He wrote on a shovel with coal. He never knew when his work was done. He served his country very much. He became our sixteenth president. He once owned the Union Army. His army won. He tried to learn as much as he could. He got shot in the head. He died.

I PROMISE: With no thought of nepotism to color my pleasure, I pass on part of a letter from a young reader whose wish for secrecy, as expressed in her postscript, I promise to honor, excising her name and one or two details that might identify her to a hawk-eyed parent who happens to read this page:

> Dear Mr. Ciardi:
> I read your book of poems for children. It was very funny. I read it in church. I thought it was better than the sermon. I am seven years old. Why don't you keep on writing books?
>
> Your friend,
> Name Withheld.
>
> P.S. Please do not tell my Daddy about the sermon because he's the minister.

Honey, I shall try to keep on writing books for exactly you. And don't worry about your secret. Your daddy will never hear it from me.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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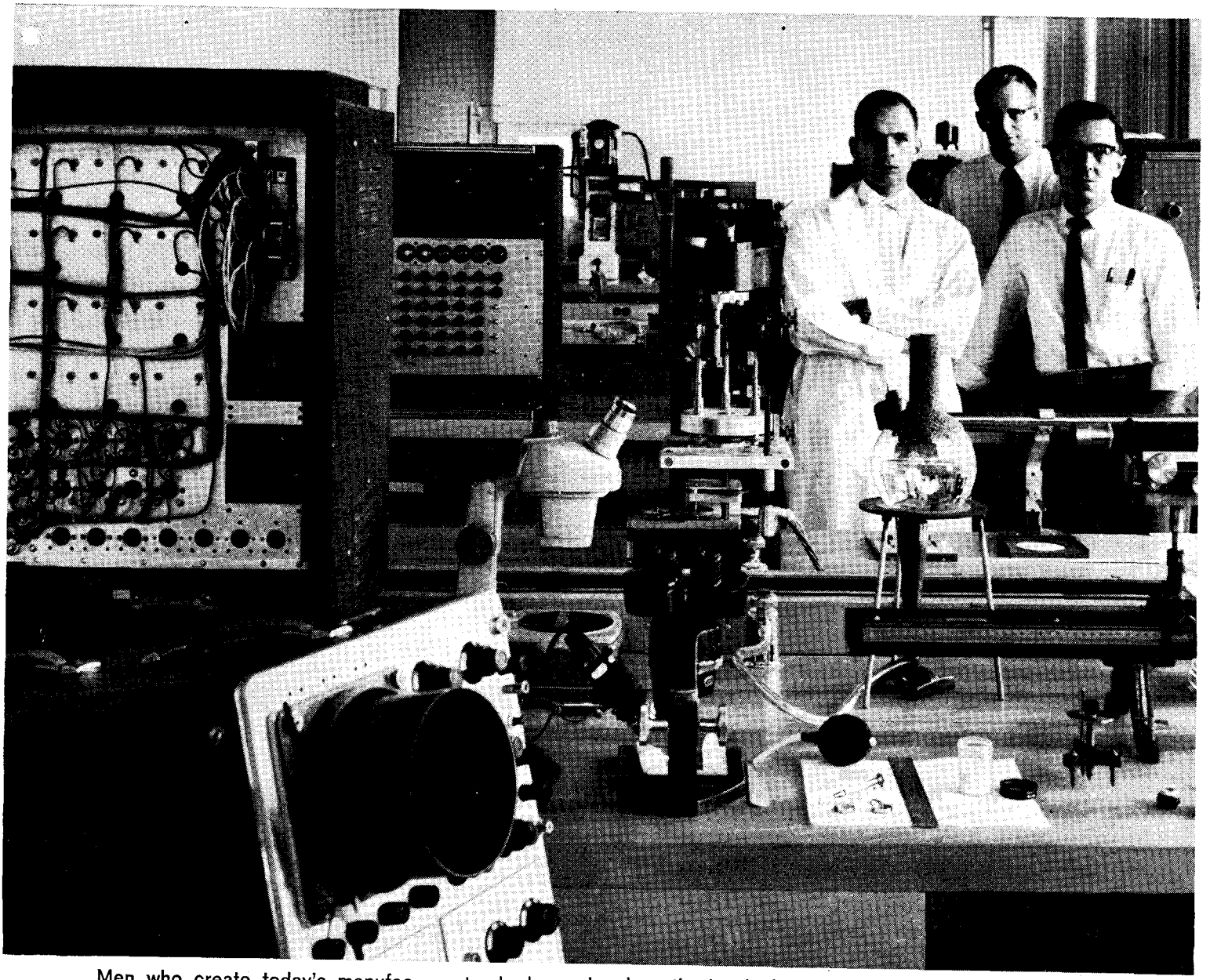
Who answers the ubiquitous "How"?



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In today's fast-changing technology, some of the answers can't be found in the factory. Thus at W.E.'s Engineering Research Center near Princeton, New Jersey, men like those pictured above probe a micro-world where 1/1000 of an inch wire must be bonded to transistor stripes 2/1000 of an inch wide. They create vacuums as perfect as a man-made machine can achieve; they split nano-seconds; and develop pressures that can crumble steel.

And the secrets yield. Discoveries about materials and processes help Western Electric fill its many-sided role in the Bell System. Manufacturing research helps us form the vital link between Bell Laboratories, which develops new products and systems, and the Bell telephone companies, which provide you with the world's best telephone communications at the lowest possible cost.

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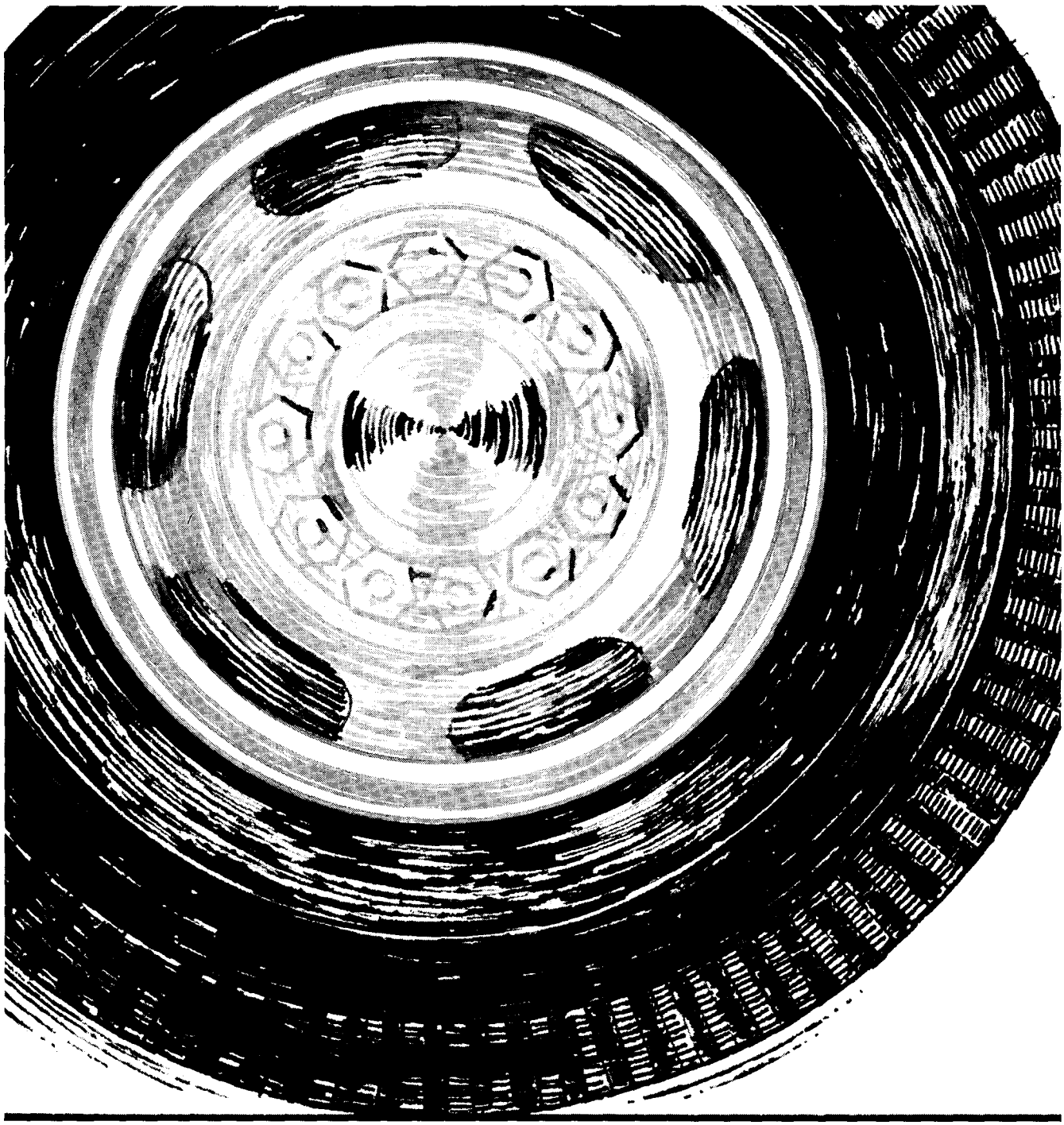

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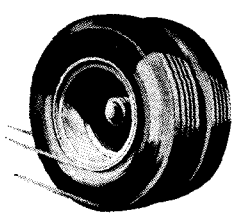

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". . . the monstrance stood from the top of the tabernacle and broke at its center a dense tissue of flowers and light: candles it seemed by thousands, spear-high and merely tall, and short, and guttering, each an abiding upright fiery piercing and, crisp and wearying, withering, dying, the frugal harvest of the dawn of the year: from faint orchards the last apple blossoms, still tenderly raveling their slow-borne blizzard; branches of mild-starred dogwood and of the hairy wild azalea, pink and white, from the mulled gray woods, and little fistfuls of those breathless violets which break the floor of winter, even the rare may-apple, the twinleaf, whose bloom stays just a day; and, of the first shivering domestic flowers, cold jonquils, crowds of them, greenish with chill or butter yellow or flaming gold, and clear narcissus, reaching, bowing, staring, fainting in vases and jars of metal and glass and clay and in drinking glasses and mason jars and in small and large tin cans, all these each in their kind and sufferance bore witness before God while they might."—James Agee (*The Morning Watch*)

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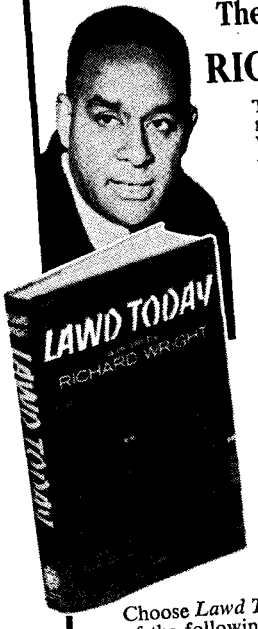

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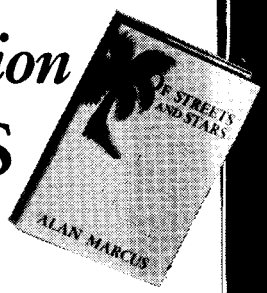

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Saturday Review
APRIL 20, 1963

PROBLEMS OF THE NEGRO WRITER

The American Negro author has traditionally concerned himself with themes based specifically on his experience as a Negro: his alienation from society, his anger as a victim of injustice and hypocrisy, and the futility of his search for the good life. With few exceptions, these themes have sustained a "Negro literature" that has tended to exclude itself from the central community of American letters. There have been recent signs, however, of a major shift in Negro writing from a crippling racial provincialism toward a wider involvement in American life. The dimensions of this shift and the attitudes behind it are explored here by Langston Hughes, poet, playwright, translator, and short story writer; LeRoi Jones, poet, and author of "Preface to a Twenty-Volume Suicide Note"; and John A. Williams, author of "Night Song" and "Sissie."

1. The Bread and Butter Side

By LANGSTON HUGHES

THE NEGRO writer in America has all the problems any other writer has, plus a few more.

I have been writing books for more than thirty years and have had the good fortune to be published by some of our major houses. During that time it has been my observation that publishers will bring out almost any book they believe is salable regardless of the race of the author. They will frequently even bring out a book they simply consider good. I doubt that a book by Willard Motley or Frank Yerby or James Baldwin would be turned down on account of the author's color. But if James Baldwin wrote six books a year and all six were about the Negro problem, I think perhaps some of them would be rejected—on the grounds of subject matter.

Just as a firm with two Japanese novels on their list might not wish to publish another in the same season, so prolific Negro authors who write exclusively about Negroes may find their acceptance limited. Shortly after his wonderful Negro story, "Health Card," in *Harper's* two decades ago, Frank Yerby decided he did not wish to be limited by racial subject matter. He extended his range. Result: a best-selling novel almost every year since then, plus numerous movie sales. However, until recently, novels by and about Negroes had almost no takers in Hollywood—a factor that helped to make publishers chary of such works unless they were sensational or of unusual quality.

Until 1962 there were no major publishers appealing directly to a Negro reading public. The Johnson Publishing Company, owners of *Ebony* and *Jet*, have now set up a branch specializing in books by and about colored people. The titles on their first list are selling well, so that house would not turn down a good Negro book just because it already has a couple in its catalogue this season. Johnson knows how to reach the Negro market; through their widely selling magazines, the company has the necessary publicity and promotional facilities. White publishers, as a rule, do not have the same know-how and have not much cared. But bias is not involved.

Where prejudice operates most blatantly against the Negro author is in the areas peripheral to writing: Hollywood, radio and television, editorial staff positions, and lecturing. Take lecturing, a lucrative field for famous (or even fairly well-known) white writers. Because many women's clubs and forums booking lecturers have teas or receptions following the programs, nine times out of ten, Negro speakers are not invited. Teas are social events: Negroes are not wanted, not even as star names. Many college lyceum programs, too, are booked by not very broad-minded officials. Not only in the South, but in the West and Midwest as well, there are campuses that have never yet had a Negro novelist or poet as a speaker.

For a long time not a single major publishing house in the United States had on its staff any Negroes except occasional clerical workers. It is only in these ever more democratic days since the Second World War that even clerical help has been employed. But now in a few publishing houses in New York there is a handful of Negroes working in capacities above the level of ordinary office routine. In radio and television, however, there are so few Negroes who are not janitors that one hand might have enough fingers to count them. When an author of color sells a novel to Hollywood, if ever he does, he is seldom called to California to work on the script. Almost all well-paying jobs in the mass media are still reserved for whites, no matter how celebrated the Negro author may be.

Everybody knows it is hard to make a living from books alone. Most Negro writers have been teachers. That is as near to a position related to writing as they can get. But a white writer with only an unprofitable first novel to his credit can usually get a fairly high-salaried job in publishing, radio, or TV without half trying. Thus he can make enough money in a little while to compose his next novel. Most Negro writers have to create at night after correcting a hundred student papers.

Added to job difficulties, the Negro writer, of course, suffers from all the other prejudices color is heir to in our USA, depending on what part of the country he lives in or travels. In New York, a Negro going to a downtown cocktail party given for a white fellow-writer may be told by the apartment house doorman, no matter how well

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dressed the guest may be, "The servants' entrance is around the corner." Such occurrences seem incredible in Manhattan today, but they are not. In the South, on the other hand, nothing boorish is incredible.

Once on a lecture tour I had hardly crossed the Potomac into Virginia when I stopped my car to buy some sandwiches and Coca-Colas. I knew I, a Negro, could not eat sandwiches inside the little roadside lunchstand where I had parked, but I thought I could at least enter and buy some to take out to the car. When I went to open the screen door, a man held it shut. "We have a hole cut for you folks around on the side," he said through the screen. Out of curiosity, I went around to the side of the wooden building. Sure enough, there was a square hole cut there with a sign over it: COLORED. But this is a dissertation on the problems of Negro writers, not of Negroes in general. Writers do have a few little special problems. Negroes however, have a great many more that are too omnipresent to be special.

2. *The Myth of a "Negro Literature"*

By LeROI JONES

THE MEDIOCRITY of what has been called "Negro literature" is one of the most loosely held secrets of American culture. With a few notable exceptions, in most fields of "high art" in America the Negro contribution has been—when any existed at all—one of impressive mediocrity. Only in music, and most conspicuously in blues, jazz, and spirituals—"Negro music"—has there been a significant contribution by American Negroes.

The most persistent and aggravating reason for the absence of achievement among serious Negro artists is that generally the Negroes who have found themselves in a position to pursue some art, especially the art of literature, have been members of the Negro middle class, a group that has always gone out of its way to cultivate *any* mediocrity, as long as that mediocrity was guaranteed to prove to America, and recently to the world at large, that they were not really who they were, *i.e.*, Negroes. Because it drew its strengths and beauties out of the depths of the black man's soul, and because to a large extent its traditions could be carried on by the lowest classes of Negroes, and simply because the bearers of its tradition maintained their essential identities as Negroes, Negro music alone has been able to survive the constant and wilful dilutions of the black middle class.

Phillis Wheatley and her pleasant imitations of eighteenth-century English poetry are extreme and, finally, ludicrous departures from the huge black voices that splintered Southern nights with their *hollers, shouts, arwhoolies,* and *ballits.* The embarrassing and inverted paternalism of Charles Chesnutt and his "refined Afro-American" heroes is a far cry from the richness and profundity of the blues. And there has never been an equivalent to Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong in Negro writing; even the best of contemporary literature written by Negroes cannot yet be compared to the fantastic beauty of Charlie Parker's music. In fact, it is only recently that formal literature written by American Negroes has begun to approach the literary standards of its model, the literature of the white middle class. Even so, only Jean Toomer, Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, and James Baldwin have managed to bring off writing in this genre that could succeed in being regarded as "serious" writing, in the sense that, say, Somerset Maugham is serious writing. That is, serious if one has never read Melville or Joyce.

Literature, for the Negro writer, has always been an example of "culture." The Negro artist, because of his middle-class background, carries the artificial social burden of being the "best and most intelligent" of Negroes, and has usually entered into the arts to exhibit his familiarity with the social graces—as a method or means of displaying his participation in the serious aspects of American culture. To be a writer was to be cultivated, in the stunted bourgeois sense of the word. It was also to be a "quality" black man. It has had nothing to do with the investigation of the human soul. It has been a social preoccupation, not an esthetic one.

High art, first of all, must reflect the experience, the emotional predicament of the man, as he exists, in the defined world of his being. It must be produced from the legitimate emotional resources of the soul in the world. It can *never* be produced by evading these resources or pretending that they do not exist. It can never be produced by appropriating the withered emotional responses of some strictly social idea of humanity. It must issue from *real* categories of human activity, *truthful* accounts of human life, and not fancied accounts of the attainment of cultural privilege by some willingly preposterous apologists for one social "order" or another. Most of the formal literature produced by Negroes in America has never fulfilled these conditions.

Where is the Negro-ness of a literature written in imitation of the meanest of social intelligences to be found in American culture, the white middle class? How can it even begin to express the emotional predicament of black Western man? Such a literature, even if its characters are black, takes on the emotional barrenness of its model, and the blackness of the characters is like the blackness of Al Jolson.

If he wanted to tap his legitimate cultural tradition, the Negro writer should have done so by utilizing the entire spectrum of the American experience, from the point of view of his own emotional history in this country—as its victim and its chronicler, a man existing outside the boundaries of commercial diversion or artificial social pretense. But without a deep commitment to cultural relevance and intellectual purity this was impossible.

The Negro, as a writer, has always been a social object, whether glorifying the concept of white superiority, or crying out against it. He has never moved into the position where he could propose his own symbols, erect his own personal myths, as any great literature must. Negro writing has been "after the fact," based on *known* social concepts within the structure of bourgeois idealistic projections of "their" America, and an emotional climate that has never really existed.

In general, the most successful fiction of Negro writing is in its emotional content. The Negro protest novelist postures, and invents a protest quite amenable within the tradition of bourgeois American life. He never reaches the hard core of the America which *can* cause that protest. The intellectual traditions of the white middle class prevent such exposure of reality, and the black imitators reflect this. The Negro writer on Negro life in America postures, and invents a Negro life, and an America to contain it. And even most of those who have tried to rebel against that invented America have been trapped because they had lost all touch with the reality of their experience within the real America, either because of some hidden emotional allegiance to the white middle class, or because they did not realize where the reality of their experience lay. When the serious Negro writer has disdained the middlebrow model, he has usually rushed headlong into the groves of the academy, perhaps the most insidious and clever dispenser of middlebrow standards of excellence under the guise of "recognizable tradition."

There has always been a border beyond which the Negro could not go;

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there has always been a possible limitation to any dilution or excess of cultural or spiritual reference. The Negro could not ever become white, and that has been his strength. At some point, always, he could not participate in the dominant tenor of the white man's culture, yet he came to understand that culture as well as the white man. It was at this juncture that he had to make use of other resources, whether African, subcultural, or hermetic. It was this boundary, this no man's land, that provided the logic and beauty of his music. And this is the only way for the Negro artist to provide his version of America, from that no man's land outside the mainstream. A no man's land, a black country, almost completely invisible to white America, but so essentially part of it as to stain its whole being an ominous gray.

Were there really a Negro literature, now it could flower. At this point when the whole of Western society might go up in flames, the Negro remains an integral part of that society, but irrevocably outside it, a figure like Melville's Bartleby. He is an American, capable of identifying emotionally with this society, but he is also, forever, outside that culture, an observer.

If there is ever a Negro literature, it must disengage itself from the weak, heinous elements of the culture that spawned it, and use its very existence as evidence of a profounder America. But as long as the Negro writer contents himself with the imitation of the useless, ugly inelegance of the stunted middle-class mind, academic or popular, and refuses to look around him and "tell it like it is"—preferring the false prestige of the "black bourgeoisie" or the deceitful "acceptance" of buy and sell America—he will be a failure; what is worse, not even a significant failure. Just another dead American.

3. *The Literary Ghetto*

By JOHN A. WILLIAMS

ALMOST without fail, a novel written by a Negro is said to be one of anger, hatred, rage, or protest. Sometimes modifiers are used: "beautiful" anger, "black" hatred, "painful" rage, "exquisite" protest. These little tickets deprive that novel of any ability it may have to voice its concern for all humankind, not only Negroes.

After the labeling, and sometimes with it, comes the grouping, the lumping together of reviews of books by Negro authors. *Sissie*, my new novel, was officially published March 26; it has had four reviews like this already, three with James Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time* and one with John Killens's *And Then We Heard the Thunder*. I was hard pressed to discover who was being reviewed—Baldwin, Killens, or me. I had the same difficulty when I encountered reviews written only about *Sissie*, but whose leads almost invariably began with some reference to Baldwin. [EDITOR'S NOTE: See *SR*, March 30.]

Negro writers are nearly always compared to one another, rather than to white writers. This, like labeling and grouping, tends to limit severely the expansion of the talents of Negro writers and confine them to a literary ghetto from which only one Negro name at a time may emerge. Today it is unmistakably James Baldwin; no Negro writing in America today can escape his shadow. He replaced Richard Wright, who, in turn, may have replaced Langston Hughes.

Editors, too, have been guilty of labeling, comparing, and grouping. "Negro stuff is selling well!" I heard an editor say. So publishers have hastened to sign up Negro writers whose best qualification, often enough, was that they were Negro. Publishing has had its homosexual phase, which dies hard; its gray flannel-advertising phase, its war phase, its Jewish phase. It is now in its Negro phase. To illustrate shifting trends, six years ago an editor whose house is now the hottest because of its Negro talent, said, in essence, in a note to my agent (which was passed on to me—a sign of how grim the business of selling "Negro" books was) that it would be wiser if I were to set aside the obviously personal experiences of being Negro. Financially at least, the change in his point of view has been good for him.

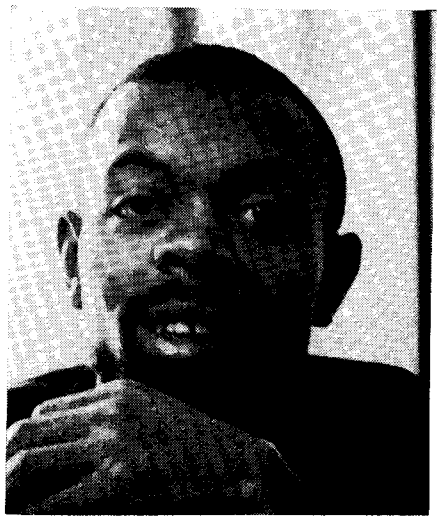
The current trend toward more publishing of books by Negro authors, brought about by national considerations, has been beneficial to black writers. Nevertheless, much comparison of their work still exists in the editorial offices. This comes from my files; it is part of a report, dated seven years ago, on a book that I have since published elsewhere: "Mr. Williams is in the vein of Chester Himes, and to my mind achieves a similar power."

Excluding riding the trend, the other attitudes—labeling, grouping, and comparing—provide the biggest block to the expansion by Negro writers of themes and techniques (cared for so little by reviewers today). Perhaps that is the reason for the existence of these attitudes. They are automatic and no one thinks about them much except Negro writers. Either consciously or unconsciously, this kind of bigotry tells more about the reviewer than it does about the book he's reviewing.

A more specific example: In a recent

(*Continued on page* 40)

John A. Williams



LeRoi Jones

Langston Hughes

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"Models of the Universe"—glass design by Donald Pollard; engraving design by William Philips; based on a poem by May Swenson.

POETRY IN THREE DIMENSIONS

By JOHN CIARDI

ABOUT two years ago, Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., president of Steuben Glass, commissioned thirty-one contemporary American poets to write short poems (no longer than forty lines) on any subject and in any manner they chose. These poems, with the authors' names deleted, were then made available to Steuben's designers, who were instructed to choose a poem or poems that spoke to their imaginations and to design for each poem "an interpretation in crystal."

The results of this experiment in cross-fertilizing the arts is an exhibition titled "Poetry in Crystal," which opened April 18 at Steuben's showrooms on Fifth Avenue at 56th Street. The opening coincided with the publication date of a handsome book, also titled *Poetry in Crystal,* in which the poems, all previously unpublished, were presented with a facing-page photograph of the crystal piece Steuben's designers and craftsmen achieved as their interpretation of each poem. The pieces on display, let it be understood, are not engraved punchbowls, candlesticks, and such utilitarian crystalware. They are all free art forms that explore the possibilities and limitations of crystal as an esthetic medium.

The idea that one art form can feed another is hardly new. Painters have painted canvases suggested by poems, poets have written poems suggested by paintings, composers have set poetry to music, and so on through every conceivable combination of the arts. What seems new in our times is the way in which corporations and corporation-founded trusts have taken over the role of the patron. And now, for the first time to my knowledge, the president of a large corporation has commissioned poetry, neither as a feature designed to be exploited in advertising nor as tax-subsidized largesse, but as a way of furthering the artistic development of a specific product.

The present project, to be sure, is more relevant to the art of crystal design than to poetry. Cecil Hemley, in his foreword to the book, is happy to assert that this sort of collaboration between the arts "will help to restore the artist to the culture to which he belongs"—whatever that means. For myself, I must believe the poets will continue to go their own way with only a passing interest in such projects. I am reasonably sure, to begin with, that the poets commissioned to write poems for Steuben simply picked out of their workbooks some poem they had already written but not yet published, turned it in to Steuben for a generous check, and promptly forgot all about crystal design.

Yet the question of crystal as a material for serious sculpture remains a fascinating one entirely apart from any special fertility of concept poetry might

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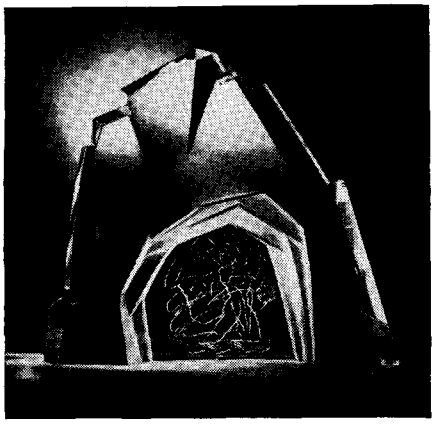
provide the designers of these thirty-one pieces. As a medium, glass is universally available. It has plasticity and solidity along with a nearly infinite range of textures and with what may be an infinite sensibility to light. Though we tend to think of glass as fragile, it is no more so than marble, and new formulas have produced glass that is all but indestructible. Corning has even produced massive springs made of flexible glass. Glass, moreover, cannot fail to suggest the fascinating idea of sculpture with the light *inside*. Yet, aside from a few castings, sculptors have seldom taken to glass, and never systematically.

They have avoided it, for one reason, because it is too blinding a medium except on a small scale and under circumstances that permit careful control of the light. A massive glass sculpture, especially out of doors, seems a terrifying idea. Yet within the controllable lighting of a church, glass could certainly be designed in free forms that might well achieve a stunning effect for an altar and altarpieces. In the present exhibition, George Thompson's and Sidney Waugh's design based on Horace Gregory's "Off Capri" suggests in its treatment of the grotto a likely treatment of the altar recesses.

In the face of such challenging possibilities, the sculptors have shunned glass not because it lacks the possibilities of a serious and noble medium, but because its peculiar recalcitrance yields only to the skills of a master craftsman equipped with a whole industrial complex of furnaces and machinery. A talented man can learn by loving feel to work wood, clay, wax, stone, and even some metals. But he has no such hope of working directly on glass, and to work it at all the glassmaker needs as many years to develop his skill as the sculptor needs to develop his art.

Until recently, therefore, the design of glass was left to master glassmakers, with increasingly dreary results; for the craftsman's principle of design seemed most often to consist of doing something more difficult than anyone else could manage—to put an extra bubble within a bubble within a bubble or to add a twist to a twist within a twist—and generally with no thought to the fact that the sum of such skills was an ugly object.



"Off Capri"

The Thirty-One Poets

Conrad Aiken
Sara Van Alstyne Allen
W. H. Auden
Louise Bogan
Witter Bynner
Melville Cane
Gustav Davidson
Thomas Hornsby Ferril
Jean Garrigue
Horace Gregory
Donald Hall
Cecil Hemley
Robert Hillyer
John Holmes
Robinson Jeffers
Denise Levertov
Marianne Moore
Louise Townsend Nicholl
Kenneth Rexroth
Theodore Roethke
Delmore Schwartz
Karl Shapiro
W. D. Snodgrass
A. M. Sullivan
Hollis Summers
May Swenson
Joseph Tusiani
Mark Van Doren
John Hall Wheelock
Richard Wilbur
William Carlos Williams

The design of glass began to pass out of the hands of the master glassmakers and into the hands of designers who were not themselves glassmakers when, in the late 1920s the Swedish glassmaking firm of Orrefors attached three graphic artists to its staff. Their work, however, was primarily to design embellishments for master craftsmen to engrave on utilitarian glassware, rather than to develop new forms of the glass itself. An early step in the development of new forms in glass was taken in the early Thirties when Corning retained an industrial designer to develop new forms in utilitarian glass.

Then, in October of 1933, John M. Gates, an architect, was commissioned to design a shop for the display of Steuben crystalware. Mr. Gates stayed on with Steuben—he is now vice president in charge of design—and the slow evolution of non-utilitarian glass design may reasonably be dated from the time he joined the firm. The first decisive point in that evolution occurred in 1935, when Mr. Gates wrote to the deans of several schools of architecture asking them to recommend young architects for a special project. In this way he recruited six young men with whom he started the first design department at Steuben. Thereafter, Mr. Gates's department designed the glass and the master craftsmen produced it. George Thompson was one of the original six, the only one still designing for Steuben.

Steuben has since added designers of engravings to its staff, but the designers of the actual glass forms still tend to be men trained as architects. Both glass and engraving designers (a total of seventeen worked on the present project) must undergo substantial training at the Corning glass works to develop a sense of the feel of glass and of what the hands of the master glassmaker can accomplish. Perhaps the ultimate justification of such a design department is in the fact that the designers, with their fresh view of the problem, have often spurred the glassmakers to results that had been believed to be unachievable.

The function of the design department, aside from its traditional and necessary concern for attractive design in utilitarian and decorative glass, is to explore the nature of crystal itself. Steuben's now well-known series of crystal animals was a first step, and that series has been followed by several exhibition projects in free-form crystal, of which the present exhibition is one more exploratory step. All that seems certain at this writing is that Mr. Houghton intends to continue to use poetry as a means of fertilizing the ideas of his designers, and that the present results, though uneven, include enough successes to justify both present efforts and future hopes.

Among the particular successes—and I cite them as a salute to Mr. Houghton—my feeling responds most immediately and overwhelmingly to two designs by Donald Pollard, one for John Holmes's poem "The Certainty" (engraving design by Dale Joe) and the other for Kenneth Rexroth's "Pacific Beach" (engraving design by Jacob Landau).

The Rexroth piece has responded particularly well to photography (it appears as a montage of the same object in two sizes and in two different lights) and its effect may, therefore, be left for the camera to illustrate without further description here.

The camera, however, has not been

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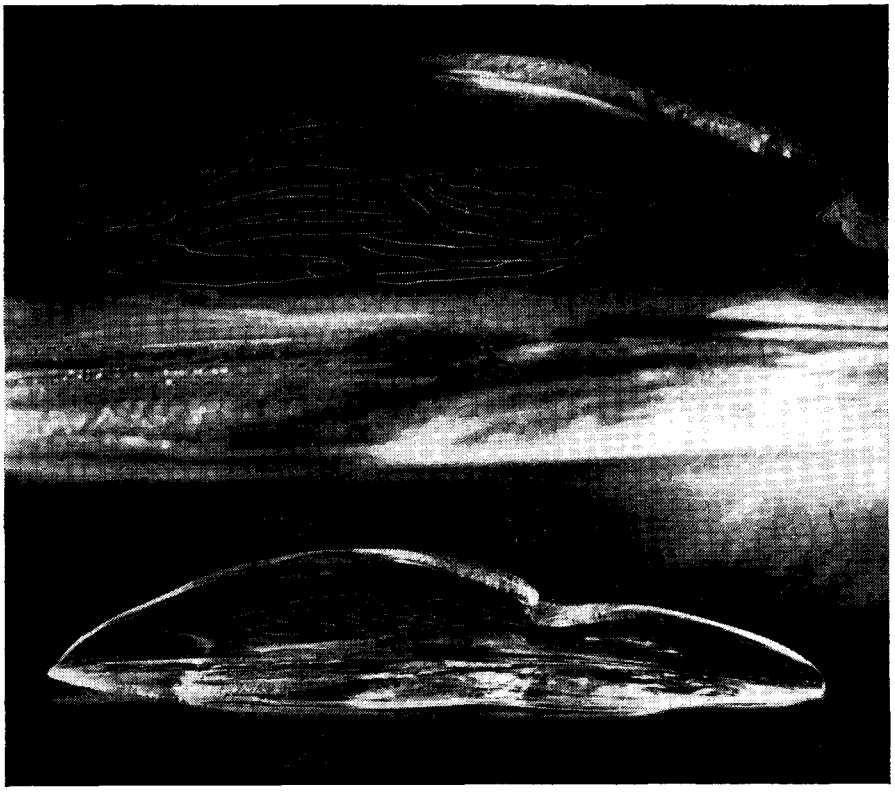


"Pacific Beach"

able to catch the quality of the piece designed for "The Certainty." John Holmes's poem is built on the extended image of waters trickling through the earth to form a water table, and the etching design is a wholly satisfying formalization of the subtleties of the flow of such subterranean water.

But it is Pollard who, to my mind, has accomplished some sort of miracle in this piece. The late John Holmes was my former teacher, long my good friend, and long a poet for whose work I have had a special admiration. The miracle is that everything in the crystal design fits not only the central image of the poem (in a surface sense, its subject matter) but that the form answers profoundly to Holmes's native feeling and idiom. The free form inevitably suggests (in formalization rather than by imitation) the shape of a New England rock fragment, and rock has always been an archetypal object in the furnishing of Holmes's mind and imagery; not simply an object but a significance. But into each side of the seemingly random rock-shape, Pollard has cut and ground two not quite definable but certainly geometric forms —a superb intuition and one that corresponds in depth to another feeling and archetypal obsession of Holmes's mind and idiom. Wonderful strokes these, but how could Pollard possibly have known how right he was when he decided to cut the piece in two? That division was an intuition from the other side of magic, a correspondence to the character of John Holmes as man and poet that only the gropingly felt-to sense of a true artist could have captured. The magic and rightness of that one piece would, to my mind, more than justify the project if the other pieces consisted of no more than broken pop bottles.

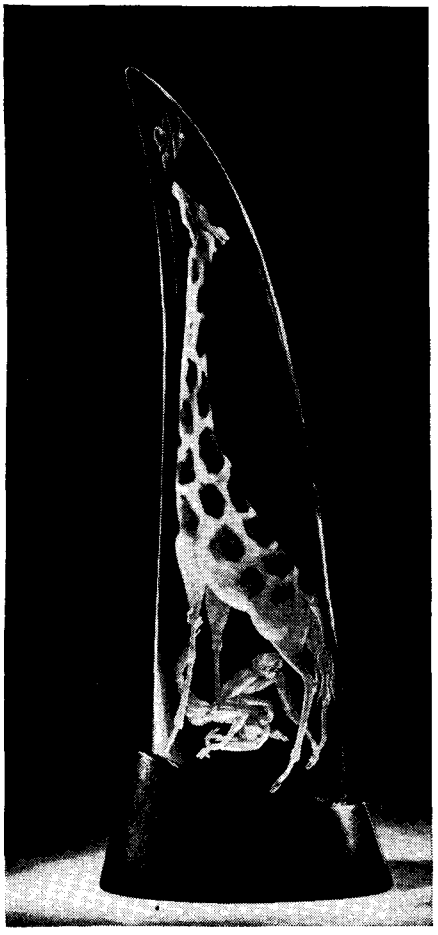
Generally, however, there is no such intuitively realized response in depth to the idiom, texture, and metric life of the poems. There are a number of handsome crystal pieces, all worth a happy tour of Steuben's showroom, but their relation to the poems they interpret is usually tenuous and at times flatly awry. The premise of this experiment was that the poems would stimulate the designers to conceptions they would not otherwise have come by. But though it seems a fair premise, it presupposes a sensitivity to poetry that is too obviously lacking in most of the designers.

There is a tendency in all men, artists or not, to fall back, in any given situation, on what they already know how to do. Most of these pieces, accordingly, look rather more like the past work of the same designer than like deeply intuitive interpretations of new poems.

This tendency is what Gerard Manley Hopkins called "holding." Every change in the forms of art, no matter how radical, is accompanied by "holdings" from the past. Twentieth-century poets broke from many nineteenth-century patterns, but they also "held" much that was characteristic of their fathers. Much more dangerously, artists often tend to "hold" from their own past, repeating when their invention flags, rather than pushing on to new forms and concepts. "Find out what you know how to do," someone once wrote (I wish I could remember who it was)—"and then don't do it."

I wish Steuben's designers had paid more attention to that anonymous admonisher, for almost any of the crystal forms on display at Steuben's showroom, as examples of work designed before the present project, could be slipped into the exhibition simply by attaching a poem to each, and no viewer would sense any difference between the earlier and the later pieces. Most of the designers, that is to say, made no real effort to interpret the poem, but merely glanced off it on the way to shooting their own game of pool.

The commonest failure of the designers corresponds exactly to the commonest failure of readers of poetry in that they mistook the subject for the poem. Thus Robert Hillyer's "Voyage to the Island"—a trite and therefore inconsequential poem, as I must believe—is interpreted by George Thompson as a free sail-form rising above a free-curling wave-form. The result is a satisfactory, if not exciting, conception in crystal, but it is one that would



"To a Giraffe"

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hardly require a poem as its genesis. It could have resulted as readily from no more than the statement "Yacht in a Running Sea."

The same failure mars for me the glass design by Lloyd Atkins with engraving design by Frank Eliscu for Marianne Moore's "To a Giraffe." The piece emerges as a glass form suggesting the horn of a rhinoceros with rather conventional figures of a giraffe and two monkeys engraved in it.

Miss Moore's poem does mention a giraffe, though as an allegorical figure for a human emotional position. So the giraffe engraving. The poem also mentions "some emotionally-tied-in-knots animal," and so the inclusion of the two squinting and crouching monkeys. But what in the poem responds in any way to Miss Moore's concluding lines?

> After all
> consolations of the metaphysical
> can be profound. In Homer, existence
>
> is flawed; transcendence, conditional;
> the journey from sin to redemption, perpetual.

The resultant piece is no insult to crystal but its conception clearly ignores Miss Moore's particular idiom, rhythm, and poetic stance. It ignores, in fact, all but the surfaces of some of the imagery.

A particular failure of many of these pieces seems to result from a combination of subject-grabbing and the hold-over of traditional techniques of engraving. Figures engraved on glass tend easily to the classical modeling of Greek statuary and its Italian Renaissance counterpart. Such modeling is by now a fixed convention of commemorative crystal pieces: the figures rounded, heroic, and responsive to the Greek ideal of absolute beauty in harmonious proportion, though, as used on some glass, more nearly suggesting the modeling of commemorative medals and of coins.

But can such traditional modeling suggest a true esthetic exploration of forms that respond to the human condition in the twentieth century? I doubt that they can, and I am left to suspect that most such figures are on these pieces because they are just the sort of thing the engraver had been taught to do when he was learning how to embellish ceremonial punchbowls. So it is that I find myself wondering what that classically modeled figure (out of Michelangelo by way of, perhaps, Norman Rockwell) is doing floating around in May Swenson's universe. The glass design is by Donald Pollard and the engraving design by William Philips for the poem titled "Models of the Universe," the first stanza of which reads:

> At moment X
> the universe began.
> It began at point X.
> Since then,
> through the Hole in the Nozzle,
> stars have spewed. An
> inexhaustible gush
> populates the void forever.

Whatever the merit of the concept or of the poem (and I happily claim a considerable respect for May Swenson's talent), that floating figure is certainly a "holding" and one that seems to intrude upon rather than to interpret Miss Swenson's feeling.

Even more certainly, the pleasantly symmetrical free form of Lloyd Atkins, with the conventionally modeled nudes designed by Leon Kroll, entirely misses the merciful radiance of Delmore Schwartz's "Aria," a sort of expostulation and reply in which the woman begins:

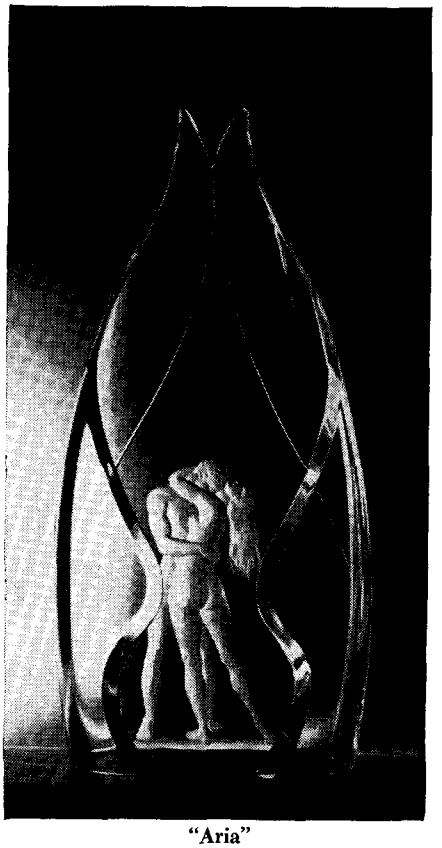
> Kiss me there where pride is glittering
> Kiss me where I am ripened and round fruit.

She continues her plea to be loved in the glory of her physical pride, and she is answered by the man:

> I'll kiss you wherever you think you are poor,
> Wherever you shudder, feeling striped or barred,
> Because you think you are bloodless, skinny or marred:
> Until, until
> your gaze has been stilled—
> Until you are shamed again no more!
> I'll kiss you until your body and soul
> the mind in the body being fulfilled—
> Suspend their dread and civil war!

But where does this "interpretation in crystal" anywhere touch the sweet gentleness of that second stanza either in feeling or in literal illustration? The figures might be straight from an illustration for Boccaccio. There is plenty of "ripened and round fruit" on display, to be sure, but no least effort at the "striped and barred" sadness of reality, or of the mercy that encompasses failure into love.

To these basic failures, which may be summarized as simple subject-grabbing and the refusal to abandon habituated concepts for a true intuitive response to the form of the poem (a failure that most readers share with Steuben's designers), there is also to be added a pervasive failure to distinguish between good poems and bad. On that score, perhaps, the fault lies not with the designers but with the working plan of the project. Certainly the list of thirty-one poets is an arresting mixture of true poets and mere versifiers. No man who cons that list with a reasonable awareness of current poetry and of poetic politics will need the announcement that Mr. Houghton turned to the Poetry Society of America to recruit his poets for him. I have no secret purpose in quarreling with the Poetry Society of America: I prefer, when possible, to ignore it as a social organization of enthusiasts dedicated to "advancing the cause of poetry" but too densely populated by poets of no talent who seize upon the society's activities as a means to advancing nothing but themselves. The inescapable fact is that the odd combination of poets and poetasters from which Steuben's project took off does establish a basic flaw in the experiment, and that the flaw is directly traceable to the Poetry Society of America. In consequence, about one-third of the poems selected for interpretation are ticktock metrical yawns that might better have been engraved on sleeping tablets than given form in crystal. There yet remain the other two-thirds, interpreted with varying degrees of success and failure, to make up a fine anthology of new poems. And whether the crystal pieces hit or miss as interpretations, they add up to a stimulating exhibition of the possibilties of crystal as a perhaps limited but certainly genuine art medium.



"Aria"

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Hoffa, Hegel, and Hoffer

JIMMY HOFFA, who made his reputation and pile as a labor boss and not as a professional philosopher, turned up on David Brinkley's television show the other day and made some pronouncements about the condition of human society.

There was no violet scent or aura about his verdict on man. Life, declared the chief of the Teamsters Union, who was expelled from the AFL-CIO on charges of corruption, is a brutal jungle. The Joes below you keep trying to pull you down and the guys above you are kicking at you to keep you from moving up. When you start out in the morning, you're a sap if you don't know that no one gives a damn if you lose a leg or an eye; you'll be laid out flat like a wounded animal in the jungle and will be preyed upon by all the other animals. The law? The law is a trap in the jungle and anyone who knows his way around is smart enough to know what it looks like and the way the thing snaps.

Thus Hoffa takes his place alongside systematic thinkers like Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, Hegel, and Pascal—men who pondered the unpredictable and often predatory quality of life in human form. There are, however, at least two principal differences between Jimmy Hoffa and the philosophers who preceded him. The first difference is that the previous thinkers merely theorized about the jungle; Jimmy knows it the way a jaguar knows a limb from a stalk. He's got the joint cased. All the hidden paths and bramble patches are permanent pictures in his mind. The jungle is his preserve. When he roars the other animals listen. Other philosophers may have skirted the jungle or darted into it briefly for a peek; this is where Jimmy hangs his hat.

The second principal difference between Jimmy and the other philosophers is that most of them were convinced there was a way out of the jungle. They had confidence that under certain conditions the human animal might stand erect and that people would get over the habit of devouring people. In fact, they speculated on the circumstances that might make it possible for the jungle to be transformed into a reasonably attractive abode. In any case, they believed, most of them, that man didn't naturally *prefer* the jungle and would be even more at home in an ordered and creative society.

WHAT is the magic means by which men may outgrow the jungle? Anaxagoras, who, according to the testimony of Aristotle, knew how to stay sober, thought that reason could govern the world. And how was reason to be developed? This was no mystery to Socrates. Reason was the product of thought. Was real thought possible? Certainly, he said. Thought was an endowment, perhaps the highest endowment of all. It would be a shame not to use it.

Much later, Hegel pursued the same general idea. Indeed, he spelled thought with a capital T. Thought distinguished men from the brutes. Thought removed the human abode from what would otherwise be a slaughterhouse. And thought, generator of reason, held the prospect of erasing the "universal taint of corruption."

A pertinent question: Was it necessary to bring about a human mutation in order to get people to think? Not at all, said Hegel. Any movement or tendency in the direction of thought was bound to have a meaningful effect. Even what appeared to be unimportant could be significant. Besides, human actions with thought behind them would produce results far beyond what might be expected—and the results could make history. Even if vast energies should be expended toward human betterment with little apparent result, the energies would not be wasted. They were alive and would persist and would become manifest in due course.

We do not presume here to argue with Jimmy Hoffa. We make note of his declarations on the human situation but we are not yet disposed to abandon all our visions about human plasticity and even perfectibility. And we are somewhat heartened that among contemporary philosophers we can find a few consoling judgments at least. For in addition to Jimmy Hoffa there is Eric Hoffer, not a Teamster but a Longshoreman. Hoffer is no softie; for twenty years he has worked the Pacific docks. He knows the difference between a hook and a hypothesis. His ideas are tightly crated with bailing wire and do not fly apart the moment they fall from your hand.

EVEN though it may make him uncomfortable, Jimmy ought to read Eric's *True Believer*. For in it, Hoffer has something to say about the misfits in human society who contrive to exert power over honest men. There are those, he says, who insist on projecting their own warped ideas to the people around them. They are the agents of chaos. They are able to manipulate large numbers of humans. Maybe this is what makes a jungle a jungle.

The way out of the jungle, however, is not just by emptying it of its Hoffas. There must be some notion about what is to take the place of the jungle. That is why ideals and goals are the most practical things in the world. They conquer the jungle, make men mobile, and convert humans from fawning and frightened animals into thinkers and builders. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FILLING THE GAG BAG

JEROME BEATTY, JR., has seemed mystified, in recent TRADE WINDS columns, by the large number of wire-service fillers with Kentucky datelines. It's really very simple. The story is that all the member papers of the Associated Press get a feature supplement service that involves, among other things, a weekly page of brief filler stories that a paper can set in type, then throw in a hole at the bottom of a column whenever it needs to. But it's a fearful job to find enough material. To help the campaign along, AP Newsfeatures in New York stages a gagged-up kind of contest within the organization. I'm as certain as I'm sitting here, recently resigned from the AP, that the Louisville bureau is dredging through the Kentucky papers and firing off barrels of fillers to AP Newsfeatures in an effort to knock over this year's trophy.

The reason I'm so certain is this: Over the years, the New York Yankees of the filler-brief league have been AP bureau staffers in Oklahoma City. They had a corner on the market, running 400 or more a year. I had a fella named Claude Rose working for me when I was straw boss in Buffalo, and he read in one of our internal comment sheets that Oklahoma City had won it again. "Anybody could do that," he said sneeringly.

The bug infected the whole Buffalo staff —all four of us—and the following year we upset the Okies and took down the trophy with a total of something like 515 filler-briefs. Claude would pick up a cute kid saying, for example, out of a column in, say, the Elmira *Star-Gazette*. He'd write a filler-brief on it and we'd mail it to New York. It would go out on a mailed feature page and some paper in California would use it one, two, three, or eight weeks later. Somebody from Elmira would see it, clip it, mail it to a relative back home. The relative would call the *Star-Gazette*, and the whole bit about the filler-brief, the AP, the California paper, the relative, and all pertinent details would go back into the *Star-Gazette* column, *ad infinitum*. . . .

THOMAS R. BURTON.

Darien Center, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"So you finally made Corporal—and to think that I could have married General Benedict Arnold."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

I MUST DISAGREE with Rabbi Gittelsohn's argument that the laws of nature can be abrogated by neither man nor God and that, if they could, he would be forced to become an atheist, for then the very principle and power of purposive development which he calls God would have vanished from the universe ["Where Religion and Science Meet," *SR*, Mar. 23].

I object, not so much because of the faulty logic in this statement, but rather because of the fact that God cannot permit himself to be delimited by man's reason. To equate God's grandeur with the searchings and gropings of even the finest of men must seem very close to blasphemy to him who made us. Neither "law" nor chaos rules, but only God's will. . . .

CARL W. JOHNSON.

Wausau, Wis.

RECALCULATION

IN MY REVIEW of *The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature* [*SR*, Mar. 23] I said, "The only strictly comparable volume is *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*, which has less than a tenth as many entries. . . ." I don't know what was wrong with my mathematics. The *Encyclopedia* has more and larger pages and it possibly runs to three or even four times as many entries—but not ten! I particularly regret my lapse because I have a high opinion of the *Companion*, to which I have referred frequently and with profit.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Grafton, N.Y.

BATTLES AND BLAME

"THE BAGGAGE OF THE PAST," by John LaFarge, S. J. [*SR*, Mar. 3] puts into proper perspective the complex situation of modern man. Unfortunately, several of his factual statements are incorrect. For example, excepting Serbia, the countries Father LaFarge lists as Slavic-speaking were Slavic-speaking minorities in Austria and Hungary. As to the Slovaks' alleged sufferings during the Masaryk-Benes regimes, the highest offices of the government were occupied by Slovaks at one time or another. Among them were even a prime Minister, Dr. Milan Hodza, and several cabinet ministers, as well as ambassadors.

Father LaFarge also says: "A sizable proportion of the inhabitants of West Germany nourish grief and resentment over the loss of the former Eastern provinces, such as the Sudeten lands, as a result of the Second World War." Sudetenland never belonged to Germany before the Nazi occupation. For this or other losses suffered as a result of the Second World War, Germany cannot blame anyone but itself, since the Second World War (like the first one) was started by Germany.

NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

New York, N.Y.

WORSHIPERS IN KIEV

DO YOU PROPOSE to make available the prints of N.C.'s remarkable photograph "Inside a Cathedral in Kiev" [*SR*, Jan. 26]? As a minister in a Protestant church, I would say that this expression of awe and evident worship is seldom seen on the faces of parishioners, let alone photographed. It could be the means of a certain kind of inspiration to people as they come and go in the house of worship in an American city of moderate size. . . .

HOWARD C. COLE, Pastor,
Englewood Christian Church.

Yakima, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eight-by-ten glossy prints of the three Kiev ladies, suitable for framing, may be obtained for $2 each by writing to Department DL, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mitropoulos Competition—Barber—Valkki

IF Claudio Abbado of Italy, Pedro Calderon of Argentina, and Zdenek Kosler of Czechoslovakia do not attain international recognition as conductors five, ten, or fifteen years hence, it will not be for want of the opportunities provided them as winners of this year's Dimitri Mitropoulos competition. Each conducted the Symphony of the Air on successive evenings in Carnegie Hall prior to earning the favor of the jury. This, in turn, provided each with a cash award of $5,000, the privilege of participating in a gala concert in Philharmonic Hall, and the honor of serving next season as associate conductors of the New York Philharmonic with Leonard Bernstein.

How the preliminaries among the more than fifty competitors went, only those involved could tell. But in the public phases involving the six finalists, each had equal, and suitable, opportunity to plead his own case. This was assured by offering each not merely one but two chances to show his qualifications in contrasting works. By the middle of the second concert, the division of opinion tended to put the Italian and the Czech and possibly the Argentinian in one group, the candidates from Israel (Moshe Atzmon), France (Jacques Houtman), and the Netherlands (Joop van Zon) in another. Since the judges saw it the same way, the conclusion must be that the progressive stages of the competition served well the purpose for which they were designed.

If anything, the concert clarified further the qualitative status among the three winners. Here Abbado earned a bracket of his own with a fiery yet well-controlled performance of Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*, with Calderon's *Tod und Verklärung* and Kosler's version of the D minor Dvorak Symphony (now No. 7, formerly No. 2) on a lesser level of individuality. If all three accept the offer of a year's service with Bernstein, the Philharmonic (which, incidentally, played this concert and paid Abbado the compliment of not standing up to share the audience enthusiasm for him) is going to have the most interesting group of "assistants" since the custom was initiated. In any case, there is every likelihood that Abbado will come this way again on his own.

It would seem almost impossible for any piece of music to begin better than it should; but this was an inferential failing of Samuel Barber's setting of a section of Euripides's *The Trojan Women* that had its first performance by the New York Philharmonic (which had commissioned it as part of its opening-season ceremonies in Philharmonic Hall) under the direction of Thomas Schippers. Of course, it is the denial of the familiar premise that well begun is half done if, as in this case, the end does not fulfil the promise of the beginning.

THE clear implication of the opening clamor of *Andromache's Farewell* is that Barber agrees that the preferable method of expressing Greek tragedy in music is Richard Strauss's. But with it goes enough of Barber's own manner to sustain interest in his treatment of John Patrick Creagh's new translation through, roughly, half its length. This embodies defiance, resignation, and Andromache's blind hatred of the Greeks for ordering the death of her son. But in this dramatic scene, as in any well-constructed one, there is a moment of contrasting tenderness that comes with the mother's farewell to her doomed son. Properly, too, it is in slow tempo, and Barber has found affecting music for the poetry. The problem thereafter was for him to regain the preceding momentum and surpass the impact of his opening with something properly summarizing. Try as he might, however, it didn't sound to me as if Barber had achieved more than, in the words of program annotator Edward Downes, "a free recapitulation of the opening section." Much of it was beautifully written and all of it was honestly felt, but the stalking specter of Strauss cast a long shadow. The best moments of *Andromache's Farewell*, like those of the piano concerto introduced last fall, have much to do with the idiom of *Vanessa*, which may amount to a dividing line in Barber's creativity. Martina Arroyo sang the demanding soprano part with strong sound and the needed thrust of volume. Better enunciation of the text would have emphasized her affinity with the sense of the subject.

Schippers prepared the way for the new work with a well-chosen semi-novelty that was for strings alone, thus no challenge in sonority for what followed: Benjamin Britten's *Variations on a Theme of Frank Bridge*. In this creation of his twenty-third year, Britten honors one of his most influential teachers not only in his choice of motif but also in the manner of its elaboration. However, it is also possessed of a youthful prodigality whose cleverness, after a while, becomes almost numbing, as it surges through waltz and funeral march, bourrée and moto perpetuo, to a predestined rendezvous with a fugal finale. If energy and drive were the answer to all a conductor's problems, Schippers would have it made. They were, indeed, a substantial share of the answer for Barber and Britten, though only the lesser part of the challenge in the Sibelius No. 2, which concluded the program.

In the season now approaching an end, the Philadelphia Orchestra hasn't opened a new hall (like the Philharmonic), or performed under a new conductor (like the Boston) or one who has had his picture on the cover of a national news magazine (like the Cleveland). All it has done on four, five, or six occasions of its busiest New York season ever is to give four, five, or six of the finest examples of orchestral artistry that season has provided.

THE latest was an all-Wagner program in Carnegie Hall that ended a series of four arranged there by the Hall's management as supplement to the ten in Philharmonic Hall. It was sold out, as it merited; it was beautifully performed, as the music merited; and it brought back memories of prior occasions when the *Tannhaüser* overture, or the "Liebestod" or "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" resounded in splendor from the Philadelphia ensemble. That it was then another, now vanished, complement of players under another conductor merely underscored the extraordinary accomplishment of Eugene Ormandy in sustaining the Stokowski standard while replacing almost all the physical components of that standard. For all that, there was the added factor of a strongly personal (which is to say, impersonally precise) flavor in the performances to replace the previously individual (more personally imprecise) manner of Stokowski. Anita Valkki, the Finnish soprano who made a good impression in her debut as the *Walküre* Brünnhilde at the Metropolitan a year ago, was the soloist in "Dich, teure Halle," the "Liebestod," and the "Immolation Scene" of *Götterdämmerung*. Hers, certainly, is a striking vocal talent, with a compelling mid-range and a powerful top. However, she is still singing notes and phrases (aided by the printed page) rather than penetrating character and recreating emotion. It would be another in a long list of misguided overexposures if Miss Valkki became, a decade hence, a voiceless wonder, simply because she now has a wonderful voice.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Miseries of Matrimony

PENELOPE MORTIMER, whose stories appear now and then in *The New Yorker*, is an English writer who specializes in domestic crises, which she can render in all their desperate intensity. She knows, of course, that the crises are usually solved and may very well seem laughable afterwards, but she also knows that they leave their marks. For instance, in "Saturday Lunch at the Brownings," the title story of a collection that appeared a year or so ago, she describes the little irritations and disagreements that lead to the inevitable row. After he has blown off steam, Mr. Browning takes a nap, and when he wakes up, he feels better and goes through the customary process of making amends. But the reader realizes that a grim situation has grown just that much grimmer.

Although I have admired her stories for some time, *The Pumpkin Eater* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) is the first of Mrs. Mortimer's novels I have read. (It is the fourth she has written.) It, too, deals with domestic crises, but in a more ambitious and sometimes bewildering fashion. At the age of twenty-seven the heroine, whose first name is never given, had had three husbands and a large but unspecified number of children. She then married Jake Armitage, who became a successful writer and producer of films, and for a dozen years was happy with him. After that the crises began.

Mrs. Armitage—I don't know what else to call her—tells the story herself, and very much in her own fashion. In the last paragraph she writes: "I have tried to be honest with you, although I suppose that you would really have been more interested in my not being honest. Some of these things happened, and some were dreams. They are all true, as I understand truth. They are all real, as I understand reality." Her understanding of truth and reality are, as one might suspect, idiosyncratic.

The novel, which is rather short, is put together out of a series of scenes arranged in what seems to be no particular order. We begin, for example, with the narrator in the office of a psychiatrist. She is not an easy patient. "Are you trying to make me feel I'm wrong?" she asks the doctor. "Because I do that for myself."

But there is only a little about this, and soon the narrator goes back to the interviews—amusingly described—with Jake's father and her father at the time she and Jake decided to get married. Then there is the episode of Philpot, a young woman in whom Jake took too lively an interest. We approach the period of crisis, but drop back to the narrator's childhood and her introduction to love in at least two of its many aspects. (This rather long episode, solidly realistic as most episodes aren't, appeared as a short story in *The New Yorker*.)

The psychiatrist reappears from time to time, and, in spite of Mrs. A.'s vagaries, their conversations are sometimes pointed:

> He sighed, as though he thought the story had been a sad one. Then he asked abruptly, "Do you like Jake?"
>
> "Like him?"
>
> "Apart from everything else you feel about him, all your conflicting emotions. . . . Do you like him?"
>
> "No," I said. "Not very much."
>
> "That's my impression. Why don't you like him?"
>
> I tried to think. One by one I turned over the possible reasons for disliking Jake: he is a coward, a cheat, he is mean, vain, cruel, he is slovenly, he is sly. "I . . . I don't know," I said.
>
> "But you love him?"
>
> "Yes. Yes, I love him."
>
> "You want your marriage to survive?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Do you think that in order for your marriage to survive there should be some . . . change?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Do you think that Jake is liable to change?"
>
> "No."
>
> I felt that I had at last given him a correct answer.

She—I do wish that Mrs. Mortimer had given her a name, if only for the

(*Continued on page* 51)

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Over the Counter and Out of the Woods

By DAVID DEMPSEY

A CORRESPONDENT, R. L. Plabb, writes that we referred last month to stocks of publishing companies "bouncing around on the Big Board with Xerox and I.B.M." A more accurate description, he insists, is to say that they are swimming around at the bottom of the tank with some of the smaller fish. Aside from a doubtful bit of ichthyology—little fish stay near the top, don't they?—Mr. Plabb has a point. Like most publicly traded stocks, that of the book houses had no trouble solving the re-entry problem in 1962; and recovery during the first three months of this year has been limited to about 9 per cent. The average price of publishing stock is still 47 per cent below the 1961-62 high.

In view of this, it may seem paradoxical to note that on the whole 1962 was a good year for publishing. Annual reports are now being released which show increases in earnings, with a very few exceptions, all down the line. Among trade publishers, per-share earnings were up—modestly, in most cases—for Harcourt, Brace & World, Harper & Row, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, and McGraw-Hill. Down were Crowell-Collier, Random House, and Western Publishing (Dell). What has happened is that the vogue that attached itself to publishing during the height of the trend toward public ownership has largely vanished. The industry is being viewed realistically by investors, and the present level of prices is a healthy sign. Fantasy is O.K. in a book, but no good on the balance sheet.

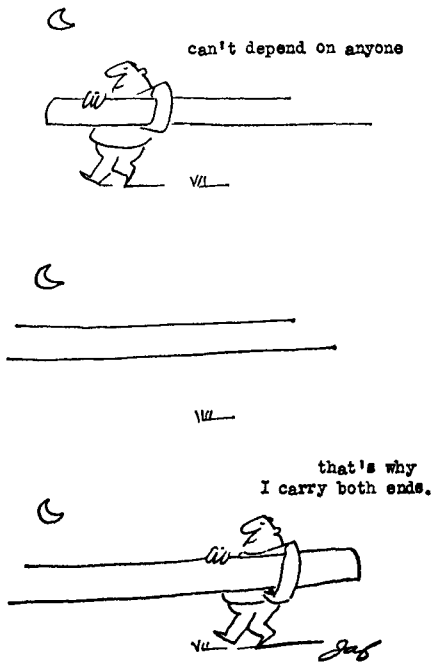
One result of this has been to discourage privately held companies from going public. Very few did so in 1962; two that did are paperback houses (Popular Library and Pyramid Books), and one, John Wiley & Sons, is essentially a textbook company. There were, however, a number of mergers and acquisitions. Harper & Brothers combined with Row, Peterson & Co. to become Harper & Row. And Time, Inc., which is getting into the book business in a big way, bought out Silver, Burdett Company for $7,225,000.

At present, thirty-nine publishing houses are "public." Of these twelve are large enough, and public enough, to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange, the remainder being traded "under the counter," as a friend of mine insists on calling it. (He is not too far wrong.) In any other type of industry this trend toward impersonal ownership would be unimportant.

But publishing in this country has always been a highly *personal* business, and this may be the secret ingredient that is in danger of being lost. Books have claimed for themselves a special role in our culture, a role that was achieved by the very great margin of risk publishers were willing to take outside the usual expectation of success. "Publishers are all more or less bad businessmen because they all care to some extent for good books and are forever trying to publish them," Arthur Mizener once wrote.

Are publishers now in danger of becoming "good" businessmen? The fact that it is publicly held changes a company's viewpoint. The head of a firm can no longer afford to indulge quite so many of his personal whims. A very considerable number of great authors—Conrad is the supreme example—got their start on the poor business judgment of their publishers. With the old family-owned houses, this could be done, and we were all the richer. But when stockholders expect an operating profit, year in and year out, it becomes more difficult.

There is another angle to going public that is only beginning to be appreciated: the annual reports being issued expose the writing ability of the publisher himself. Plabb, in his letter, adds that if the books put out by these firms were as carefully documented and as thoroughly proofread as their annual reports, maybe business would be even better. He cites the current report of Harcourt, Brace & World, just off the press.



Mr. William Jovanovich, president of the company, is obviously a man who has not gone untouched by the influence of his authors. That toxic condition that seizes the English language when it falls into the hands of so many businessmen is missing here. "The fall in market prices during 1962 was precipitous for publishing stocks, and the decline has probably affected a number of investors who, as Oscar Wilde said of men and women in marriage, entered into an alliance because they were either tired or curious and were in both cases disappointed." "The fact is that too many books are published each year," he wrote in a previous report. "Would that many did not see the light of day!"

In Mr. Bennett Cerf's report there is less humor than one might expect from so eminent a wit. And perhaps with good reason. Random House stock, which sold as high as 37½ in 1961, is at this writing down to about 11. When Random went public, Mr. Cerf went serious.

Mr. Jovanovich, commenting on the year 1961, when the movement toward going public was at flow tide, described the time as both "*annus gravissimus* and *annus mirabilis*," thus sending investors and customers' men running to their Latin dictionaries. He does not sidestep the implications of the new role of publishing, and asks: "Do great size and a widening diversification in a book house create true opportunities for growth without being offset by a loss of the highly personal, and saving, nature of good publishing? I believe the answer is yes."

We hope so. By logic, a large and successful house can afford to take chances on books that a small firm cannot. Whether it will or not, of course, is another matter. In any case, we commend the Annual Report of Harcourt, Brace & World to all publishers who would make a literate as well as accurate accounting to their owners.

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Forecast: Books for Spring Reading

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *suggests the following new books as potentially stimulating spring reading. Publication dates and prices are subject to change.*

Fiction

May

TORTOISE BY CANDLELIGHT. By Nina Bawden. Harper & Row. $3.95. Reminiscent of the youngsters in *The Constant Nymph, A High Wind in Jamaica,* and *Forbidden Games,* the children here suffer some shattered illusions.

PRIZE STORIES FROM LATIN AMERICA. Doubleday. $4.95. Winners of the *Life en Español* Literary Contest represent reflective, realistic, and romantic aspects of a complicated continent.

SWORD AT SUNSET. By Rosemary Sutcliff. Coward-McCann. $6.95. Artos the Bear, a mighty warrior-king, saves civilization from extinction in a new version of the Arthurian legend.

THE ROCK GARDEN. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. An early (1936) novel, this metaphysical tale plunges an apolitical poet into the conflict between China and Japan.

VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL: The Trials and Triumphs of Dr. Spencer Fifield. By Lillian Ross. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. *The New Yorker* serial about an internist and his analyst is derisive of the couch.

THE UNICORN. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $4.95. Bizarre events and intricate tensions figure in this shadow-play of a modern Sleeping Beauty.

THE COIN OF CARTHAGE. By Bryher. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians tangle behind the battle lines of the Second Punic War.

THE GIFT. By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam. $5.95. The Russian colony of post-World War I Berlin is the backdrop for a predecessor to *Lolita* and *Pale Fire.*

POSSESSION. By Kamala Markandaya. John Day. $4.50. A rich, divorced, well-born Englishwoman introduces her protégé, an illiterate Indian goatherd, to the art world of London.

THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN. By Morris L. West. Morrow. $4.95. A newly elected Pope from the Ukraine, for many years imprisoned in Siberia, is the protagonist of this successor to *The Devil's Advocate.*

A DAY IN THE "NEW LIFE." By Fyodor Abramov. Praeger. $3.50. A member of the editorial committee of *Neva,* the Soviet publication in which this novel first appeared, writes candidly of the problems besetting the collective farmer.

June

ELIZABETH APPLETON. By John O'Hara. Random House. $4.95. The second ten years in the marriage of a society girl and a university professor provide the turmoil in O'Hara's latest.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE. By Hollis Alpert. Doubleday. $3.95. Movie-making and movie people are the concern here of *SR*'s movie critic.

EHRENGARD. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. $3.95. One of the late Danish novelist's final works, this long short story views a young Valkyrie in a quarrelsome kingdom.

THE PORT. By Henry Beetle Hough. Atheneum. $4.50. Way Down East tradition tussles with city slicker inroads.

THE FRATRICIDES. By Maurice Edelman. Random House. $4.95. International trouble, this time in Algiers, again occupies the deft Parliamentary pen.

Nonfiction

May

ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM IN AMERICAN LIFE. By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. $5. The warts on our national character are exposed to harsh light by a Pulitzer Prize-winner.

CULTURAL RELATIONS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Charles A. Thomson and Walter H. C. Laves. Indiana University Press. $6.95. The role of cultural exchanges with our allies, the uncommitted nations, and the Communist world are explored in this companion volume to *Cultural Affairs and Foreign Relations,* edited by Robert Blum (Prentice-Hall).

THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC TO 1900: A Modern History. By C. Hartley Grattan. University of Michigan Press. $7.50. The first of two volumes on this area, the initial work covers Australia, New Zealand, the islands, and Antarctica.

TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD: The Centennial History of the Civil War. Vol. II. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday. Before May 24, $5.95. Thereafter, $7.50. In this sequel to *The Coming Fury* the Union and the Confederacy realize that bloodshed is inevitable.

THE SUPREME CHOICE: Britain and the Common Market. By Drew Middleton. Knopf. $5. The London Bureau-man of the New York *Times* examines an aborted issue.

POLITICAL HERETICS: From Plato to Mao Tse-tung. By Max Nomad. University of Michigan Press. $5.95. Between those in the subtitles are such diverse figures as Spartacus, Henry George, Big Bill Haywood, and Castro.

THE TWO-OCEAN WAR: A Short History of the United States Navy in the Second World War. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. $15.

THE DOUGHBOYS: The Story of the AEF, 1917-1918. By Laurence Stallings. Harper. $7.95.

UNDER A COLORED CAP. By Sean O'Casey. St. Martin's. $4.95. *Joie de vivre* is stoutly defended in this collection of essays by the Irish playwright.

THE TRAGIC MASK: A Study of Faulkner's Heroes. By John Lewis Longley, Jr. University of North Carolina Press. $6.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS. By Richard Burton. Edited by Fawn M. Brodie. Knopf. $8.50. A famous British explorer logs his journey in 1860 to the home of the Mormons, and thence over the Rockies to San Francisco.

PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNING OF CIVILIZATION: History of Mankind. Vol. I. By Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley. Harper. Before May 8, $10.95. Thereafter, $12.50.

THE TWISTED IMAGE. By Arthur Goodfriend. St. Martin's. $5.95. A public affairs officer with the USIA in India tells how hard it is to make the American way meaningful to an underdeveloped nation.

IN THE FIERY CONTINENT. By Tom Hopkinson. Doubleday. $4.95. An editor of the picture magazine *Drum,* published in Johannesburg for Africans, gives an accounting of his experiences.

(*Continued on page* 57)

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The Literary Sampler

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING SPRING TITLES

All the News That's Fit to Eat

IF YOU really want to know why the newspaper industry is in difficulties (do you mind stifling that yawn? We newspapermen care even if you don't), it's because we haven't yet woken up to the fact that the Northcliffe Revolution has been superseded by the Kellogg Revolution. As a means of mass communication, the newspaper is giving place to the cereal packet.

In the old days when family life was mystic and wonderful everyone sat silent round the breakfast table while Dad struggled through the morning newspaper. "Have you seen this?" he would demand occasionally (and how could anyone have seen anything, you unspeakable old bore, while you've still got the paper?). "'A man walked into a Chingford, Essex, post office yesterday and handed over a pair of postman's trousers. He had found them lying neatly folded outside his front door.' Fantastic, isn't it?"

In these less autocratic days, however, the newspaper is canceled and the whole family reads the cereal packets. For a start, there is an important technological difference between the two media which has not been sufficiently stressed.

The newspaper offers at the most only two reading surfaces at a time—and one of those is the back or sports page, a section which it has been scientifically proved is never read, though no one in the newspaper industry can bring himself to believe it. The cereal packet, however, offers four reading surfaces which stand up in the centre of the table without assistance from the marmalade jar, and which provide simple entertainment for all four sides of the table.

—From "The Day of the Dog," by Michael Frayn, to be published by Doubleday in May.

The Compleat Politician

THERE are a dozen justifications for fishing. Among them is its importance to the political world. No political aspirant can qualify for election unless he demonstrates he is a fisherman, there being twenty-five million persons who pay annually for a license to fish.

In Roman times the people formed their political auguries by observing the flights of birds and the entrails of dead sheep. I have recently been fishing. In the long time between bites I have come to the firm conclusion that today fish take the place of the flight of birds and the entrails of sheep.

Also, I should inform you that from an augury point of view, there are two kinds of fish: There are the host of species of common or garden fish which are the recreation of the common man. There are also the rare species of fish sought by the aristocracy of fishermen. They require more equipment and more incantations than merely spitting on the bait. Politically speaking, these fish can be ignored since they are only landed the hard way and have no appeal to most voters.

A few years ago a press photograph showed my friend, the late Senator Taft, awkwardly holding a common fish. It was taken from many angles for all the common men to see. I knew without other evidence that he was a candidate. Some years ago my friend, General Eisenhower, burst into photographs from all angles, gingerly holding three very common fish. The augury was positive.

—From "Fishing for Fun—And to Wash Your Soul," by Herbert Hoover, published this month by Random House.

War by Surprise

I HAVE been pondering over this war in the last few weeks and it astonishes me more and more that Chamberlain had the courage to declare war on Germany. He certainly didn't want to do so. Had he any clear idea of the military strength of the Germans? I am sure that he hadn't. He didn't think that the British Empire could be assailed, and he had a firm belief in the French Army. He would not have acknowledged that he was banking on the French Army to give us time to get ready. But that was what he was doing. He also had no idea of the length of time that it took to make all the material required for a modern army. He did not know that you had to train after you had the equipment. He was completely unmilitary. He didn't realize that the military leaders had had no experience in leading large armies. Company commanders had been dealing with 20 and 30 men in a company instead of 250, and all the technical troops were short. I am sure that the Cabinet did not ask the War Office if they thought they were ready for war. I didn't take over C. I. G. S. until the day war was declared. I am sure that the Cabinet did not ask any soldier's advice. Mine certainly never was asked. None of them reckoned that the French Army was largely served by horsed transport and that their Air Force was very inferior in both bombers and fighters. We could not replace this deficiency in the Air Force.

Did Chamberlain realize that we had allowed the Empire to get dangerously weak? I am sure that he didn't. Did he realize that we were in for a political struggle in which we were staking the Empire? I am sure that he didn't. He was a typical British businessman and couldn't realize that the Empire was in danger. He didn't realize that Hitler was out to down us. He couldn't believe it. His courage was certainly there, but I wonder if he realized all the mistakes that he and his party had made in the years since it became certain that Germany was preparing for war?

—From "Time Unguarded: The Ironside Diaries 1937-1940," edited by Colonel R. Macleod, D. S. O., M. C., and Denis Kelly, published this month by McKay.

Bohemian Beat

DESPITE its cosmopolitan population, Montparnasse until now had been a closely knit community with its cafés, studios and intrigues. It was like a provincial town with its inhabitants; but mostly painters, sculptors, writers, and students. Casual tourists were few, most of them infesting the other end of Paris, Montmartre, with its all-night clubs and champagne. One day an enterprising ex-jockey with backing opened a night place in the heart of Montparnasse. He called it the Jockey. In an old one-story building, situated at the other end of the street where I had my studio, the outside walls were decorated by the American painter, Hilaire Hiler, with stylized figures of Indians and cowboys, the inside plastered with old posters. For the opening a group of the better known habitués were photographed in front of the club, all in more or less affected poses: myself holding a useless little Kodak, Tristan Tzara with his monocle, Jean Cocteau and his black-and-white knitted gloves, Pound in his false-bohemian getup. But the main attraction, besides other singers and the American jazz band, was Kiki and her naughty French songs, delivered in an inimitable deadpan manner. She passed the hat around afterwards, browbeating the customers into making generous donations which she divided amongst

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the less favored performers. When not singing she sat at my table, or we danced on the few feet of crowded floor.
—From "Self Portrait," by Man Ray, published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

A Tranquil Trevelyan

THERE is no liberation on earth like knowing that one is of no consequence. It sets the heart suddenly free from a thousand shackles. One is like a tramp on the grassy bank of some out-of-the-way lane . . . at liberty to come and go; to stop and look at the way the clouds are forming and reforming; to breathe the summer-laden air, right into the bottom of the lungs, and to breathe it out again in consciousness; to do what life demands of one without fuss or any inner friction — and all because one blessedly doesn't matter. It is like a secret brotherhood to which one is admitted, and though it is secret, everyone who belongs recognizes other members instantaneously, because everyone who knows he is not important has been given not only the freedom of the city, but the freedom of the world, and that makes everyone very gay, inconsequent, and delightful-to-be-with. It needed a really heavy knock over the head to let me know that I was of no importance, because, being brought up in a family who had for at least three generations been putting the world to rights in politics, splendid social service, and literature, my whole upbringing tended to make me think that the individual mattered vitally.
—From "Through Mine Own Eyes: The Autobiography of a Natural Mystic," by Katharine Trevelyan, published this month by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

Rights and Prejudice

THAT equality is a good thing, a fine goal, may be generally accepted. What is lacking is a sense of the *monstrosity of inequality*. Seen from the perspective of prophetic faith, the predicament of justice is the predicament of God.

Of course, more and more people are becoming aware of the Negro problem, but they fail to grasp its being a personal problem. People are increasingly fearful of social tension and disturbance. However, so long as our society is more concerned to prevent racial strife than to prevent humiliation, the cause of strife, its moral status will be depressing, indeed.

The history of interracial relations is a nightmare. Equality of all men, a platitude to some minds, remains a scandal to many hearts. Inequality is the ideal setting for the abuse of power, a perfect justification for man's cruelty to man. Equality is an obstacle to callousness, setting a limit to power. Indeed, the history of mankind may be described as the history of the tension between power and equality.

Equality is an interpersonal relationship, involving both a claim and a recognition. My claim to equality has its logical basis in the recognition of my fellow men's identical claim. Do I not forfeit my own rights by denying to my fellow men the rights I claim for myself?
—From an essay by Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel in "Race: Challenge to Religion," edited by Mathew Ahmann, published this month by Regnery.

Fish 'n' Flips

SOME solitary [dolphins] after several days in the pool literally sank in despair, drowning or suicidally ramming their heads into the wall. However, when two or three captives were together, each gained morale and accepted food after a fast of five or six days. They would eat only fresh sardines—the most expensive fish on the market. The keeper of the tank, Etienne Gastaldi, rewarded them with a sardine for bumping a balloon into the air. I could not help thinking that the dolphins did this cynically, despising their slavery. The keeper introduced cheaper pay in the form of whitings. The dolphins would not eat them. Gastaldi showed a sardine to a dolphin. The animal headed the balloon into the air and raced back to collect his salary. By sleight-of-hand, the keeper substituted a whiting for the sardine and the animal gobbled it. The dolphin gave Gastaldi a look and splashed water furiously on him with its flippers, sending him away drenched.

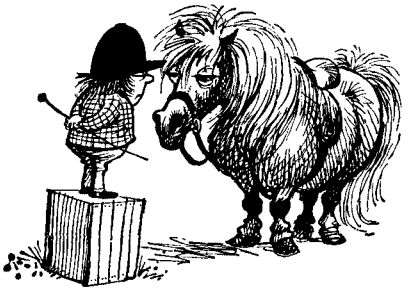
This self-respecting species, *Delphinus delphis*, has a bottle-nosed cousin, *Tursiops*, that dearly loves show business and often stars in oceanariums. *Delphinus* is equally intelligent, but despises captivity. When we understood that, we liberated them into the sea. Falco was the happiest of us all to see them go back home.
—From "The Living Sea," by Captain J. Y. Cousteau with James Dugan, published this month by Harper & Row.

Change and Challenge

ULTIMATELY, all law begins and all law ends with the man in the street. At the least his needs, and at the most his faith, are communicated to judges and legislators and heighten their sense of accountability. They must heed his voice, because in essence they merely bring their expertness to bear upon his notions of justice and values. But the man in the street will raise his voice only at rare intervals, only when his sense of security is threatened because the values he expects his system

(*Continued on page* 56)

COMPLETE GUIDE TO EQUITATION is the subtitle to Norman Thelwell's *A Leg at Each Corner* (Dutton, $2.95). The British riding expert has compiled a manual for the younger, or pony, set, with detailed instructions on how to choose the right pony ("he will find you"); the correct seat, equine mastery (achieved by subtlety rather than force), and how to deal with the numerous ills that horseflesh is heir to.



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Advertisement

Where strangers are honored guests

India's legends and true-life stories are rich with anecdotes of hospitality—wholeheartedly given and gracefully accepted. When a stranger stood at the threshold, he became an honored guest of the house. The tradition of centuries is even stronger today. The people of India wish to welcome visitors from other lands, and to share with them, even if briefly, the Indian way of life. To make it easier for you to meet them a special program has been developed.

The idea is simple and gracious—and, of course, costs nothing. Let's say you are a businessman, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, or just a person who wishes to meet Indians with interests similar to your own. Before you leave for India, call upon the Government of India Tourist Office at 19 East 49th Street in New York City; 685 Market Street in San Francisco; 177 King Street W. in Toronto. Or after you arrive in India, upon the Government of India Tourist Offices in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta or Madras. Tell them your likes, your hobbies, your special interest in India. They will be happy to help you choose your Indian friends from a list of persons who will be looking forward to welcoming you in their homes, and to making your visit as full and as rewarding as they can.

Once in India, meet with your new friends, accept their invitation to tea or a meal with them in their home. There you will meet other members of their family, exchange ideas and glimpse their particular brand of humor. You may enjoy seeing the local sights with your new friends, or playing a round of golf at an elegant country club. Perhaps a day at a sunny beach or a cricket match, the cinema or a dance recital. Simple delights which heighten in pleasure when you enjoy them in the company of your Indian friends.

The people of India are very much like you, proud of their country and their traditions. They have a lively interest in knowing more about *your* country, how *you* feel about today's world and everything in it. Come to India—maybe this year, maybe the next—your Indian friends will wait for you.

Dawn for the Dominicans

BACK in the winter of 1946 and 1947, when energy could be summoned on command and one's youthful engine operated on any kind of fuel, I was invited to embark on my first journalistic quest beyond my native shores. By native shores, I mean those of Manhattan Island, for up until that time I had been obliged to gather columns about far places for the New York *Post* by the rather indirect method of interviewing foreign travel officials who had opened postwar offices in New York.

This first trip was to take me in one overnight leap from New York to Puerto Rico, and then, in what Pan American was calling its "open-jaw flight," westward through the Caribbean islands to the Dominican Republic and on to Haiti and Miami. It was high adventure.

When the airplane landed in the Dominican Republic on the second leg of my journey, every passenger was required to have his temperature taken. It was a mark of progress instituted by El Benefactor, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, who had then been in power for sixteen years and, from the busts and portraits of him which I was to see all over town, was by then firmly entrenched and heavily on the take. I recall all of us, the whole planeload, sitting there on benches outside the terminal with thermometers in our mouths, while the white-coated attendants bustled about checking the readings. Worse yet, we were able to express indignation only with our eyes. My temperature passed muster, I being, as I say, an indestructible dog in those days, but there was some fuss over some magazines I happened to be carrying, which without my knowledge had been printing some dastardly accountings of the presidential operations of El Benefactor.

The city, as I had been told I would find it, was clean and orderly, and the Hotel Jaragua, a recent benefaction, was the gem of the Caribbean, a favorite with overnighting crews who could splash in its pool, sleep comfortably in its air-conditioned rooms, and wake to sunlit views of the sea. After all, the Caribe Hilton was still years away, Haiti had nothing but the mellow old Splendid, the last word in Havana was the Nacional, and Jamaica was getting along on the Myrtle Bank, which, as far as I can determine, was built in the reign of George III. The Jaragua was so popular that it had lost my reservation, and I was required to bunk in with the manager. I soon fell into the hands of the national travel office, which I was rather appalled to find being promoted by Americans. They were eager to dispel the dictatorial trappings—the marble busts, the portrait hanging in the gambling casino, the submachineguns in front of Trujillo's mother's house, the roadblocks in the country, the row upon row of fake warplanes lined up at the airport, which one was forbidden to photograph—with splendid tales of accomplishments and comparisons with other Latin countries. More than ten years later I was even more startled when the wife of a high American diplomat whose husband had been posted to the Dominican Republic had urged me to take a more tolerant attitude. "Some countries," she informed me, as one explains simple logic to a child, "need dictatorships."

I never set foot in the Dominican Republic again save for one brief interlude years later when my plane from Haiti bound for New York stopped briefly in Ciudad Trujillo. The same lines of warplanes were still there on the runway, the first row real, the others canvas-and-wood mock-ups. When I opened my camera, a soldier blocked me with his rifle.

On the night of May 30, 1961, ten patriots riding in two cars gunned down Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. It took some time before Trujillo's legatees could be pushed out of control, but at last, in February of this year, democratic elections brought Juan Bosch, who had spent many of the interim years in exile, to the presidency, and the Dominican Republic could at last survey the ruins.

THE other morning, with the sun barely up over Manhattan and my eyes barely open, I scurried, breakfastless, to the airport to catch Pan American's direct flight to Santo Domingo de Guzman, known until May of 1961 as Ciudad Trujillo. How sophisticated the voyage had become. Instead of those little packages on a lap tray, the hostesses set the table with hotcakes and browned sausages, fresh orange juice, crisp breads and crumb cakes, and coffee—and this in economy class. The all-economy plane with room for 159

(*Continued on page* 37)

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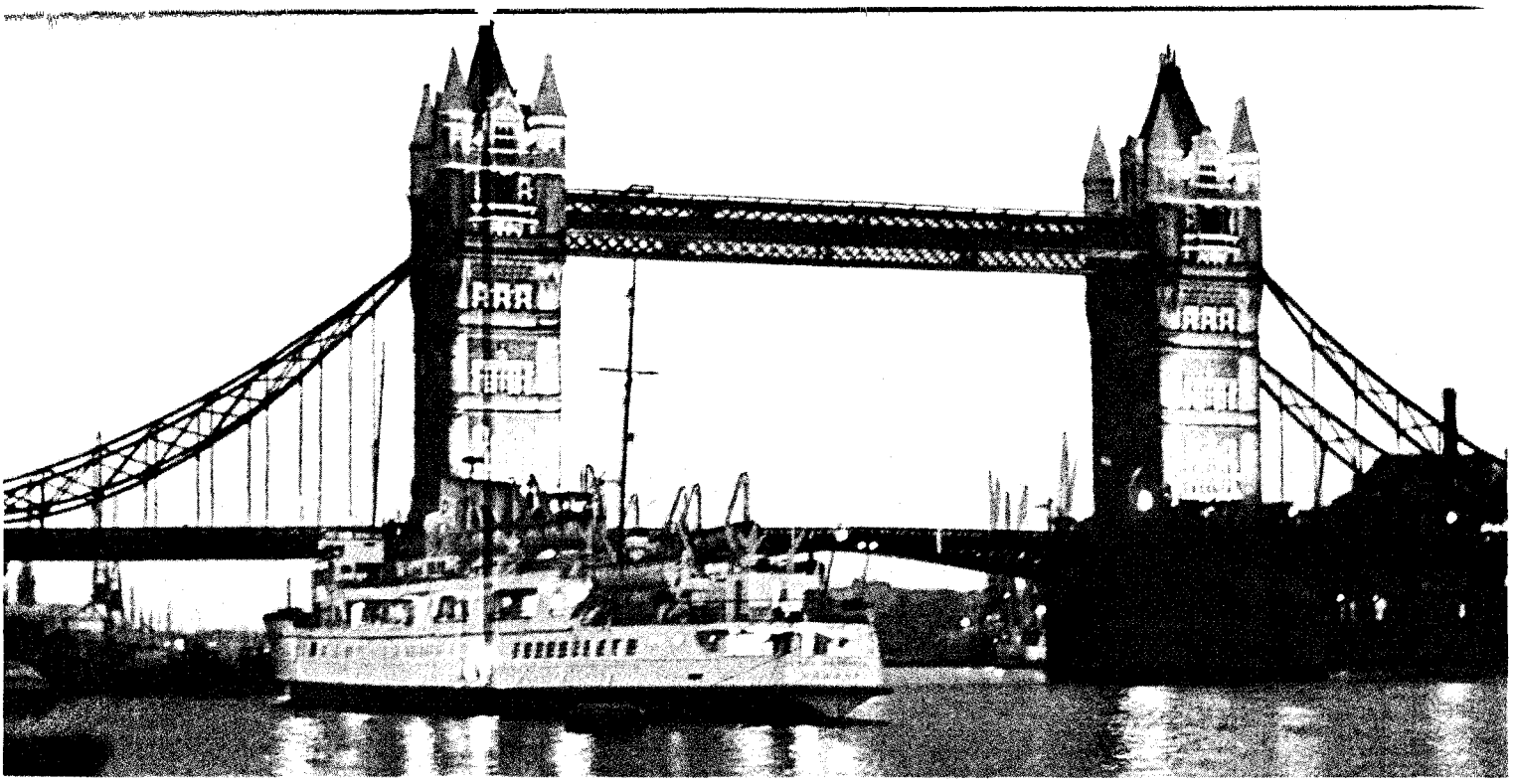

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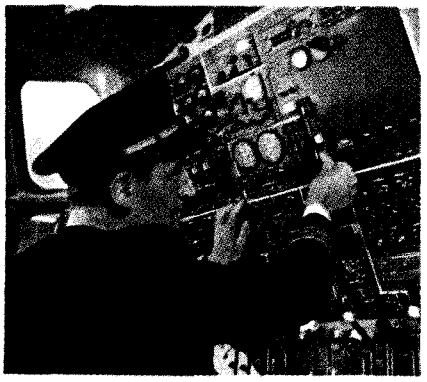

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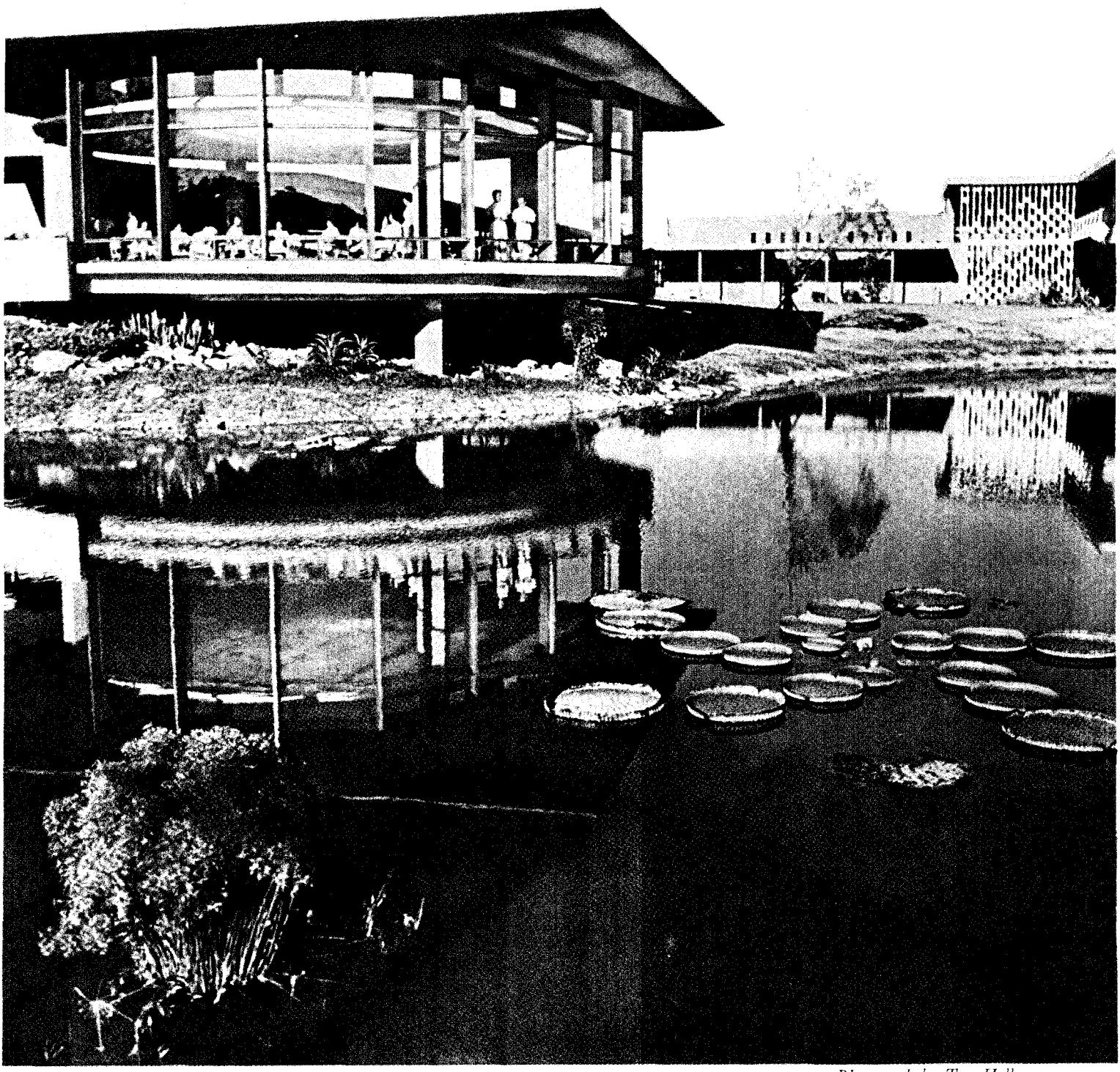

Photograph by Tom Hollyman

Parke-Davis in Puerto Rico: antibiotics and contented executives

SEND an executive to run a new plant in Puerto Rico and he may never want to come home again.

Our photograph gives you some idea of Puerto Rico's magnetism. You wouldn't think this glorious place was a factory, but it is. This is the island's new Parke-Davis plant. It serves markets in Puerto Rico and Latin America.

Step inside and you will be impressed by what you see. The plant is bright, efficient, and superbly modern. So are the people who work there. Their productivity is high. They take pride in their appearance, and in their work.

Parke-Davis is in good company on this sunny, scrubbed and cultured island. International Paper and Union Carbide are also among the blue chip firms that have chosen Puerto Rico as a stable, long-term manufacturing site.

And how would you and your family *live* in Puerto Rico? You'd see more plays and hear more good music than you do now. You'd golf, fish, sail and swim 52 weeks a year. And New York is only 3½ jet hours away.

For *your* new plant site, think seriously about Puerto Rico. Nowhere else can you find this combination of opportunity and serenity.

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Continued from page 34

passengers was in Santo Domingo before noon. It was a new airport bereft of thermometers and fake warplanes. A Dominican band in red-and-white striped shirts scratched out a welcome with *timba* concertina, *guira,* and sax. Customs were perfunctory; the landing card, bought at the airline office in New York, had cost a dollar.

I WAS eager to see what thirty years of Trujillo had left. For one thing, they had left a soaring inflation. Taxis from the airport to town cost a staggering eight dollars for the car, and the cab drivers are eager to hustle single passengers into a taxi and buzz off before a companion can be found to share the cost. The Jaragua's place as premier hotel had been taken by the Embajador, a 350-room sanctuary now operated by Pan Am's Intercontinental Hotels. With air conditioning throughout, tennis courts and pool, golf course next door, casino in the lobby, a dark nightclub, and an airy esplanade for breakfast and lunch, it is the very model of a model modern Caribbean hotel. From my terrace I could look down on its playing fields, and beyond a distracting graveyard of used cars to the seaside buildings of the Peace and Free World Brotherhood Fair, which Trujillo opened in 1956 to bolster his fading image and revive his fluttering tourism. It cost the treasury $50,000,000, of which, in the post-regime reckoning, about $30,000,000 could be accounted for. Government offices occupy many of the garish buildings now; the Spanish pavilion has become a school; and one hall has become the inevitable free-port shopping center. The assortment of goods, beyond the usual liquor and perfume, is a bit skimpy, but some shops are agents for Baccarat crystal, Rosenthal china, and Dior, and as the nation stabilizes and the tourist flow returns, the cautious merchants will buy more. The number of arriving travelers, which sank from 44,000 in 1956 to a low of 13,000 in 1961, climbed back to 42,645 last year, and 60,000 are expected in 1963. La Paz, a small hotel which the Trujillo regime built on the fairgrounds, is being refurbished, and a similar program has been started at La Jaragua. For auld lang syne I went up to look at the place, which, from a distance at least, still stands white and trim, overlooking the seaside boulevard which Trujillo named for George Washington. (Any comparative inference you could draw was greatly appreciated.) A few lonesome souls lolled about the pool, but most of the floors were closed. A grand piano, one of its legs gone, was using a chair for a crutch. Although the Spanish patio is the scene of a lively party on Saturday nights, with the beat of the pachanga and the merengue echoing out across the sea, most of the operations have retreated to the Chiquita Jaragua, the old hotel's newer annex, which has 100 rooms in two decks and a pleasant open-air bar under the banana fronds and a leafy mango tree. It has, as well, a coffee shop and a downright modest casino, but all of it is a far cry from what it was in its salad days, and the rush of Caribbean tourism has left it a decade behind.

Yet there is little evidence of any change along George Washington Boulevard. Washington's bust is still there, and so, across the road from it, are the stables where Rafael Trujillo, Jr., better known as Ramfis, kept his polo ponies. The same elegant villas still sprawl over spacious grounds, and most of them are still owned by the same aristocrats. Trujillo let them survive, on his terms, of course, and the new regime seems willing to follow suit. The changeover in governments was so gradual that, unlike the case in Cuba, there were no wholesale executions or land reforms. The first inheritors, Trujillo's sons, gave way to Dr. Joaquin Balaguer. But Balaguer had been brought to power by Trujillo in 1957 and the people would not have him. A junta took over until the elections brought Bosch to power just two months ago.

AS it approaches the downtown waterfront area, George Washington Boulevard becomes the U.S. Marine Corps Avenue, a name bestowed in consideration of aid brought to the country by the Marines during the disastrous hurricane of 1930. The commemorative tablet remains, but chipped from its face is Trujillo's name and the spangled adjectives that preceded it. Rhadames Bridge, named for a Trujillo son, has become Duarte Bridge, after one of the fathers of the homeland. The map, too, has undergone some changes. The provinces he named for himself, Liberatador and Benefactor, have become Dajabon and San Juan. The province of Trujillo is now San Cristobal. The province he named for his father, Trujillo Valdez, has become Peravia; the one that honored his mother, Villa Julia Molina, is now merely Nagua. Daughter Angelita fared no better, for the yacht that was named for her now sails under the name of *Patria.*

Patria is no ordinary yacht of an ordinary ruler. It is the 316-foot powered barque which U.S. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies took to the Soviet Union and which Ramfis Trujillo many years later sailed into California, there to romance Kim Novak and Zsa Zsa Gabor. *Patria* is moored now on the peninsula of

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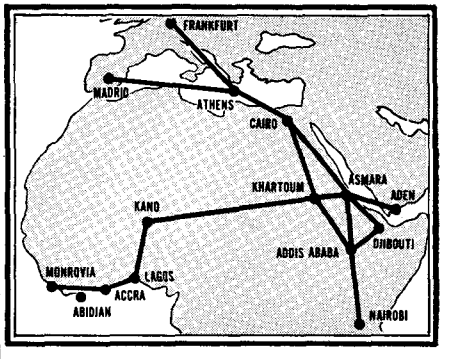

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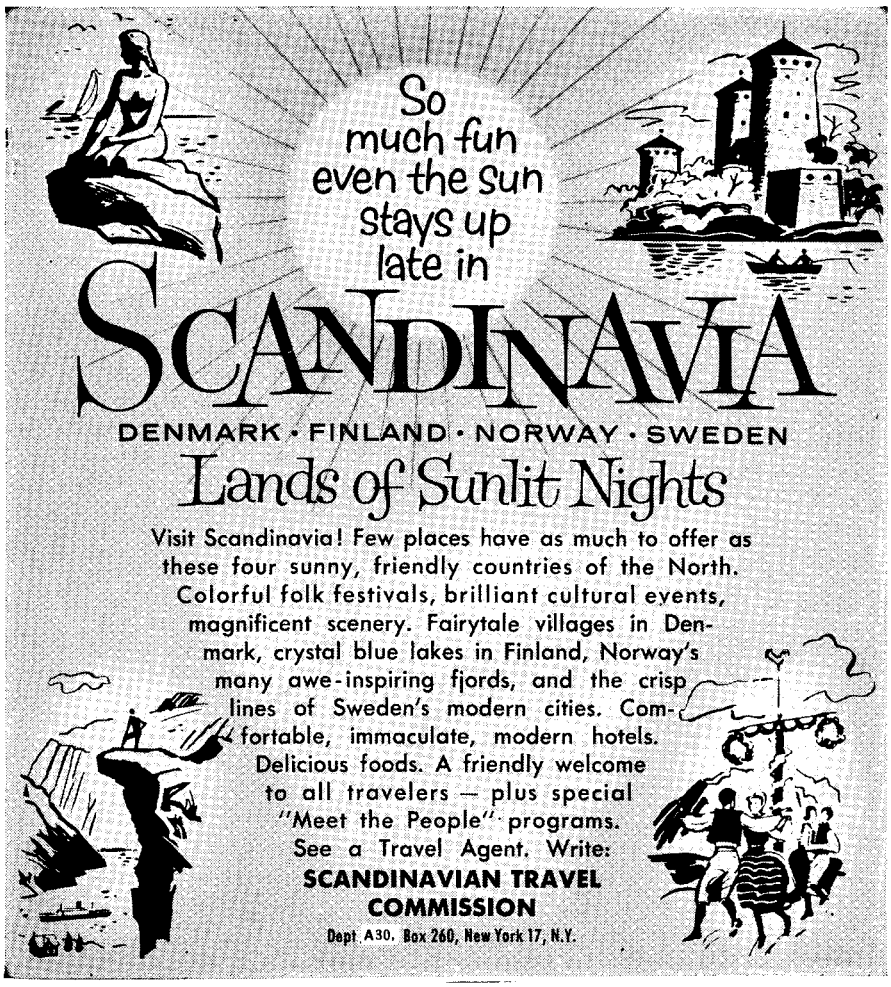
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Sans Souci and from George Washington Boulevard one can see her masts sticking above the palm trees like redwoods in a cabbage patch. Armed with special permission, I drove over to have a look at her where she sits tied up at her berth waiting for instructions from the new government. Out from her prow loomed the fierce golden eagle, a sight to cow waves into a calm sea and send sharks running. Her rigging was a mass of ropes, her masts enormous. Parked alongside her was a shining Thunderbird, once a Trujillo car, now owned by a naval doctor who happened to be handy when the owners were sent into exile. So far the new government has handled the armed forces with tender care, a courtesy that apparently extends not merely to line officers.

Built in Kiel, Germany, in 1931 as a school ship for the Turkish Navy, she became the *Hussar*, and under Davies the *Sea Cloud*. When Davies took her into Leningrad in 1937, she was the first private yacht to sail into the port since the days of the czars. Later he and Mrs. Davies took the yacht to the Baltic and to France, and in the spring of 1938 they boarded her at Odessa for a ride around the Black Sea.

BUT even Davies's questionable judgment in parading this gross capitalist's plaything along the shoreline of the proletariat's paradise pales beside the stupendous arrogance of the Trujillos. With her crew of seventy and her satin beds for twenty-six passengers, the Trujillos took her from Jacksonville to Miami to Palm Beach, and later on that epic trip to California, Catalina, and Acapulco. Even Hollywood must have been dazzled by its huge paneled salons hung with damask drapes and decorated with marble fireplaces. Ten could be seated comfortably around the polished inlaid dining table served from a galley that runs the width of the ship. Hanging on the galley wall is the original annunciator, with thirty positions from which a passenger might summon a steward.

A broad, carpeted stairway leads to the staterooms, the master's equipped with red telephone, crystal decanters, a private tiled bath with a marble washbasin, and a cedar closet with a safe. Madame's bedroom is done in soft rose with queenly satin drapes drawn up to a coronet above the headboard. Some lesser guest rooms have four-posters and television sets. Lately there has been talk that the new regime will put the *Patria* to work carrying tourists between Santo Domingo and San Juan, perhaps cruise the Caribbean in the manner of yachts that ferry tourists among the Greek isles. Probably the Bosch government will first want to comb through

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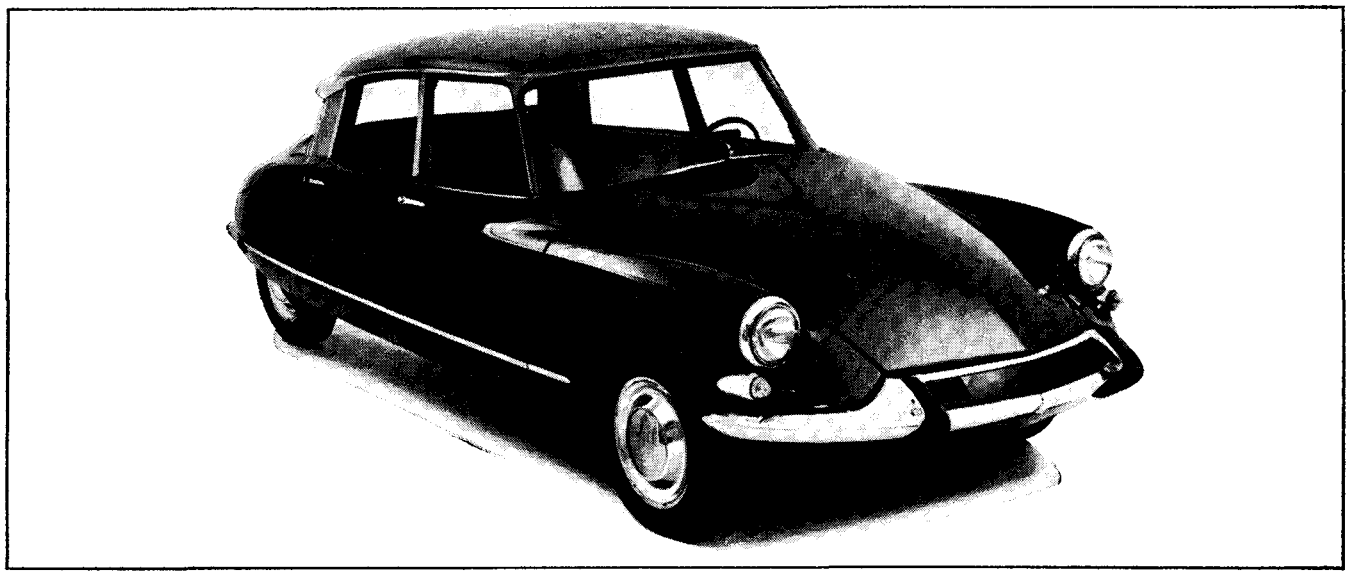

Funny face

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Capt. H. S. Hawkins
Sedgwick, Maine

the ship's library, where the shelves still contain unpurged volumes of *Trujillo: The Biography of a Leader*. A sample chapter begins, "Generalissimo Trujillo has fulfilled to the utmost the deepest and most paramount aspirations of the Dominican people." From a gayer day there are bright album covers, their records since removed, a forgotten set of bongo drums, a set of the Muirhead guides to Italy and Spain, and, perhaps placed there with an idea of eventual retirement, a volume called *How to Raise Rabbits for Food and Fur*.

For his ultimate repose, Trujillo designated a national pantheon, a downtown building that had once been a monastery. Under the vaulted ceiling its walls are lined now with barren tablets that await both future heroes and old ones whose remains will be moved. Among them certainly will be the eight plotters, now kr as "Los Héroes del 30 de Mayo" who died while killing Trujillo. The o survivors will also be eligible when they die. Today they live under constant guard. The house of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert, one of the two, who lives near El Embajador Hotel, swarms with guards, about the only vestige of muscle that is apparent in Santo Domingo today.

SADDEST of all is the corner chapel at the National Pantheon, which has been set aside for the 250-man commando force which attacked Costanza in the waning days of the Trujillo regime. Only four survived. The remains of the others are in small numbered boxes now, draped with artificial flowers and long ribbons of remembrance left by families and friends. "Little Michael," says the legend embossed on one white ribbon, "your memory will be eternal in the hearts of your parents, daughters, brothers, and friends." From the walls hang more ribbons, and stuck in a hole in the old monastery wall is a frail stick holding several folds of black ribbon, all that is left of a floral tribute. Pinned to it is the card written in the florist's shop: "For the unforgettable Tony and his companions from his father and his relatives." Trujillo's body was sent to Paris.

Santo Domingo de Guzman claims to be the first city of the New World, and its cathedral claims to be the possessor of the bones of Columbus, its discoverer. The Dominicans say theirs is "the land Columbus loved best," and a dramatic statue in Columbus Square shows the Admiral pointing to some distant vision. "There in that high and mountainous land," he is said to be saying, "is the Land of God." The Land

(*Continued on page 81*)

Negro Writers

Continued from page 21

article a writer discussed James Baldwin and me; we were said to be in midstream and about to drown. In our attitudes, I guess. The man did a thorough job, having researched magazines and brought what I had written in some of them to bear upon his subject, my novel *Night Song*. I was impressed. The white woman in the novel, Della, is a social worker who, after her day at the office, comes to the coffee house owned by her lover to help out. But, in view of the crisp way the writer handled his article, I could only conclude that he saw Della merely as a *waitress* because her lover was Negro.

The relationship between mixed couples is always more graciously accepted by the reviewers when related by a white author than by a Negro. Jack Kerouac's one-dimensional Negro girl and her white lover, John Updike's quiet, fleeting references to the same combination, and Robert Gover's hilarious team of Kitten and James Cartwright Holland are a few examples. But

would *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* have been quite so well received had Kitten been a Negro social worker instead of a whore, and the inability of man and woman, black and white, to communicate been put on an altogether different symbolic level?

I wish white writers would stop pretending they just can't reach Negroes; I want Philip Roth's little Negro boy in the Newark Public Library to be real, not a symbol of God only knows what, besides guilt. I want Pete Washington in Dennis Lynds's new novel, *Uptown Downtown*, to stop sitting around with his little Italian Catholic girl bemoaning to the point of being a bore the racial situation in America.

For I can smell the *illusion* of concern as quickly as I can smell a phony, and from the same distance. When you do me, do me *right*. Then some of the barriers to the expansion of America's Negro writing talent may fall.

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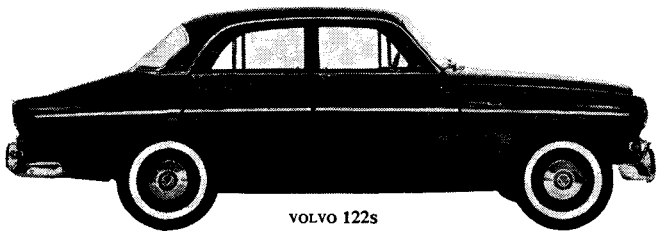

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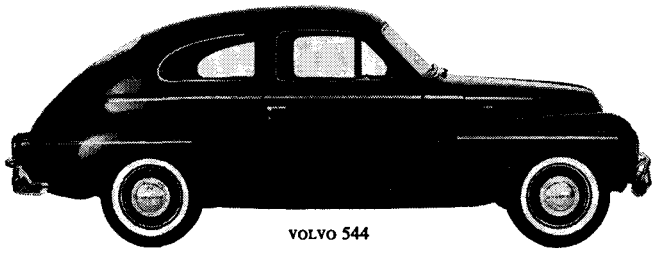

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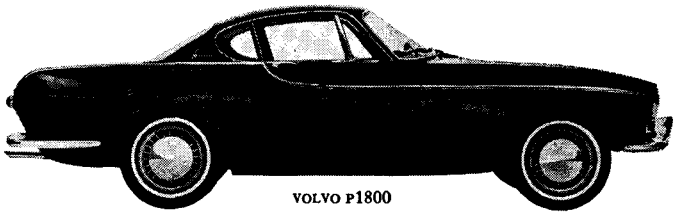

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Tower of Label

LAST season British critic Martin Esslin put together a provocative work called *The Theatre of the Absurd*. While the book itself contained penetrating analyses of the works of Beckett, Ionesco, Genet, Pinter, Albee, and others, its immediate effects in this country were to provide a fashionable talking point and to help producers merchandise plays that would have had less chance of success on their own merits.

This year, an American critic and playwright, Lionel Abel, has just come out with a book called *Metatheatre* (Hill and Wang; hardcover $3.95, paper $1.45). In it he coins a word to describe a kind of play that has existed in our literature for centuries. This term is not likely to help producers much; one can scarcely imagine thousands of theatregoers flocking to see metaplays *because* they are metaplays. But Mr. Abel hopes to persuade playwrights not to waste energy trying to write tragedies in a world where, he believes, tragedy is no longer possible. He urges them to recognize in the metaplay a form that can be more perfectly achieved and that is better related to contemporary life.

What, then, *is* metatheatre? Mr. Abel defines it in spurts of occasional revelation that emerge from the author's contemplation of many plays. Among the best metaplays extant, Mr. Abel lists *Hamlet, Life Is a Dream, Tartuffe, Peer Gynt, Don Juan in Hell, Pygmalion, Saint Joan,* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. He places Beckett, Genet, Brecht, and Gelber among more recent dramatists attempting to write metaplays. He describes Hamlet as "a man with a playwright's consciousness." Hamlet, he explains, has just been told [by the ghost] to be an actor, and . . . is now determined to make an actor of the very playwright who had cast him for an undesired role. Mr. Abel also sees Hamlet as the first theatrical figure fully to express the fact that none of us really knows the plot in which he is acting.

Mr. Abel further defines metaplays as theatre pieces about life seen as already theatricalized. The playwright acknowledges that it is his imagination that has been controlling events from beginning to end.

A metaplay is thus one in which the reality of the world, rather than that of the protagonist, is mortally affected, so that life becomes a dream, and the world a stage. Finally, he believes that while tragedy cannot operate without assuming an ultimate order, metatheatre—which regards order as a continuing human improvisation—can.

How does the concept of "metatheatre" compare with that of the "absurd"? While Mr. Abel devotes an essay to denying that there is any such thing as "theatre of the absurd"—and presumably Mr. Esslin will be along to erase "metatheatre" — let us assume that they both exist. Let us say that the absurdist presents fantasy as reality, or reality as fantasy, *without arguing about it*. Then mightn't metatheatre be said to concern itself with fantasy and reality, with the difference that it consciously tries to explore their differences? Does it not also assume a duty to replace chaos with order, even though that order may be the playwright's and not society's?

Not all of Mr. Abel's book confines itself to metatheatre. Equally provocative is the author's analysis of *Macbeth* as the only tragedy Shakespeare ever wrote; a precise study of Racine that nominates *Athalie* as the only play in which the French dramatist could kill his protagonist tragically—that is, in such a way that we sympathize with both the executioner and the victim; and an essay on *The Connection* in which he extols the playwright for not pretending to have an enthusiasm for a value that his whole work belies. Highly challenging and refreshing are such unorthodox opinions as Mr. Abel's statement that the stage adaptation of *Billy Budd*—with all of its defects—is the best dramatic work by an American and his scornful attack on *J.B.* as a play that showed "an utter lack of poetic inspiration" and an acceptance of "cheap dramatic standards."

Mr. Abel's alert and original mind makes *Metatheatre* a very readable book, and one that may touch off its share of argument. With volatile and fascinating arguments he imposes his own order on our increasingly disordered theatre. —HENRY HEWES.

The Stuff of Life

By Charles Edward Eaton

WHAT will the Father of Poems leave his children to inherit?—
The facts are more blurred than that world of imagination
Where I go into the woods to break boughs of lilac for
the spirit.

And yet all that the *pater familias* can give is fact.
I do return from the woods, after all, with a bucket
of flowers
Rather than a disembodied head full of homily or tract.

To bring something forward as proof—Could that be my only
devotion?—
It is as though things go vague continually unless I return
And that nine-tenths of love consumes itself in circular
attrition.

But one tenth, the jewel in the uncrushable lilac,
Belongs to the Father to be mentioned in his will,
Revalued, of course, at less than all that going, coming,
back.

But I who bear as much as any the brunt of paternal
strife,
A great ravager and forager in advance of time,
Bring home haphazardly a huge, loose bucket for my wife.

Here is your patrimony, I say when she comes to the door,
And, for a moment, we live without law, duty, or creed,
Unconcerned whether those who come after us will be rich
or poor.

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Lost in the Stars

ALTHOUGH it is customary to refer to the movies as a director's medium, there is little question today about who is really in the driver's seat. A handful of stars—corporate, powerful, and frequently wilful—so dominate the box office that it is virtually impossible to get a major production off the ground without the cooperation of one or more of them. Not infrequently, as a year's worth of headlines from *Cleopatra* remind us, that word "cooperation" must be taken with a ton of salt. But with a reputed $50,000,000 advance sale already in the till, 20th Century-Fox would probably be delighted to run the same arduous course all over again. And Miss Taylor at this very moment is picking and choosing among the dozens of proffered scripts and "packages" that reach her every week, knowing full well that her acceptance—at any price, on any conditions—will quite literally guarantee production.

This system, exasperating as it may be to these producers and script writers upon whom the stars do not deign to smile, has nevertheless developed one astonishing virtue. Because of the weight it carries, a star's name can sell a studio or a distribution company on filming a story that under any other circumstances would have met with automatic rejection. Within the past year, this has accounted for such pictures as *The Bird Man of Alcatraz, Lonely Are the Brave, Days of Wine and Roses,* and *To Kill a Mocking Bird*—all of decidedly serious intent, all of more than ordinary interest. It also accounts, I suspect, for Marlon Brando's new film, *The Ugly American,* freely adapted by Stewart Stern from the controversial best-seller by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Controversy is not something that the studios ordinarily welcome—unless it is buttressed by a star of suitable dimensions.

And controversial Mr. Brando's *Ugly American* most assuredly is. As nominee to a State Department post in troubled Southeast Asia, Brando is early exposed to a Senatorial inquisition that recalls shades of McCarthy. Arriving as our ambassador to Sarkhan, he launches on a series of tactical blunders (all committed with the greatest good will) that underline his ignorance of nationalist aims and political strategies. All his well-intended efforts serve merely to pave the way for a Communist invasion. The film ends, with a superbly ironic twist, on Brando's impassioned plea to his fellow Americans to wake up to the realities of this world and shake off the indifference that has made our country, in the eyes of too many people, "ugly."

There is no doubting Brando's seriousness of purpose in undertaking this film, nor his desire to make it with a minimum of compromise. There is no romantic subplot, no gratuitous scenic splendors (although much of it was shot in Thailand), no conventional happy ending. Like Lederer and Burdick, Brando is concerned with the blind acceptance of doctrine, with ideologies that block the communication of ideas on any human, personal level. Stewart Stern's script (which Brando agreed to do after producer-director George Englund had read it to him line by line) never loses sight of this main point, even though it is badly cluttered from time to time with incidents and details that obscure it. Unfortunately, *The Ugly American* is also very much a star film. For all his actor's "business" with glasses, pipes, and papers, Brando dominates it less by virtue of performance than by sheer footage. Every element in the picture—including the rest of the cast—seems to circle apprehensively about him, leaning upon him for sustenance, shaped to his advantage. The film has boldness of theme to commend it; I only wish that a similar boldness might have extended to its execution.

In all fairness, I must add that Brando chose *The Ugly American* because it said something he felt was worth saying. Too many stars choose their roles solely for display purposes, for the opportunity to exhibit their talents to best advantage. How else to explain Laurence Olivier's recent, disastrous *Term of Trial*? How else to explain Judy Garland's current, equally disastrous effort, *I Could Go on Singing*? Its torpid script casts her as a successful singer who, having abandoned her child for a career, now wants again both her boy and his father. Judy pulls out all the familiar emotional stops, but with undiscriminating abandon. Indeed, she seems more wrought up in some of the song numbers that stud the show than in the story line itself. Which is perhaps understandable. The sentimentality of "Hello, Bluebird" is forthright and unabashed, whereas the film has a creeping genteelism that vainly seeks to hide the fact it is really only "Madame X" in disguise.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Screens and Screams

THE SHUDDER is a perennial element in mass entertainment. The medieval soul was fond of the religious sort—images in churchyards evoking the horror of death. The contemporary shudder is Freudian—summoned up in darkened cinemas by films like *Psycho*, where a nude is murdered while taking a shower—and mixes the dance of death with a counterpoint of eroticism.

Alfred Hitchcock is, of course, the acknowledged master of this genre. His next film will deal with a girl who is both a compulsive thief and frigid. His authority in this tradition has become so legendary (the publicists call him Alfred Hitch-shock) that it came as a mild shock during a recent luncheon with the master to learn that he, too, is subservient to higher powers in the production of his pictures. *The Birds* (*SR*, Apr. 6) is his latest release for Univeral Studios, based on a Daphne du Maurier story originally set in Cornwall. The film unfolds the doom of a village near San Francisco that is attacked by a multitude of vicious finches, crows, and seagulls. The hero and heroine escape as the picture ends and are seen driving along the highway to the city. There are no survivors in the du Maurier tale: implicit is the birds' destruction of the human species.

Mr. Hitchcock claimed that his ending was merely ambiguous but he admitted that, had he been permitted, he would have finished the film another way. Approaching San Francisco, the survivors would have seen the Golden Gate Bridge covered with birds. The director confessed other frailties. *Lifeboat*, an earlier film, had been shot entirely from the vantage point of survivors in a crowded boat after a sinking at sea. He had cheated once, though, departing from the subjective camera to show a long shot of the lifeboat from a distance. He had erred in his treatment of *The Wrong Man*, imposing the Hitchcock style on a true story involving a case of mistaken identity. He realized, after he had finished the film, that he should have shot the whole thing with the objectivity of a newsreel. He had yearned, he said, to shoot *North by Northwest* for the pictorial imagery of a nightmare, but he conceded that audiences would probably have been unable to follow the story. Then, having humanized his own exalted image, Mr. Hitchcock revealed a shudder-frontier beyond the fantasies of his image-makers.

He foretold a mass entertainment experience in which audiences would be not merely empathizing spectators but hypnotized participants in dramatic action. Theatregoers would choose their roles in a play and actually, not vicariously, live them in mesmerized consciousness. The cathartic effects of such mass hypnotic role-playing, especially in murder stories, are formidable to contemplate.

At lunch, Hitchcock talked with charm and animation about the difference between Hitchcock in films and on television. The greatest difference, he said, is the superior economic freedom in films. It took him seven days to shoot one minute of the shower-bath knifing in *Psycho*. The shooting schedule for his weekly hour-long CBS suspense thriller (actually only forty-seven minutes of story) is six days for one program. Mr. Hitchcock is utterly involved in his picture-making; his participation in the actual production of his television series appeared vague. He said he chooses the stories (thirty-two were finally selected out of 2,400 scanned for one season) and occasionally he has directed a television production. One was good Hitchcock. A wife kills her husband by striking him over the head with a frozen leg of lamb. In the end the detectives unknowingly eat the murder instrument. The film director shot the television story in two days.

What is ordinarily missing, of course, in Hitchcock on television are superior stories, and the viewer also misses the imaginative direction that is the true Hitchcock hallmark. But then, the master considers television a medium of communication, not an art form; it does not permit a minutely controlled assembly of images evoking emotion despite language barriers. Furthermore, Mr. Hitchcock believes that television cannot mount broad, elaborate productions—only concentrated situations. The spectacle of birds destroying a village would be diminished on the small screen. The trouble is, of course, that a few years from now that's precisely where it will end up.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The Witch

By Sara Henderson Hay

IT pleases me to give a man three wishes,
Then trick him into wasting every one;
To set the simpering goosegirl on the throne
While the true Princess weeps among the ashes.
I like to come unbidden to the christening,
Cackling a curse on the young princeling's head,
To slip a toad into the maiden's bed,
To conjure up the briers, the glass slope glistening.

And I am near, oh nearer than you've known.
You cannot shut me in a fairy book.
It was my step you heard, mine and my creatures',
Soft at your heel; and if you lean and look
Long in your mirror, you will see my features
Inextricably mingled with your own.

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FICTION

The Spice Without the Savor

Salt, by Herbert Gold (Dial. 318 pp. $4.95), presents "an astringent portrait of the erotic whirlybirds of New York." David Boroff, a critic and essayist, teaches English at New York University.

By DAVID BOROFF

IT IS already a truism that with the death of Hemingway and Faulkner, a new generation of writers seems to be coming into its own, no longer intimidated by those two awesome father-figures. Salinger and Updike, Bellow and Roth and Malamud—these are the names one hears. At the edge of this near-greatness stands Herbert Gold, an immensely gifted, dangerously facile writer, who seems to have created a special role for himself. Gold has emerged as a kind of literary hipster, far too cunning to be taken in by any hipster nonsense, but who in his unsentimental coolness, pitiless sense of the contemporary, and inside dopsterism has links with the type.

Even more important, Gold, like very few of our major writers, has tried to stretch language to meet the new requirements of our time. He has used an idiom that is highly permutable, strained perhaps, too shifty; but it reaches out to encompass new states of mind that writers in an easier time did not have to cope with. At its best, it is taut, keyed-up, nervously inventive; at its worst, it is merely artsy-smirky, a pushy, obtrusive prose. And it defines Gold's stance: the novelist as wiseguy.

None of Gold's five earlier novels has the pure ring of greatness. So much in the mainstream of contemporary life, Gold has nevertheless not been an architect of our consciousness. Somehow he misses the magical fusion of image and idea that stamps the major writer. Like Baldwin, he has taken recourse to essays and articles to explain himself. (Hemingway occasionally played that game too and failed, but his novels speak for themselves and for their time in a way that Gold's do not.)

Herbert Gold's *Salt* is a New York novel. And if he is indeed an existentialist writer, then he has at last found the appropriate setting, for New York is the Holy City of existentialism where "everything is possible in this most impossible of worlds."

Salt deals with two friends, Peter Hatten and Dan Shaper. Peter is thirty-three years of age—"the last of the boys of World War II"—a bush-league Wall Streeter, and a sexual con-man. Green-eyed, an elegant lounger, coldly concupiscent, he goes through a string of girls who seem instantly available. (There are overtones of *Playboy* magazine in the portrayal of these young women.) He is joined in New York by Dan, a wounded veteran of the marital wars. Dan soon gets the hang of the make-out routines of New York, but, with a full share of human susceptibility, he falls in love with Barbara, one of Peter's castoffs. A natural spoiler, a midtown diabolist, Peter moves in on the girl once more. At this point the tone of the novel abruptly changes. There is a violent confrontation between the two men, and the story ends on a note of muted hopefulness.

But nothing could be more misleading than this synopsis. For the tone of a novel is its clearest declaration. And for most of *Salt* we are treated to an astringent portrait of the erotic whirlybirds of New York. This is the city of the under-thirty-five generation—quick on their feet, urbanely predatory, "the anxious jostlers of anxious Manhattan." This is the anti-Dreiserian city where "the salt has lost its savor." It is the city of the plain, where at fashionable parties call girls clink glasses with college instructors, producers of pornographic movies make intellectual chatter, and everywhere there is the odor of money. The controlling image is that of the juggler, and Peter boasts of keeping four oranges in the air at once.

Madison Avenue, the chicks of Manhattan, the cocktail parties, where "a sleek uncomfortable fun was dripped like oil over faces," the over-world and the underworld and the places where they intersect—they are all here. And Gold is at his best in this *milieu*. Nowhere has his prose been less quirky. The verbal nervousness has subsided into grace and easy motion. And the author reveals himself to be a superb satirist, murderously observant, joyously unillusioned, who can catch a glittering facet of New York in a glittering phrase. This is the best novel of the city in

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PSYCHOANALYTICALLY YOURS

The id is one of the foundation stones of the psyche, but it can also be found tucked away in many words. Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, asks you to place twenty examples in their proper contexts. Answers on page 51.

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1. grayish-blue
2. brave
3. offer a price
4. swollen
5. impassioned
6. deceitful
7. lustful
8. translucent
9. gruesome
10. surrounded by
11. lacking vigor
12. a dwelling
13. clear
14. singularity
15. foolish
16. deterring by threats
17. remainder
18. craving eagerly
19. secret
20. loyalty

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years. But Gold leaps to the portrayal of the inhuman city so gleefully that his upbeat ending is called seriously into question. His eye is too cold, his tongue too sharp. The existentialist voyagers ring true. The hearth-seekers do not. For a while one believes that out of all this emptiness and dry thrashing about some hipster revelation will emerge. There is a stir of disappointment when, at the end, the only answer is the mechanical one of love-love-love leavened by a tough-grained midcentury fatalism. The wiseguy has turned cautious.

Herbert Gold leaves us where we were before. There is a terrible emptiness everywhere. If the older generation of writers dealt with the loss of values, Gold's characters seem never to have had them. One is tempted to contrast *Salt* with Philip Roth's *Letting Go*. If Roth's characters agonize too much, Gold's don't feel enough. They are automatons of pleasure, slaves of the transient itch, picturesque antiheroes in expensive clothing.

Gold is prodigiously talented—perhaps the most clever novelist in America today—but his new work confirms the suspicion many people have of a misspent creative vitality.

BUT WHEN he awoke, just after sunrise on a fine springtime Sunday in New York, he found himself with good appetite for the day. This tall pale young man, very graceful, with the easy stride of a tennis player and the soft middle of a man who had suddenly given up sport—he would go back to tennis, he would join a health club—strolled among early churchgoers, discovering the morning, and had the Sunday *Times* with his breakfast in a Rudley's. French toast because that was his mother's habit on Sunday. Eggs were for weekdays. The Sunday *Times* was for Sunday. He loafed the whole day through, with no afternoon longing for Sarah, no evening miseries, and with a thrill of anticipation came out of the subway to work on the street Monday morning in his familiar crowd of stenographers and secretaries and female junior executives. He sniffed the perfumes of Broad Street. He was jostled by a purse leading a lady. That girl did not have rhythm. A girl should have rhythm; she should consider being syncopated. He bugged out his green eyes at her, but she hurtled by. He paused . . . and concentrated on a brief game. Which unmarried one would now come forward to greet him?

—From "Salt."

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE AUTHOR: Herbert Gold, now thirty-eight, has lived in many cities, including Cleveland, where he grew up; Paris, where he studied philosophy; Port-au-Prince; Ithaca, N.Y.; Detroit; New York, and San Francisco, where he lives at present and intends to stay. He has published more than a half a hundred short stories, dozens of essays, and six novels, and is still able to say of the latest, without conceit, "Gee, it's really a good book." He skirts immodesty in saying so, and in reporting that a friend thinks "*Salt* is the Gold of the earth," because he truly enjoys the stories he writes—almost as much as he loves writing itself.

More than one critic has accused Gold of loving his words too much, of smudging his narrative with too much verbal frolic. He has thought about it, and has decided that "The diet is too rich for some people. . . . I do aim for the strongest possible statements, the strongest possible image, and sometimes the strong image seems unreal. In a sense, I want a hallucinated clarity; I'm interested in the actions of people and try to find the language that suits them. Sure, I play with words. I don't know why there should be sobriety in the language. Why not be funny, punny? Life is funny. . . ."

Whether it is or not, Gold seems determined to enjoy *his* life by exercising strict control over it. One of the first impressions he gives is of complete physical containment; he sits without fidgeting, his handshake is muscular, he is tanned and trim and looks younger than he is. He makes a point of playing tennis regularly, and shows up in Golden Gate Park most Sunday mornings for a run-and-catch game known to a small group of insiders as "frisbee." His favorite diversion, however, is walking. In three years Gold has probably covered more of San Francisco than anyone but the city's omnipresent columnist, Herb Caen. Even in New York he walked. ("When I get a feeling of emotional constipation, I walk a great deal. I pounded Broadway from one end to the other, I used to wear out my friends. But it's more natural here.") He wants to maintain total contact with the world; he does not drink, and smokes only an occasional cigar. Friends get afternoon tea when they go calling at the airy apartment, high on the slope of Russian Hill, where Gold lives with only the most necessary pieces of furniture. Except for the view—sweeping across San Francisco's Chinatown to the Bay Bridge and the Berkeley Hills beyond—there is little luxury in his surroundings. There is a lot of fresh air, though, and conversation—and, when he wants it, solitude.

Gold lived in New York, the setting of *Salt*, for two four-year periods: first while attending Columbia, and later from 1956 to 1960. ("I think of them as undergraduate and graduate periods.") He decided to settle in San Francisco after discovering that New York was "too nervous" for a writer. "If you need a retreat into yourself, a mobilization of resources, it's very hard to do it there. I still love New York, but it took too much of me, like a demanding mistress," he says. And another thought: "The interesting thing about New York is not the literary life, which is like a highly aggressive playground. There's a lot of backbiting and childish rivaling . . ." Did he leave New York because he had literary enemies there? "No. I have friends there too, so that's not a reason for leaving. But it is true that I made some enemies. I came out of a world where I didn't know any writers at all, and I thought of the whole activity as a holy one, of the word as a holy thing. I'm filled with rage by literary opportunism; I've never been a good flatterer . . . In four years in New York I had three fist-fights with writers. It seemed too much, at the age of thirty-some. It wasn't the violence that bothered me, it was the childishness."

In a real sense, Gold lives for the novel. "My writing," he says, "is an effort to master experience and to communicate some sense of mastery. I mean to make a vision not just of reality as it is, but as it should be. One reason the novel is more important to me than any other form is that it gives me an opportunity to make a total world . . . The novel is a way of supplementing intimacy. Martin Buber's categories apply: we form 'it' relationships with people, and in a sense the novel is medicinal. It sensitizes us again, if it's good."

—JOHN POPPY.

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Season of the Self

Black Spring, *by Henry Miller (Grove. 243 pp. $5), takes "a patriot of the Fourteenth Ward, Brooklyn," to the gamy literary precincts of Paris. Charles A. Hoyt, a writer and critic, teaches English at Bennett College in Millbrook, N.Y.*

By CHARLES A. HOYT

IF HENRY Miller has the naïveté of Whitman, the truculence of Thoreau, the diffusiveness of Hart Crane, the nervous volubility of Thomas Wolfe—he also has many of their virtues; he may be named with them, at least in our time, although another generation will know whether he is to be ranked with them.

How does *Black Spring* begin? Page one, line one: "I am a patriot—of the Fourteenth Ward, Brooklyn, where I was raised." Two dozen pages later:

> It is no sacred heart that inspires me, no Christ I am thinking of. Something bigger than a Christ, something bigger than a heart, something beyond God Almighty I think of—MYSELF. *I am a man.* That seems to me sufficient.

So much for Whitman—except that Mr. Miller actually invokes him further on. Then, with a characteristic burst of ingenuous cruelty he lampoons the hesitations and fears of a friend of his, also a writer, concluding, "It is full sunlight and the roads extend in every direction, and all the roads are downhill. I would not level the road nor remove any of the bumps."

Sometimes in a darker, though no less self-obsessed mood, Miller is the sage of *Walden*: "either the world is too slack or I am not taut enough." Elsewhere, particularly in his poignant glances at the city streets of his childhood, he recreates some part of the beautiful, flawed vision of Hart Crane. To make it almost embarrassingly pat, he even mentions Brooklyn Bridge, not once but several times.

Black Spring is autobiography, fiction (presumably), poetry, philosophy, and criticism. As autobiographer Miller is excellent; as novelist (if he is to be considered one), good; as poet, middling; as philosopher, weak; as critic, terrible. Why has he made such a stir? First of all, his is a *cause célèbre*; and if the majority has made him famous by hating and distrusting him out of all proportion to his faults, the minority has nothing left with which to defend him but apotheosis. Secondly, I think that some of the more extravagant praise of his crude, sprawling stuff can be explained by a widespread reaction against the dominant tone of much of our current writing, which has become increasingly academic and clever. Miller, whatever else he may be, is never that.

What I liked best in *Black Spring* were the clearly autobiographical sections, particularly that called "The Tailor Shop," an affectionately obscene reminiscence of New York City. Along with the jokes and the sex it contains a moving account of the author's mission to a madhouse: his family, which he exposes mercilessly, has settled on him the task of committing to the place a favorite aunt, who trusts him and will go with him.

What I liked least, as I have already indicated, were the occasional bits of criticism. These partake of the worst of all his attitudes: his naïveté, his unruliness, his most uncritical self-assertion:

> What fascinated the men of the eighteenth century was the vision of the end. They had enough. They wanted to retrace their steps, climb back into the womb again.

In between these extremes, the book is, hysteria both pro and con to one side, good reading.

COMPULSION, PAIN, AND FEAR: Ivan Gold's first book, *Nickel Miseries: A Collection* (Viking, $3.95), is nothing short of remarkable. The stories are all muscle—sweated down to the point of absolute intensity and quickness of movement. The concentration of effect is so great that the usual passivity of the reader simply won't do; he must manage an appropriate concentration of attention, for which the rewards are large. Since Gold is also an original, it is difficult to compare him with other writers in order to illustrate the peculiar power of his stories. The writer closest to Gold (in my immediate memory) is Isaac Babel, who achieves a similar intensity from heightening and concentrating his effects. Babel's intensity has the resonance and incandescence of lyric poetry; Gold's effect, luminous in its own way, is tough, bitter, impersonal, and superbly unillusioned.

Gold's prose, rich in concrete image, constantly manages to suggest universal significances, recesses of meaning and feeling. "I sing of her ensnarement, poor butterfly, in the net of an unsubtle incarnation, a rowdy stop-over made in the Fifties by her busy, migrant soul." And this extraordinary sentence (a sensitive Negro's attempt at privacy in a G.I. men's room has just been interrupted): "His insides convoluted strangely, dipped against the sudden shock of Brown's materialization." The choice of *convoluted* and *materialization* is characteristic of Gold's verbal felicity and originality. The prose has also a wonderful habit of stiffening into a humorously awkward rigidity. "One mentions also her legs, not precisely broomstick thin, thus cutting the ground under those remarking her resemblance to a witch, the peaked cheekbones in the long narrow face, the slanted and scrutable eyes."

The rhetorical power of Gold's stories is so impressive and so essential to the experience of them that I have begun with the language, leaving the stories themselves for last. "A Change of Air," about a lower East Side girl's encounter with a teen-age gang, continues to be as impressive as it was ten years ago when Gold wrote it as an undergraduate at Columbia. "Kimiko's Tale" is charming and ingenious. My favorite is the novella "The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown," a story of a Negro soldier (fool-victim-martyr) "built for guilt," told in a kind of rage. It discloses itself in a series of startling epiphanies (Gold is a master at creating the unforgettable tableau): Carver Brown coming upon Hines, the sensitive and aloof Negro, in the most private of places; Frazier, the Southern liberal white vainly courting Hines and then at the tragic conclusion of the tale screaming his indignation at "that anti-social Northern nigger"; Carver Brown's black mask of fear quickly assumed at every sound, innocent or suspect; his shocking climb

up and fall from the ladder. Gold's people are driven, compelled by fear and hatred which even understanding cannot master. The sergeant at one point speaks of the master-victim relationship as the very essence of the chain-of-command, with a knowledge that merely accepts the fact.

Gold's stories are set in various places: Brooklyn, Japan, the South, and Spain. At the end of "Taub East" (the other novella in the collection) Taub, a rabbinical student serving in the army in Japan, distills from his experience the "mystical platitude" that "we are all the same." This of course is a platitude about the wisdom of the writer. What is not platitude, however, is the discovery of *how* we are all the same. And Gold, if I understand him, has discovered the community of compulsion, pain, and fear in which we live; no sentimental belief in human possibility blurs the fierce clarity with which he sees it all.

—EUGENE GOODHEART.

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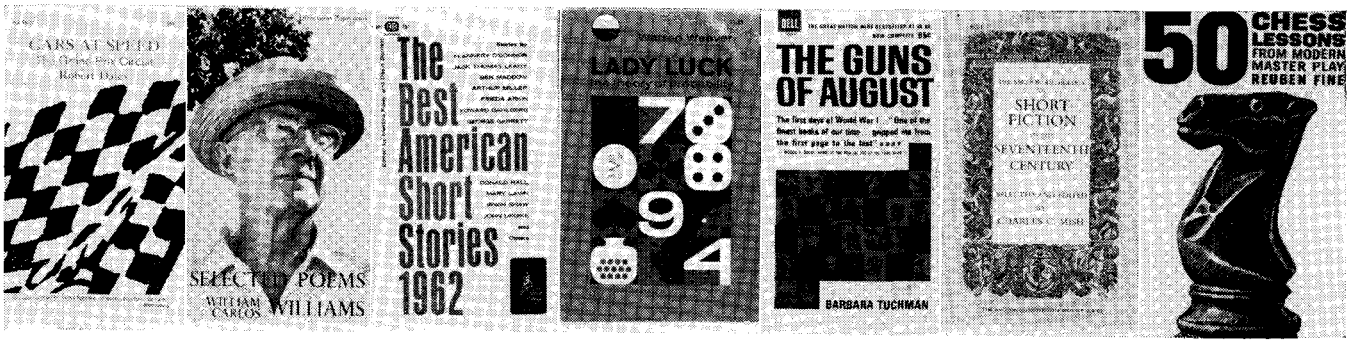

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: One of Macfadden's new Capitol Hill paperbacks is the late Senator Robert S. Kerr's eloquent plea for the salvation of our natural resources, *Land, Wood and Water* (75¢). Complimentary copies, we're told, have been sent to conservation leaders. Now how about sending some free books to each member of Congress who voted against the Wilderness Bill? . . . Kenneth Roberts was, at one time, one of this country's most popular novelists. *Lydia Bailey, Rabble in Arms,* and *Northwest Passage* were million-plus best-sellers. Now Fawcett has just paid more than $300,000 to publish eight Roberts novels in paperback . . . What next? Paperbacks have taken their place in schools, in libraries, and now even in church. Meridian's *Christian Hymns* ($1.95) is a long, vertical paperback, but it's a real hymnal nonetheless, complete with such old favorites as *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God* and *Old Hundredth. . . .*

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, who died recently at the age of seventy-nine, had a long literary life. *Selected Poems* (New Directions, $1.50) includes his verse from 1912 to 1950 . . . Everyone, critics and reading public, liked Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August* (Dell, 95¢), a chronicle of the first month of World War I. When it was learned that President Kennedy gave a copy to Prime Minister Macmillan, the book received a kind of secondary acclaim. Mrs. Tuchman, by the way, is the granddaughter of Henry Morgenthau, Sr., Ambassador to Turkey during World War I . . . A doubly hidden identity is that of Pierre Andrezel, author of the eerie *The Angelic Avengers* (Ace, 50¢). Pierre Andrezel was the pseudonym of Isak Dinesen, the pseudonym in turn of the Danish Baroness Blixen.

—ROLLENE SAAL.

FUN AND GAMES

Abner Doubleday, like Adonis, is resurrected every spring in a perennial rite celebrated by almost everyone from the President on down. Baseball is above all a game of statistics; how well a man can pitch or hit helps determine not only the fortunes of his team, but his salary as well, and that's why a game is never really over until the last man is out. *The 1963 Major League Baseball Handbook* (Pocket Books, 95¢), by Don Schiffer, analyzes each team to the last man, provides firm statistics for judgment, and ends up picking the Giants over the Cards (over the Cards?) and the Yankees over Detroit. Maybe not if the Tigers had a younger version of LeRoy (Satchel) Paige, whose *Maybe I'll Pitch Forever* (Black Cat, Grove, 75¢) is told to David Lipman. Ol' Satch never broke the color bar until he was forty-eight, and he pitched like maybe a million ball games by then and was kinda tired. Bill Veeck called Paige the "best pitcher I've ever seen," and now Veeck tells, with Ed Linn, his own rough-and-tumble story in *Veeck—as in Wreck* (Bantam, 75¢), which goes to show how much we know; we thought it was Veeck as in sheik.

And apparently spring, when the roads are good, is the high time for automobile racing, the subject of Robert Daly's quick-paced and literate *Cars at Speed* (Collier, 95¢). The fortunes of such daredevils as Juan Fanigo, Stirling Moss, Jack Brabham, and the late idol of international café society, the Marquis de Portago, are studied and sometimes mourned.

Lady Luck (Anchor, $1.45), which some drivers had and some did not, is the title of Warren Weaver's book, subtitled "the theory of probability." Some interesting problems, basic rules of chance, and a discussion of the "law of averages" are included.

If you're exhausted from the exertions of baseball, auto racing, and crap shooting, how about some chess? The accounts of two famous chess tournaments have been published by Dover: *The Book of the Nottingham International Chess Tournament, 1936* ($1.85) and *The Hastings Chess Tournament, 1895* ($2). Also from Dover are Edward Lasker's *Chess for Fun and Chess for Blood* ($1.25) and Alain C. White's *Sam Loyd and His Chess Problems* ($2), which lists examples of the best problems invented for solution by this wizard. Then there's the American master Reuben Fine's *50 Chess Lessons from Modern Master Play* (Capricorn, $1.45). Mr. Fine introduces and annotates games by men like Alekhine, Botvinnik, and Kashdan, to name a few, including one game that employed, so help us, an opening called the "orang-utang."

If all of this is too physically or mentally tiring, then we recommend *String Figures and How to Make Them,* by Caroline Furness Jayne (Dover, $2). The variations on the productions you can make with a piece of string are astonishing. If only we could get our thumbs out of the way.

THE SHORT STORY

Eventually, the year's best short stories appear in anthologies, and among the best-known are *Prize Stories 1962: The O. Henry Awards,* edited by Richard Poirier, (Crest, 60¢), and *The Best American Short Stories, 1962,* edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett (Ballantine, 75¢). In the O. Henry collection, the first three prizes went to Katherine Anne Porter, Thomas Pynchon, and Tom Cole. Some of the more luminous names in the Foley-Burnett anthology are Irwin Shaw, Arthur Miller, and Flannery O'Connor. John Updike is the only writer to be included in both volumes, and is represented

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also with *Pigeon Feathers* (Crest, 50¢), in which certain stories seem little more than keen perceptions drawn out to the length of a sketch.

If you prefer fresh talent, you won't find any newer than that of the fifteen writers whose work appears in *Stories for the Sixties* (Bantam, 75¢). All were never-before-published contestants for the *Esquire*-Bantam short story contest. The top winners are Sam D. Riefler, George Cuomo, and Robert Cairns, who are, respectively, a salesman from Poughkeepsie, a teacher in British Columbia, and a Philadelphian now living in Spain.

An odd but interesting selection is Malcolm Lowry's *Hear Us O Lord from Heaven Thy Dwelling Place* (Keystone, $1.95). Lowry, who died in 1957, was best known for his novel *Under the Volcano*, and many of these stories were to have been part of a series of novels of which *Volcano* was to have been the center.

In *Among the Dangs* (Keystone, $1.95), George P. Elliott comments on contemporary manners and morals, sometimes to the greater good of sociology than of literature. Like Elliott, John Cheever frequently uses suburbia as the setting for his characters in *Some People, Places and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel* (Bantam, 50¢), but in his stories it is only a background for the battle his men and women wage, often in vain, against the agony of living.

A Whole Loaf (Universal, $1.95), edited by Sholem J. Kahn, is a richly varied collection sampling the writings of twentieth-century Israelis. Another international look at fiction is *Soviet Short Stories* (Penguin, 95¢), edited by Edward Newnham, comprising eight selections written between 1929 and 1961, which reflect shifts in both literary and political style. The text appears in Russian and English on facing pages.

And finally, for those who grumble about the sad state into which the modern short story has fallen, how about *Short Fiction of the Seventeenth Century* (Anchor, $1.45), edited by Charles C. Mish? Among its pungent offerings is the 1620 saga of Long Meg, "containing the mad merry prankes she played in her life time, not onley in performing sundry Quarrels with divers Ruffians about London: But also how Valiantly she behaved her selfe in the Warres of Boloingne."

MONEY

Corporate America may not sound like an especially lively subject, but in *The American Stockholder* (Collier, $1.50) J. A. Livingston has written about it provocatively. The author, financial editor of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, does some frontline reporting on the proxy fights, antitrust battles, and wars that rage down on Wall Street. Most of all he is concerned with shattering the myth that the stockholder runs the company. In fact, writes Mr. Livingston, stockholders are "absentee owners who have abdicated their power to their hired help—the professional managers who have made themselves into a tax-exempt, well-to-do expense account elite."

Miriam Beard's *A History of Business: From Monopolists to the Organization Man* (Ann Arbor, $2.95) is the companion volume to *From Babylon to the Monopolists*. In the new book she traces the rise of industry to its present highly complex structure.

Economic Growth in the United States (Collier, 95¢) was the last book by Sumner Slichter, Harvard University professor and well-known economist who died in 1959. Here's a hopeful view of our economic potential and an appraisal of the limitless possibilities for industry to channel its energies.

POWER ELITE

The late C. Wright Mills wrote about many things, including mass media, women, conservatism, and the relationship between management and labor. *Power, Politics and People* (Ballantine, $1.45) offers a collection of his major essays including, in a section called "Power," those dealing with business and labor leaders, who together help form our power elite.

A pair of University of Chicago sociologists, W. Lloyd Warner and James Abegglen, have written an immensely provocative book, *Big Business Leaders in America* (Atheneum, $1.25). Their analysis of the men who captain American industry is perceptive, though the warning they sound—that the face our nation shows the world is based in large measure on the moral integrity of these industrial chiefs—is dour. Another sociologist's view of that room at the top is E. Digby Baltzell's *An American Business Aristocracy* (Collier, $1.50). In hardcover this one was called *Philadelphia Gentlemen: The Making of a National Upper Class*, and that title was more apt. It's a fascinating portrait of Main Line influence, which, though its roots are deep in the American past, still wields power today.

If you've wondered what a business cycle really is and why we accept it as part and parcel of our economy, read Gottfried Haberler's *Prosperity and Depression* (Atheneum, $1.95). But take a beginning course in economics first.

STRANGE GODS: Paul Westheim's *The Sculpture of Ancient Mexico* (Anchor original, $1.45) is concerned with neither archeological nor anthropological significance. It is a book about art. Though the author's introductory essay is authoritative and informative, the illustrations, nearly 100 of them, speak for themselves. Massive, self-contained, these figures were sculptured for the everlasting glory of strange and mystical deities.

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Hot War to Handshakes

Subversion of the Innocents: Patterns of Communist Penetration of Africa, the Middle East and Asia, *by Dan Kurzman (Random House. 570 pp. $6.95), describes the three gambits the Soviets have used to draw additional nations into their orbit. Robert Massie is a former African affairs editor for Newsweek.*

By ROBERT MASSIE

SOMEHOW, despite 570 pages of determined writing about Communist subversion of the underdeveloped world, Dan Kurzman manages to miss a key point: the magnitude of the Soviet failure in Africa and the Middle East. Over the past decade Moscow has worked hard and spent a lot of money in these areas. Yet the USSR still has not a single reliable Communist puppet state in either Africa or the Middle East to show for its efforts.

This is less a victory for Western diplomacy than for a new nationalism over a new imperialism. "We want no parties in Algeria that are run from abroad," declared the new Algerian government last fall, as it banned Communists from running for seats in the national assembly. This may not be a victory for the West, but it most certainly is a major defeat for Communism. A book on Communist subversion ought to make that point, to stress it, to hammer it home.

Mr. Kurzman is not a historian; he is a widely traveled newspaper and radio correspondent whose copy now appears in the Washington *Post*. Accordingly, these days he ought to be writing books about the fresh danger of Communist penetration into this hemisphere, not attempting a synopsized history of sixty nations in Africa, Asia, and the Middle East. Some of the chapters in this book have nothing to do with Communism. Kurzman presents no evidence of Communist involvement in Angola, but since he has been there, he writes fifteen pages about it. Most of his lengthy chapter on the Congo is a rehash of the complicated recent history of that country; there is no fresh information as to Communist subversion. Taking the book as a whole, the result is neither history nor journalism. It is too long and stale for the layman, too imprecise for the expert on Africa.

The gist of the book is that in their approach to Africa, Asia, and the Middle East the Communists have tried three distinct gambits. The first was Stalin's postwar armed attack on Southeast Asia, just then emerging into independence (Africa and the Middle East were still firmly under colonial rule). In Malaya, Burma, the Phillipines, and Indo-China a hard core of Communist guerillas launched themselves against the withdrawing colonial power and the emerging national government, making little distinction between the two. Except in Indo-China, where Ho Chi Minh modified the Stalinist approach, these military attacks were crushed.

The second approach was Mao Tse-tung's "Yenan Way." Kurzman aptly describes this as the "art of disguising Communism in the mask of a legitimate national movement, such as anti-imperialism or agrarian reform to win over workers, peasants . . . intelligentsia and even businessmen if they are opposed to foreign imperialists." By adapting to this approach, Ho Chi Minh eventually won the support of the masses of North Vietnam. Castro used the "Yenan Way" to conquer Cuba. Only after the revolution is over does the mask fall away and Communism stand revealed.

THE third approach to the underdeveloped world is Khrushchev's. The present Soviet premier practices open diplomatic friendship with nationalist bourgeois leaders (Nehru, Sukarno, Nasser), whom Stalin would have described as "lackeys of imperialism." In 1960 Soviet Ambassador to Indonesia Nikolai Mikhailov told Sukarno that the USSR didn't care what happened to the Indonesian Communist Party, "but we want to be friends with you." Khrushchev himself toured India and Indonesia. He has given $100 million in aid to the autocratic Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia and almost $1 billion to Gamal Abdel Nasser, whose Egyptian jails are filled with local Communists.

The pattern that emerges from Kurzman's book is this: In Asia, Africa, and the Middle East the challenge of winning independence produced strong leaders. In establishing their new, young nations these leaders have been willing to accept aid and sometimes (as in Guinea) a near-Communist social, political, and economic system. But none of them are ready to accept political dictation from abroad. When the Russians got too pushy in Guinea, strongman Sekou Touré denounced "the embassy of a socialist country" involved in "a Machiavellian plan to take power in Guinea." The Soviet Ambassador was hurled out, and subsequently Touré closed a jet airfield to Soviet planes headed for Cuba even though the field had been constructed by Russian technicians.

Dan Kurzman—no evidence in Angola.

In addition, the Communists have found that the same men upon whom they have counted to become puppets —Nasser, for example, or Nkrumah— instead have their own imperial ambitions. Nasser's drive for power in the Middle East has brought him into direct clash with the Soviets. In Iraq, apparently, the pro-Nasser forces have won the clash with bullets.

IT is where the national strongman does not have the support of the masses of his people that Communism still finds its opportunities. For this reason Kurzman regards Asia as the part of the world "most gravely menaced by Communism." Only the military power of the United States can prop up the reactionary regime of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem. On the other hand, if the U.S. can win a military victory in Vietnam, Kurzman thinks that the Communist subversive effort will begin to wither throughout Southeast Asia.

Since it is declared U.S. policy to win the Vietnamese war, Kurzman's evaluation points toward a third area of major defeat for the Communists.

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Tropical Fifth Column

***Africa's Red Harvest,** by Pieter Lessing (John Day. 207 pp. $3.95), appraises Communist aspirations and successes in the developing continent. John A. Crampton, who has a special interest in African affairs, is an assistant professor of political science at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon.*

By JOHN A. CRAMPTON

A SERIOUS and balanced assay of Communist efforts in tropical Africa is needed. But despite some merit, *Africa's Red Harvest* fails the requirements.

Pieter Lessing, a British foreign correspondent who finds Tshombe "an oasis of sanity in a desert of almost unrelieved barrenness," has a double purpose, one polemical and one descriptive. He argues for a fairer appraisal of colonialism, for going slow in granting independence, and for supporting African leaders like Houphouet-Boigny who retain ties with the former imperial nations. He also presents the standard list of devices Communists use to subvert Africa: schools for Africans, like the Patrice Lumumba Friendship University outside Moscow, penetration of unions, front organizations, economic and military aid (he finds Czech arms turning up wherever there is major violence in Africa). Communists are not setting up their own parties, says Lessing, because of the bad communications and high illiteracy in tropical Africa. This statement is unconvincing when one considers the Communist parties in other like-afflicted areas.

Communist China is extremely active in Africa, with twelve embassies and uncounted cultural missions. Although evidently Mao treads more lightly here then elsewhere, Radio Peking is heard more clearly and generally throughout Africa than any of its competitors, the author says, and its programming is "entertaining, instructive and interesting. . . ."

The intemperate reviewer might cavil at Lessing's curious, *i.e.*, catch-as-catch-can, organization, curious documentation, and curious judgments. Sources other than the BBC's Central Research Unit are not disclosed, which leads to some difficulty. How does one refute what the jacket claims are "irrefutable facts" when the sources are secret? Oh, if we could but see the mounds of evidence we're assured back every controversial statement. But of course we can't. The Communist conspiracy is used again and again to explain the most various of discontents in Africa. Despite his brief disclaimers, Lessing is none too scrupulous in distinguishing between the works of African nationalism and those of world Communism. He leans heavily on Communist propaganda releases as revealing their real intent. Yet, the fact is that Communists have never been completely straightforward in telling us when they mean what they're saying and when they don't.

Lessing assumes that the Communist effort to indoctrinate the African elite

is a fulsome success. The measurement of propaganda results, however, remains a fairly inexact science. Seven hours of propaganda broadcast by Radio Peking has what effect on African minds? Ennui? Titillation? Mass conversion? Or is it all just seven more hours of propaganda for our experts to analyze? Is Africa, as Lessing indicates, really near the top of the Communist scale of priorities? Or is it still at or near the bottom?

THIS is a book to be approached with some care. Better to start with George H. T. Kimble's *Tropical Africa,* now available in abridged paperback, or, at another level, Spiro's *Politics in Africa.* As of now, the implication of Lessing's title—something rich to be reaped soon by those who have planted well—is highly misleading.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. livid. 2. intrepid. 3. bid. 4. turgid. 5. fervid. 6. perfidious. 7. libidinous. 8. pellucid. 9. hideous. 10. amidst. 11. languid. 12. residence. 13. limpid. 14. individuality. 15. idiotic. 16. intimidation. 17. residue. 18. avid. 19. confidential. 20. fidelity.

Literary Horizons

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convenience of reviewers—does change, and it is with the consequences of that change that the remainder of the book deals. The consequences are bad enough to begin with, but at the end there is reason for hope and in the meantime we have had some extraordinary scenes. The deftness of Mrs. Mortimer's writing is never less than a joy: take, for example, the arrival of the multitudinous children at the tower to which their mother has fled.

This is not the first novel in which we have had to assemble a character out of bits and pieces; Virginia Woolf did wonders with the technique forty years ago, and she has had many followers. But Mrs. Mortimer has her own way of doing what she wants to do. She takes tremendous chances, and there are moments when the heroine seems to be slipping quite away from us, but always we feel that there is a reality to be grasped. Even at the end the narrator is a long way from being clear, but what we do know about her is important—more important, as Virginia Woolf argued in her famous essay, "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown," than all the details the realists amass.

What Mrs. Mortimer chiefly wants us to feel about this young woman is that she has a special quality. At one point she says, "I only knew how to do one thing, to give myself away." She goes on, "Now there was nothing left to give," but we ultimately see that this is not true. She says, "To Jake, living is necessarily defective, vicious, careless, an inevitable time of activity between two deaths; to him the world is a little spinning piece of grit on which sad and lonely human beings huddle together for warmth, sentimental but unfeeling, always optimistic, but embarrassed by any real hope. That is the basis on which he works, and loves, and will eventually die. It's enough for him." It is not enough for her. She cannot do without "real hope," and though at the end her romanticism has been tempered, she is fundamentally what she always has been.

The novel is not a large achievement, but it is a nice one. It does not tell us a lot about the problems of women today—as does, say, Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* (*SR*, June 30, 1962)—but in its quiet, cryptic way it takes us into the mind of a woman, and it makes us rejoice in knowing her. One reads it easily, with pleasure in the wit and the precision of style, and then one thinks about it.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Dissent in Atlanta

The South and the Southerner, *by Ralph McGill. (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 307 pp. $5), takes issue with the political orthodoxies of the region that claims the author's heart while estranging his reason. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is an editorial writer for the Greensboro, North Carolina, Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

RALPH McGILL, publisher of the *Atlanta Constitution*, is a distinguished leader of the South's loyal opposition. That is, he identifies himself with the region and is much at home in it; but he is not wholly of it, nor does he subscribe to all its political orthodoxies. Mr. McGill tells us at one point how he reflected on the cynicism of the "New South" movement as it lured low-wage industry southward with the promise of docile native labor:

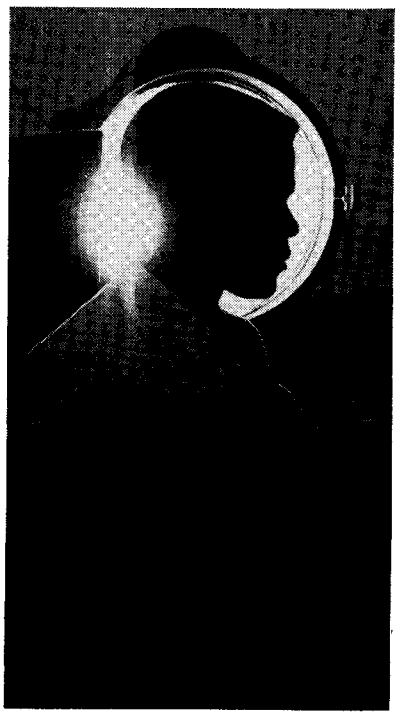
> . . . the South would always be in my blood and mind . . . But . . . I never wanted to be "Southern" as the word applied to those on the hiring committees, or as it was interpreted by those at the top of the caste system.

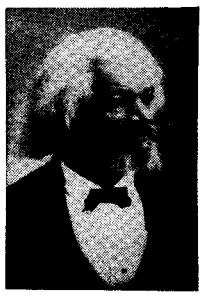
The South has and has had many who share Mr. McGill's divided mind, but few who insist so firmly on defining the South and their place in it as he.

What background and moral stamina, one might ask, permitted Mr. McGill to write, with growing respect, against the grain of his adopted state—the Georgia that Woodrow Wilson so unjustly dismissed as "ignorant"? For one thing, McGill is a son of two of the more atypical of those "many Souths" he mentions in Chapter I. At its most representative, the South still draws its temper from the land; and its memory of political upheaval is a lingering wound of Philoctetes. East Tennessee, where Mr. McGill passed his boyhood on a farm near the town of Soddy, was and is different. Like West Virginia, it had no real stake in slavery. It could not break away; geography did not allow that. But the East Tennessee mind is notoriously independent. Dissent came naturally. Then Mr. McGill moved to Atlanta to follow his newspaper career. Atlanta was a happy choice; for, despite its broad identification with Scarlett O'Hara and Sherman's torches, economic and political interests have long alienated Atlanta from rural Georgia. Its very political impotence no doubt sharpened its mind against Southern orthodoxies, and at least made space for Mr. McGill's relentless conscience to function. This was the good fortune of us all—that his habitat has balanced with elements of tolerance and urbanity the "chloroforming" myths of the unforgetting South. For years Mr. McGill has spoken with range and authority for the advancing upland and urban South.

The South and the Southerner will take its place with those few classics a stranger must read before he writes off Southern distinctness as a trumpery of false pride and racism. Like William A. Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee*, Wilbur Cash's *Mind of the South*, and William T. Polk's *Southern Accent*, it is the work of a man who honors hard covers by saving for them the yield of a lifetime's reflection.

EACH chapter opens with anecdote, modulating to a general theme—race, poverty, individualism, violence, politics. The anecdote alone would be worth recording. One discovers here what it was like to live along the muddy, swelling Tennessee long before TVA, when steamboats still plied it. (The McGill place had its own landing.) As a student, McGill ran with the budding Fugitives of Vanderbilt, though he never accepted their romantic agrarianism. There is a glimpse of the young Allen Tate, reciting on the way to a sorority poetry-reading a poem





AGAINST THE ODDS: In *A Pictorial History of the Negro in America* (Crown, $5.95) Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer have compiled an engrossing gallery illustrating 350 years of struggle for human dignity. Pictured here are five Negroes who achieved recognition in a white world: actor Sidney Poitier, soprano Leontyne Price, the Abolitionist leader Frederick Douglass, Father Divine, and the Reverend Martin Luther King (lower right).

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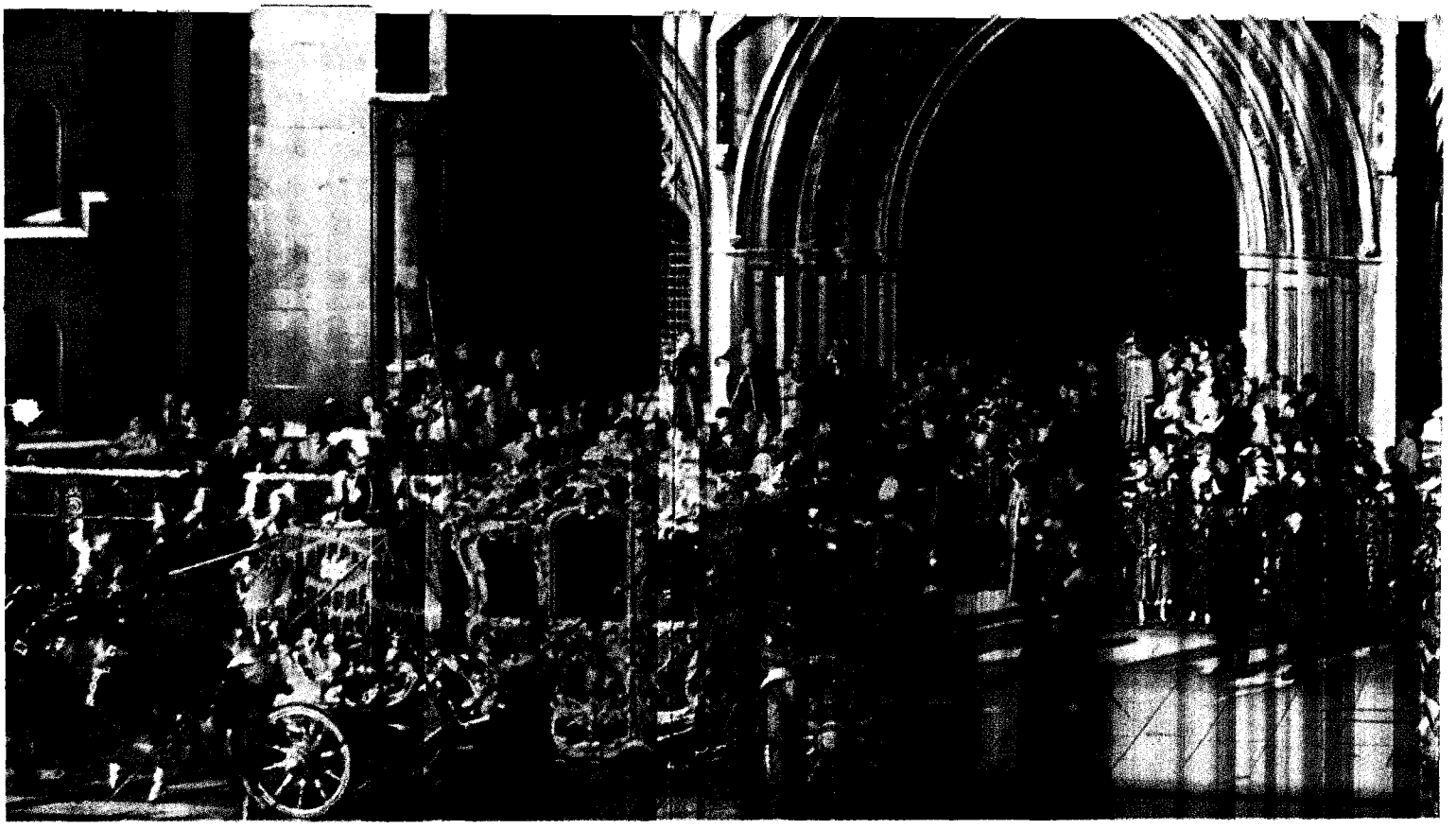

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5. Stay at village inns. Bed and breakfast cost about $4—even less in Fall and Spring.

6. See your travel agent. He's an expert with timetables and travel bargains.

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VILLAGE INNS are friendly places. And there's no language problem—big help when learning the rules of darts (above).

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—*Perls Galleries, New York.*

"Woman Combing Her Hair," by Alexander Archipenko, 1915.

LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART

DURING HIS EARLY YEARS the Ukrainian sculptor Alexander Archipenko was an outstanding pioneer in adapting cubist methods to sculpture. Inventing a new three-dimensional language, he imbued concave and perforated surfaces with the illusion of solid form. In his sculpture "Woman Combing Her Hair," he opposed rounded planes to sharply concave ones, forcing light to transform negative shapes into positive forms. Literally breaking through his material—in this case bronze—Archipenko made a vacuum, an actual hole, substitute for a human head. Observing that "empty space should never be of less importance than . . . solid mass," he was one of the first artists to set the pace for modern open sculpture. Despite unorthodox dislocations, his figures retain a fluid grace rarely found in cubism. —K.K.

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that spoke of a "phallic symbol bold." The girls, Tate told the skeptical, "come from Middle Tennessee high schools. They won't have the vaguest notion what a phallic symbol is."

Whether Mr. McGill is covering Tennessee politics with a pistol in his pocket or communing with the shades (Fanny Kemble was one) of Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston's plantation, the recollection is vivid. There is a striking account of McGill's summer job, as a college boy, with a deformed Negro roof-layer. This was one of those close, tender friendships across the lines of Jim Crow that help, in a pitifully small way, to redeem its evils. Those tempted by James Baldwin's latest essays to despair of real touch between black and white could well read it for balance.

Agreeable as it is to a like-minded Southerner, *The South and the Southerner* naturally has its debatable points. For one thing, the author summarily scorns "moderation" as a desegregation credo—and indeed it might well be condemned were it only, as he asserts, a cover for indifference. But the working kind of "moderates" have saved many communities in the South from bitterness and violence. "Moderation" has improved conditions too, here and there. It has in North Carolina, whose description as a "border state," incidentally, is questionable.

Then, if one credits A. J. Liebling's *New Yorker* profile of the late Governor of Louisiana, Earl Long, Mr. McGill is less than fair to him when "Ole Earl" is described as having "raised the art of irrelevance, vulgar invective and demagoguery to preposterous heights of entertainment." Surely Uncle Earl did more than that! Finally, is it firmly established that "hot defiance in the state capitals" (as Mr. McGill calls it) is chargeable with the deeds of hoodlums who bomb churches and paint swastikas on synagogues? Maybe so: an atmosphere of defiance is never wholesome. But if one assumes that any official who opens his mouth against a court of law, however sincerely, is inviting violence, this shrinks the area of dissent to which even the most wrongheaded leader is entitled.

But these are quibbles. Mr. McGill, who tells how he once read Virgil's pastoral poems to Georgia farmers, is a patriot-bard in his own right. His prose has the lucidity of mountain spring water, with a chilly undercurrent of sardonic contempt for Ku Kluxers and neo-nullificationists. In this fine prose, Ralph McGill has written a classic appreciation of what it is to belong with the heart to the modern South, however much one rebels with the head.

Before the West Was Won

***A Company of Heroes: The American Frontier 1775-1783**, by Dale Van Every (Morrow. 328 pp. $6), recounts the struggle of westward-moving settlers against both Indians and British during the Revolution. Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall was official U.S. historian of World War II in the European Theatre.*

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

BY PAGE 82 of his second book on the frontier people of America, Dale Van Every is dealing, all too briefly, with a doughty Indian chief named Pluggy.

Pluggy was too ambitious. He died early, trying to block George Rogers Clark "in a battle so grueling as to lead both antagonists to recognize defeat." It was a lesser lieutenant of Clark's, John McClelland, who did him in, and died doing it. The description of the set-to is therefore hardly hyperbolous.

But it all seems unimportant now compared with how Pluggy got his name.

For he is the one ray of sunshine in a narrative otherwise almost unrelievedly grim. Forays and alarms crowd upon raids, scalpings, and butcheries. That is all right so far as it goes. Pressure and suspense along the Western frontier during the years of the Revolution had utmost intensity. It was rugged going, sure enough. But even as the highest light is found next to the deepest shade, it is a law of nature that men amid danger, and acclimated to it, enjoy high humor and relax more easily than little children. Were it otherwise, no one would dare new country. But Van Every somehow misses the point. This naturally resilient quality of frontier folk is nowhere reflected.

This is not a purely marginal criticism of an otherwise scholarly and fascinating work. In his four-volume series, Van Every's aim is not more to tell the story of the struggle between the westward-moving settlers and the tribes than to interpret the spirit of the pioneer who made possible the advance of civilization into the wilderness. Several chapters of the book are given to this topic. His attempt at interpretation is perplexing. In his first go at it, we find the early Kentuckians of Boone's day cowering in fear, their numbers being so few. "The never-ceasing repetition clothed each successive disaster in a protective mantle of inevitability. Personal catastrophe became no longer novel." A year or so later they are euphoriously optimistic, their numbers having increased. He says: "This was a phenomenon even more extraordinary than it then appeared. Ordinarily, characteristics so sharply divergent develop in a human strain only through generations of transition." To agree with this proposition, I would have to reject much that history and life have taught me about the average man's amazing adaptability to supreme trial.

However, there has to be this collateral to Van Every's main theme that had there been no energizing of Western frontier defense by a few rare and voluntary stalwarts such as Clark, there would have been no westward surge after Yorktown. "In the interval there had occurred, if not the birth of a nation, certainly the birth of a people." That's a big claim, but who can say for sure? The Indians were relatively few, the British after defeat were too weak, and landless men, like nature, abhor a vacuum.

Two figures tower above all others in this writing: Clark and the great Mohawk chief, Captain Brant, the soul of the tribes' resistance. Since Brant was based in New York while Clark operated in Ohio country, the two never met. But for that, the tale would have been longer and stronger. Fascinated by this pair, Van Every pays scant attention to such no less interesting characters as Simon Kenton, Simon Girty, and Dan'l Boone.

A *Company of Heroes* is loaded with nuggets of engrossing information. Examples: "Boone was never able to establish a permanent legal title to a foot of Kentucky soil." "During the Revolution more New Yorkers served in the King's forces than in the American." "Oriskany Creek, considering the number engaged, was the bloodiest battle of the Revolution."

But as to the protracted struggle between frontiersmen and tribes, what surprises above all is that the numbers were so few, that there was so little full-scale battle and so much exertion and far-distant penetration of which came nothing.

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 33

of law to safeguard are endangered. The result is that public as well as profession moves to meet change only when obsolescence has set in to the point of crisis or traumatic injustice. Too frequently a cautious profession and not an apathetic public is then blamed, particularly as the time lag inherent in juridical change often gives unjustified basis for the popular feeling that the lawyers' disciplined sense of justice has atrophied their sense of indignation. The onrushing dilemma for the judicial process will be to retain the indispensable respect and confidence of the public by shortening the time lag, while still exercising deliberative judgment—this in the face of explosive changes which are happening, as Robert Heilbroner has observed, "in a time so compressed . . . that it is as if huge seismic slippages were occuring in the deepest substratum of history."
—From "The Trial of the Future: Challenge to the Law," by Bernard Botein and Murray Gordon, published this month by Simon & Schuster.

Pen Power, B.C.

IT IS often stated that the invention of writing about 3000 B.C. marked an epoch in man's career because it revolutionized the transmission of knowledge and ideas. Actually, as I have said before, for many centuries after its invention writing served solely as a tool of bookkeeping and administration, and it was not until the first millenium B.C. that people began to write down their observations and thoughts. Nevertheless, the invention of writing had an immediate and fateful effect by giving rise to the class of the educated. Though the scribe started out as a craftsman, he found himself from the beginning associated not with the working force but with the supervisory personnel. In the tomb painting of Egypt the scribe with his scroll and pen stands alongside the overseer with his whip—both facing the common folk who did the world's work. The career of a scribe became, therefore, an avenue by which common people could gain entrance into the privileged segment of society, and it inevitably drew unto itself talent and ambition which might have flowed into more practical crafts and occupations. Thus the invention of writing initiated a change in the direction of the flow of social energies. . . .
—From "The Ordeal of Change," by Eric Hoffer, published recently by Harper & Row.

Eroticism vs. Sexuality

TRADITIONAL Christians, lay moralists, liberal rationalists, and orthodox Communists unite in deploring the irruption in our lives of an "obsessive" sexuality. The posters on street corners, in subways, and along the highways, magazines and films, detective novels, comic strips, popular songs and dances, strip tease and pin-ups—one need merely glance at the decor of our urban days and nights to ascertain the omnipresence of the appeal to sexual desire. This phenomenon described a thousand times remains no less stupefying in its abruptness and its scope. It dates from the first third of the twentieth century, and even if we were to find parallels for it in other times, its means of expression, at least, are unprecedented. Commercialized culture, which is its chief vehicle, renders it irreversible, and the totalitarian (or directed) cultures, though normally puritanical, will soon be overrun. Further, the quantitative and still more the qualitative increase of leisure time also increases—as Baudelaire has said with more precision than the ancient description of idleness as the mother of the vices—the practical opportunities of eroticism. To deplore the phenomenon is futile. The point is to understand its causes and above all its significance.

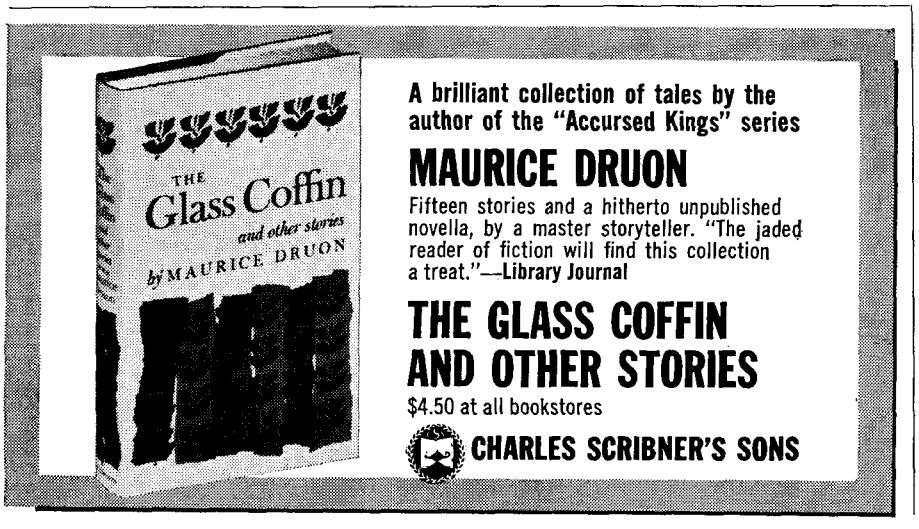
And first of all, we must call it by its true name. It is *eroticism* that ferments in Occidental societies, from West to East, and not sexuality strictly speaking, which is instinctual and procreative. And the means of eroticism are literature, the "dark halls" of the cinemas, the plastic arts (including photography), popular music and dances, and even certain philosophies that are more poetic than systematic; realms *par excellence* in which the myths of the soul function.

Hence it is with these myths, not with instinct or with "blind lust," that the mind finds itself in conflict, and with them that it can engage in a secret polemic. It is not the degree of this century's immorality that concerns it, but rather the (unconsciously religious) attitudes which justify that immorality; lastly, it is certain notions of man which an unacknowledged elite arrives at, sheltered from any social sanction: for it is here that we can discern the real meaning of the phenomenon I have referred to, and which in itself is nothing more than the foam of a tremendous tidal wave rising from the collective soul.
—From "Love Declared: Essays on the Myths of Love," by Denis de Rougemont, translated by Richard Howard, to be published in May by Pantheon.

Accentuate the Negative

DO YOU think there's any validity in the terms "beat" or "beat generation"?

Well, there aren't very many of them —there's Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso. These people are, from the point of view of the kids in the colleges today, middle-aged. They are the products of the McCarthy-Korean War period, and a period in which organized society in America was profoundly nihilistic. People talk about the "nihilistic revolt" of these writers—well, like breeds like. We lived through a period of political nihilism in high places and it produced its opposite number, and, of course, its opposite number was very similar to itself, as is always the case in political action and reaction, I think that this is no longer very appropriate to the present situation. But, I think that there are certainly, throughout the world, large numbers of people of that age group whose attitude towards all social values, you might say to all organized, civilized life is, as the psychiatrists say, "very negativistic." And they have a case. Certainly, they had a case. I think that the great danger is that this has now



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been turned into a commercial stereotype—it's a "hot commodity," and it is certainly used up, totally used up, for anybody who comes after. It's all right for some high school kid to hitchhike to Greenwich Village or North Beach and dress in a shirttail and leotards, but nothing is ever going to come of this. It's sunk now to the level of swallowing goldfish, or peewee golf.

—From an interview with Kenneth Rexroth in "The Sullen Art: Interviews by David Ossman with Modern American Poets," published this month by Corinth Books.

In Air

Five gleaming crows
Are
Big, black forms

Five black crows
Are
Creatures floating

Five black creatures
Floating
On wide-stretched air

Five gleaming forms
Are
Blackly floating

Five gleaming crows
Float blackly
On wide-stretched air.

—By Peter Clarke, from "Poems from Black Africa," edited by Langston Hughes, to be published in May by Indiana University Press.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1028

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1028 will be found in the next issue.

RTPPHPF HB YAN SQMO BQPRYTQMJ KL HPRQX-QRHYJ.

RANBYNMLHNES.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1027

Malice is a greater magnifying glass than kindness.

—HALIFAX.

Forecast

Continued from page 31

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LLOYD GEORGE. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95. This is the second volume in a series that began with *Men and Power* and will include *The Age of Baldwin* and *Churchill: His Character and His Conduct.*

THE RISE OF THE WEST: A History of the Human Community. By William H. McNeill. University of Chicago Press. $12.50. Contradicting Spengler and Toynbee, the author argues that various cultures and civilizations had important interrelations at every stage of their history.

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS. By C. G. Jung. Pantheon. $7.50. The psychiatrist evaluates the meaning of his life in terms of his own psychological researches and personal recollections.

THE WORLD OF THE NEGRO AMERICANS. By Harold R. Isaacs. John Day. $7.50. The ingredients of cultural prejudice are sifted by a meticulous MIT research associate.

SEARCH FOR A METHOD. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Knopf. $4. Marxism is the true philosophy and existentialism its handmaiden, according to the French playwright and polemicist.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: A Retrospective Show. By John Mason Brown. Viking. $7.50. The former drama critic for *SR* distills three decades' observations on theatre and life.

WHO NEEDS PEOPLE? By Robert Cubbedge. Luce. $3.25. The future of automation is the topical concern of this study.

EICHMANN IN JERUSALEM: A Report on the Banality of Evil. By Hannah Arendt. Viking. $5. The author's explorations for *The New Yorker* of the ramifications and meaning—legally and sociologically—of the prolonged Israeli trial are a model of objectivity for one who was herself expatriated by the Nazis.

June

MRS. G.B.S.: A Portrait. By Janet Dunbar. Harper. $5.95. From the diaries and letters of Shaw's "green-eyed Irish millionairess" forty-five years of a successful, albeit unconsummated marriage are chronicled.

FLY AND THE FLY BOTTLE. By Ved Mehta. Atlantic-Little, Brown. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.45. An Indian intellectual records and comments on conversations he has had with the most cerebral of "controversialists."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND THE NEW DEAL. By William Leuchtenburg. Harper. $6. The social and economic upheaval—or phenomenon, if you prefer—is weighed by a frequent contributor to *SR.*

AZTEC THOUGHT AND CULTURE. By Miguel León-Portilla. University of Oklahoma Press. $5.75. More than ninety original documents contribute to the immediacy of a culture that flourished in central Mexico some two millennia before the Spanish arrival in 1519.

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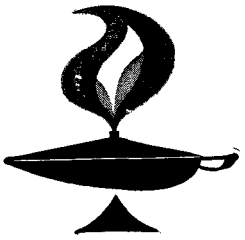

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Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

Challenging the Axioms

DURING a period of reform, educators sort themselves out into four groups: those who lead, those who follow, those who rest content with the status quo, and those who vigorously resist change.

We now have entered such a period and there is no scarcity of candidates for the three latter groups. New leadership, too, is emerging but it is more difficult to identify because the new leader often appears first in the role of rebel, iconoclast, or critic.

Einstein, when asked how he had managed to accomplish so much in one lifetime, is reported to have answered, "I did it by challenging an axiom." Today's leaders of educational reform are challenging the sacred axioms of the teaching profession: that twenty-five or thirty is the ideal class size, that the school must be organized into grades in each of which a child spends one year, that the study of foreign language must be delayed until high school, that all learning requires a close personal relationship between teacher and pupil, that the elementary school must be "self-contained," with one teacher teaching the same group of children throughout the day, and that all children should enter the first grade at the age of six, ready or not, and graduate from high school at eighteen regardless of capacity or achievement.

Some of these views were considered "progressive" thirty years ago, but all were so deeply entrenched by 1950 as to have become a part of the conventional wisdom. When a few educators and foundation officials first challenged them by proposing such innovations as team teaching, flexible class size, non-graded classes, programmed learning, educational TV, foreign language in the early grades, early admission to college for bright students, and new programs of teacher education to prepare teachers for the changes, they met with ridicule, *ad hominem* charges, and threats of censure from their colleagues.

Within the past two or three years, however, a vast change has come over the intellectual climate of the profession. Those who resist change are still with us and they can play a useful role by demanding careful evaluation of all innovations. But today powerful professional organizations are endorsing, and presenting as their own, programs that run counter to the conventional views. Men who have broken with tradition and have challenged the axioms are being sought for the top administrative positions in education and for education professorships in major graduate schools. Teachers conversant with the innovations are in great demand.

There are still many educational axioms that need to be challenged, but the bottleneck has been broken and important segments of the profession are ready to move. As a result, the future of American education looks much brighter today than it did a few short years ago. —P.W.

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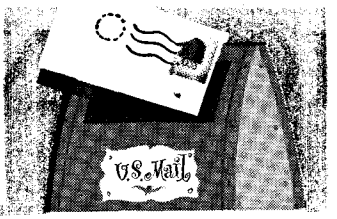
Letters to the Editor



EDUCATIONAL STATESMANSHIP

ALTHOUGH I AGREE with the theme of your March 23 editorial, "Educational Statesmanship," I am appalled by your having swallowed, bones and all, Harold Howe II's educationese misconception of "good management." "Ordered routine, carefully defined policies and tables of organization" may form the content of courses in "managerial skills," but they have precious little to do with any modern notion of good management.

Management, if it means anything concrete at all, means the complete process of *instituting and achieving objectives.*

The objectives of an educational enterprise, I should imagine, have to do primarily with the intellectual development of students. Achievement, therefore, must be measured primarily in terms of students' intellectual development. Does anyone in the field of education—whether statesman or administrator—have the guts to set objectives in such a way as to allow impartial observers to measure the success of achievement?

A school administrator who omits these central objectives, or who institutes objectives that fall short of excellence, simply is *not* a good manager, no matter how beautiful his organization, his systems, or his personal policies.

By the same token, however, excellent objectives alone do not make a good manager. Achievement is an essential ingredient.

Mr. Howe in your quotation asserts that ". . . the idea of management is totally inadequate for the needs of American public education." Let me offer one small amendment: "*Mr. Howe's idea* of management is totally inadequate for the needs of American public education."

ROBERT ZAGER.
Passaic, N.J.

CUBBERLEY AGREED with Conant. He wrote, "The preparation [for superintendents] should be broad, and should early open up to the student permanent interests in fields of music and art, literature, history, science, and human welfare. These he needs for breadth and understanding. His future success as the head of a school system will to a rather large degree depend upon his intelligent understanding of the scientific and industrial world about him, his broad human sympathies, and his ability to meet people of culture and refinement on their own plane." (*Public School Administration,* Houghton Mifflin Co., *1916* Rev. Ed. 1922, pages 133-34.)

Shall the superintendent *manage* or *lead*?

HERNDON CARROLL RAY,
District Superintendent,
Ceres Elementary Schools.
Ceres, Calif.

AS CHAIRMAN OF the Committee for the Advancement of School Administration of the American Association of School Administrators I take exception to the appraisal you make of the efforts being made to improve public school administration.

Your statement that the Association has interpreted higher standards to mean more graduate courses in professional education, particularly courses in school administration, is totally inaccurate. The Committee for the Advancement of School Administration has advocated consistently the inclusion of courses in general education with a heavy emphasis upon the behavioral sciences in the preparation of school administrators. In recent years leading colleges and universities have been engaged in the development of such graduate programs.

You misrepresent the position of both the AASA and the CASA when you conclude that we favor certification of school superintendents on the basis of rigid course requirements. On the contrary, we have taken the position that certification should be based upon the recommendation of those higher institutions whose graduate programs of preparation have been approved by a responsible accrediting agency. . . .

PAUL J. MISNER, Chairman,
Committee for the Advancement of School Administration.
Glencoe, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "approved" programs are those leading to graduate degrees in school administration. Most of them include a few courses in psychology, sociology, and economics, but they rarely include any work in the humanities or the natural sciences. These programs do not provide the "wide acquaintance with the culture of the modern world" proposed by Dr. Conant as an essential background for the intellectual leadership of the schools.*

BOROFF AND THE TWO ST. JOHN'S

MAY I COMPLIMENT David Boroff on his piece about St. John's College [*SR*, March 23]? It is the most penetrating and perceptive analysis of the college I have seen in nearly eight years as a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors. Mr. Boroff's wit, insight, and prose style make him good enough to be a St. John's alumnus. I salute *SR* for running the piece.

WILLIAM A. LYDGATE,
Earl Newsom & Company.
New York, N.Y.

I WISH TO TAKE issue with David Boroff concerning his comments on St. John's University in his article "St. John's College: Four Years with the Great Books."

St. John's University not only has much more than a passing interest in what is referred to in the article as "Great Books," but also the liberal arts and studies are the very essence of its undergraduate curricula. Moreover, the University conducts a four-year interdisciplinary honors program, the freshman year of which is concerned with the logical or linguistic arts—the trivium. The other years of the program include the science and philosophy of nature, moral and social science, metaphysics, and sacred theology. In addition to the honors courses, there are seminars for the discussion of assigned readings, a number of which may also be found on the Great Books list used by St. John's College, Annapolis. The students conduct the seminars and two professors perform the same functions as do the seminar tutors described in the article. Evening lectures by guest speakers are delivered from time to time. Refreshments are served following the lecture and then a question and discussion period is held; it is always lively and usually lengthy.

Unlike many honors programs which are offered only to students in a liberal arts college, the one at St. John's is open to all students in the six colleges of the university that offer undergraduate programs.

Mr. Boroff may be interested in learning that the corporate title of the University is St. John's University, New York. The main campus is located in Jamaica, Queens, and a center is in Brooklyn.

Incidentally, the record of the basketball team this year was nine games won and fifteen games lost. This record hardly earns or maintains the reputation to which reference is made in the article.

MARGARET KELLY,
Coordinator of Curricula and Chairman, Honors Program Committee,
St. John's University.
Jamaica, N.Y.

YOUR PERCEPTIVE PORTRAIT of St. John's College, one of the few colleges where a true liberal arts education may be obtained, is certainly worth commendation. Regarding Mr. Boroff's tangential contrast with St. John's University, a few comments from an alumnus of the latter institution may be revealing.

For the sake of semi-pedantic correctness, St. John's University has been officially located at Jamaica, Long Island, since 1955, the Brooklyn Center remaining as a vestigial reminder of less automated and mass-produced eras at this institution.

Mr. Boroff's estimation of the academic lethargy to be found at the new campus is agonizingly correct.

Certainly the informal yet conservative atmosphere of St. John's College in Annapolis is in marked contrast to St. John's University, which does little or nothing to stimulate, even to accommodate, the superior student, who all too frequently concludes that he has attended St. John's University, but has been educated elsewhere.

SETH C. HAWKINS,
Instructor of English,
Saint Joseph's College.
North Windham, Me.

(*Continued on page* 80)

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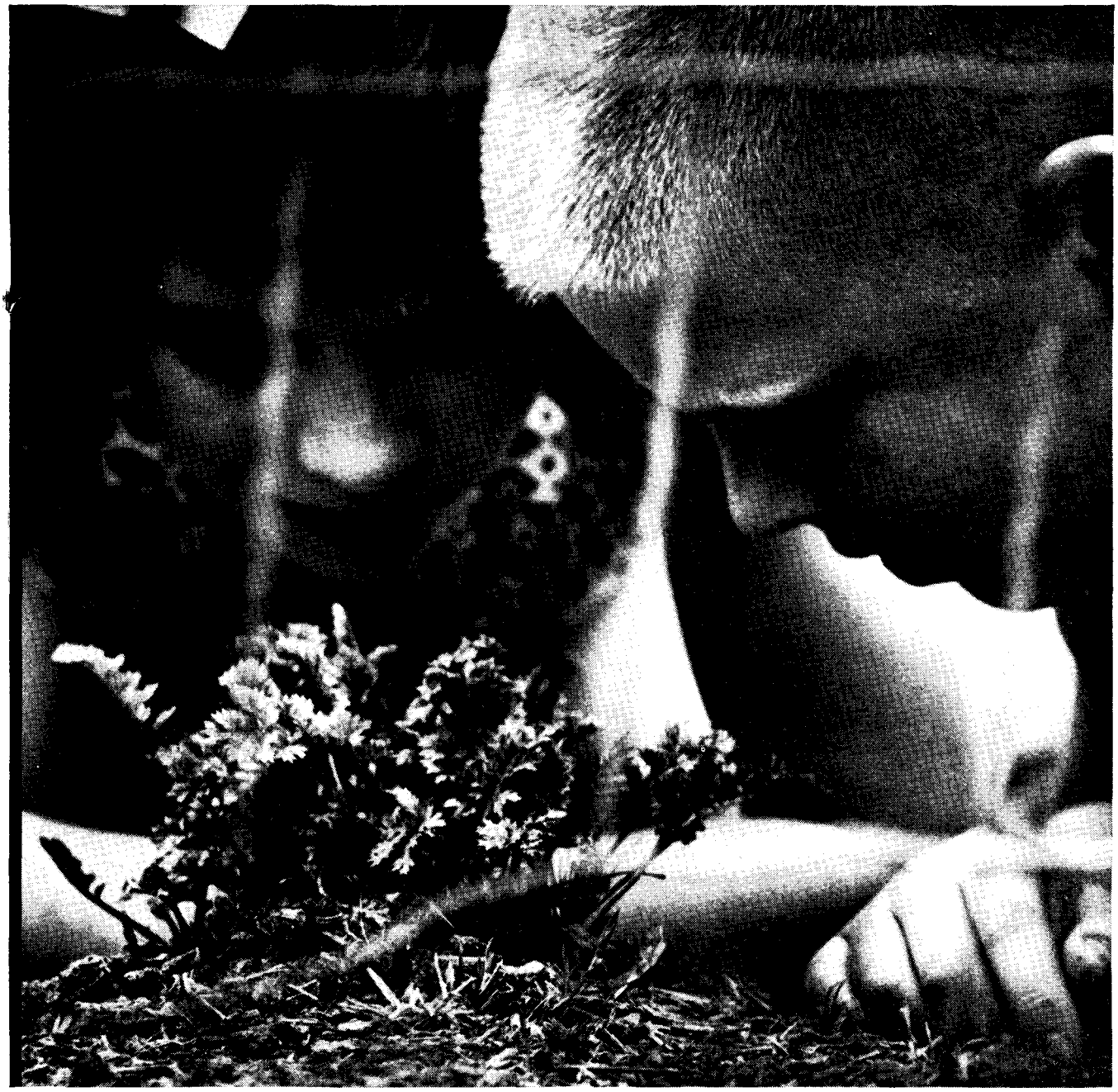

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—David S. Strickler (Monkmeyer).

THE SCHOOL PRAYER BATTLE

A year ago the Supreme Court ruled that use of a nondenominational prayer in New York State classrooms was unconstitutional because it was prepared by the State Board of Regents, and was therefore official. Reaction to the court's decision was widespread and violent. Theodore Powell analyzes this decision and the public reaction to it in an effort to provide perspective on the court's expected decision later this spring on two similar cases involving Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Powell is public information consultant in the Connecticut State Department of Education and author of "The School Bus Law: A Case Study in Education, Religion, and Politics."

By THEODORE POWELL

THE United States Supreme Court will soon announce decisions about Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the public schools. If these practices, like the recitation of the New York Regents' prayer, are found unconstitutional, can we expect another nationwide furore?

Will clergymen, through some mysterious magic, suddenly become authorities on Constitutional law and experts on American history?

Will our political leaders, blessed with the wisdom of campaign experience, leap up to defend God, attack the Supreme Court, and view with alarm the advance of Communism?

Or have we learned from the school prayer battle of 1962 that vituperation serves neither God nor freedom?

Last summer's thunder is gone but new storm clouds are on the horizon. The mother of a Maryland school child has challenged the practice of using the Lord's Prayer in the public schools. By a four-to-three decision, the Maryland Court of Appeals decided that the rights of the pupil and the parent were not violated by such practice. A Pennsylvania parent has taken to court the question of Bible reading in the public schools. Ten verses were read daily by a student over the amplifying system. A federal court found this to be in violation of the First Amendment. In each case students who wished could be excused. Argument in each case was heard by the Supreme Court in February.

There is enough tinder in these cases to refire the flame of a religious-political conflict that seared the nation last summer. This time, however, should the court hold that these other religious practices are also unconstitutional, local school authorities will have less room to maneuver away from the effects of the decision.

On the morning of June 26, 1962, the nation's newspapers carried banner headlines over lengthy news stories proclaiming: SUPREME COURT BANS SCHOOL PRAYERS.

The shorthand needed for a headline and the limitations of a news story make it difficult even for a careful reader to get an accurate understanding of a court decision. Immediately following the prayer decision there was general agreement only about the vote; the petitioners were upheld, six to one.

Just what did the court say?

THE First Amendment protects religious freedom in two ways: 1) "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion" 2) "nor prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

The Regents' prayer was a violation of the first clause; the power of government had been used to further a religious belief. This, said the court, was a "law respecting an establishment of religion."

Much opposition arose out of the mistaken impression that the decision

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was based on the "free exercise" clause. Legal counsel for the school board, Bertram Daiker, had argued that the prayer was nondenominational. No compulsion was used on any pupil to make him say the prayer. The court was not persuaded by these arguments. The prohibition against government religion was violated by acts to establish an official religion whether or not there was coercion. The nation's founders believed, said Justice Black, speaking for the majority, "that religion is too personal, too sacred, too holy to permit its 'unhallowed perversion' by a civil magistrate." Black added extemporaneously, "The prayer of each man from his soul must be his and his alone. That is the genius of the First Amendment. If there is anything clear in the First Amendment, it is that the right of the people to pray in their own way is not to be controlled by the election returns."

Each separate government in this country, Black declared, should "stay out of the business of writing or sanctioning official prayers and leave that purely religious function" to the people and to their religious advisers.

Thus spoke the Supreme Court majority; no governmental body or agent has any power to put a seal of approval on any faith or religious ceremony.

In a more sweeping interpretation, Justice William Douglas's concurring opinion listed many examples of a public official performing a religious exercise in a governmental institution which he believed to be unconstitutional. He also suggested the 1947 Everson case should be reversed. Douglas had joined with the majority in that five-to-four decision which held that New Jersey could provide public bus service to parochial school pupils. Among those who hoped for public aid to Catholic schools, Douglas's comments caused some alarm.

Counter arguments were given by Potter Stewart, the lone dissenting Justice. There were many governmental practices that reflect our religious traditions, he said. These were not an establishment of religion but were merely a recognition of the "deeply entrenched and highly cherished spiritual traditions of our nation. . . ."

A partial answer to Stewart's dissent was given in a footnote to Black's majority opinion. "There is, of course," Black wrote, "nothing in the decision reached here that is inconsistent with the fact that school children are officially encouraged to express love for our country by reciting historical documents such as the Declaration of Independence which contains references to the Deity, or by singing officially espoused anthems which include the composer's professions of faith in a Supreme Being, or with the fact that there are many manifestations in our public life of belief of God."

The emphasis of this footnote is on the patriotic purpose of the recitations. Government is not violating the First Amendment in promoting love of country by use of expressions with religious allusions. This distinction between a patriotic purpose and a religious purpose is easily made in the judicial chamber. Outside of that calm atmosphere, such careful distinctions may be lacking. In the discussion provoked by the court's decision, the two purposes were frequently confused.

The reaction to the prayer decision was an excellent illustration of the reasons for the warning against discussion of religion in polite society. The Supreme Court touched a sensitive nerve and the nation howled with pain. Other issues, aid for religious schools and the proper limits of the power of the court, added fuel to the fires of controversy.

—*Wide World.*

The New Court: Seated l. to r. Justices Clark, Black, Chief Justice Warren, Justices Douglas, Harlan; standing: Justices White, Brennan, Stewart and Goldberg.

There was an air of anticipation and tension at the President's press conference two days after the prayer decision. Everyone knew what the first question would be and President Kennedy was ready for it.

"The Supreme Court has made its judgment," said the President. "Some will disagree and others will agree. In the efforts we are making to maintain our Constitutional principles, we will have to abide by what the Supreme Court says."

The President could be expected to uphold the court as interpreter of the Constitution. But he did not stop there.

"In addition," he continued, "we have in this case a very easy remedy and that is to pray ourselves . . . we can pray a good deal at home and attend our churches with a good deal more fidelity and we can make the true meaning of prayer much more important to the lives of all of our children."

But the President did not address himself to the cause of the dispute: the place of religion in the public schools.

There were others who did.

Among those who opposed the prayer decision, there were various methods proposed for avoiding the ruling. These included defiance, evasion, and Constitutional amendment.

"We'll not vote out the Regents' prayer," said Robert S. Hoshino, president of the Levittown, Long Island, school board. Anyone who objected would have to take the board to court.

In neighboring Hicksville, school board president Robert Eaton said that they had "no intention of abolishing prayer. If we are compelled to ban it, then we'll devise another prayer. A school without prayers is not a school. . . . Not to have a prayer is a violation of our religious freedom."

This defiance was met with an announcement by the New York Board of Regents that the prayer decision "is now the law of the land and will be so recognized by all school authorities in the state."

In many Southern and "Bible belt" states, there was defiance of the court and an insistence upon retaining practices stemming from an evangelical Protestant tradition.

Dr. Rual Stephens, Deputy Superintendent of Atlanta's public schools, said flatly, "We will not pay any attention to the Supreme Court ruling."

In Rocky Mount, North Carolina, School Superintendent D. S. Johnson opened a pre-school teachers' meeting with a prayer, then announced, "As you have noticed from the opening of this meeting, the Supreme Court decision . . . will not be effective in our schools."

In contrast to the practices in Southern states, certain Western and Northwestern states have a tradition of strict separation of religious practices from the public school.

In Washington, the state constitution and statutes require that public schools "shall be forever free from sectarian

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control or influence." It was ruled as long ago as 1909 that "a public school teacher had no legal right to open school each morning with a prayer, since prayer is a religious exercise and is constitutionally forbidden."

In 1955, the County Counsel of California's San Bernardino County asked whether prayer might be used daily in the public schools. The answer was "No." The Attorney General advised:

> In the great ideological struggle in which the world is now engaged, enforced conformity of thought is not a weapon which our side may use—it is rather one of the evils against which we fight . . . Faith is important—it is at the very foundation of our cause—but it is faith dictated by the heart, not faith dictated by the state.

The contrast in practices across the nation was also present in New York State. While many school districts were using the Regents' prayer, in the public schools of New York City there was no prayer recitation or Bible reading. The school day began with the first stanza of *America*.

After the prayer decision, and the admonition from the Regents that the decision would be observed by local school authorities, the Hicksville school board on Long Island voted that pupils would recite as a prayer the fourth verse of the National Anthem:

> Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
> Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
> Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
> And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust!'

Parents of two Hicksville pupils protested to the State Education Commissioner. They had no objection to the anthem being sung but they felt it should not be treated as a prayer. The attorney for the school described the protest against the anthem-prayer as "an attempt to undermine and destroy the roots of our spiritual heritage." In their petition, the parents stated emphatically they did not "desire a return to God in public school." The spiritual needs of their families were met at their house of worship.

The board pleaded that the anthem-prayer had been written by Francis Scott Key and not by the Hicksville Board of Education. Education Commissioner James Allen said that "the adoption thereof by the Board . . . makes the prayer an official prayer." The parents' appeal was sustained.

Commissioner Allen found no legal objection to a period for silent meditation which had been repeatedly suggested after the Regents' prayer had been found unconstitutional. However, he thought there were "valid reservations as to the educational value of a practice in which the teacher cannot have a positive and direct role."

Attorney Bertram Daiker, who had argued the prayer case before the United States Supreme Court, observed with some asperity, "It is now Constitutional to remain silent."

New York was unique in being the only state where practice was changed because of the prayer decision. In other states there was no change in schoolroom practices.

In the days immediately following the decision, many proposals for a Constitutional amendment were submitted in Congress. Mississippi's James O. Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, promptly scheduled hearings. In fact, Senator Eastland was himself sponsoring an amendment to authorize prayers and Bible reading in the public schools and to permit each state to enact laws according to its own "public policy based on decency and morality." Obviously, Senator Eastland wanted to reverse not only the prayer decision but also the decisions against racial segregation.

The sectional emphasis was clear in the first hearing. Southern Senators testified as much against the power of the Supreme Court or against what they regarded as the too liberal views of Justice Douglas, as against the prayer decision.

At the second hearing the issue of "establishment of religion" was analyzed by Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike. A lawyer who has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court (and, therefore, one of the few clergymen with unquestioned credentials to discuss such Constitutional issues), Bishop Pike interpreted the restriction against religious establishment as prohibiting only governmental "recognition as an established church of any denomination, sect, or organized religious association." This would restrict government aid to churches or religious organizations (thus barring public funds for Catholic schools) but would not prohibit governmental encouragement of religious doctrine (thus permitting religious practices in the public schools).

The same approach was explored at a previous hearing when Senators testified that objections of atheists should not prevent school children from saying the Lord's Prayer or listening to a reading of the Bible. At one point, Judiciary Committee member Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, leaned forward and asked gently:

"If the Bible that is read, and the Lord's Prayer that is recited were not the Bible and Lord's Prayer of my children . . . does it not really do damage to children? . . . You see, I am a Catholic. . . . Is this an unreasonable expression of a minority to be concerned about the youth in public schools?"

The Senator in the witness chair,

(*Continued on page 77*)

Is the Bible a "Religious" Document?

DURING THE ORAL ARGUMENT on the Maryland Lord's Prayer Case and the Pennsylvania Bible Reading Case, the Supreme Court Justices closely questioned the attorneys in the manner of professors quizzing a doctoral candidate. The main subject of inquiry was government "establishment of religion." The chief reference was the Regents' Prayer Case, *Engel* v. *Vitale*.

Counsel for Maryland and for Pennsylvania argued that the ruling in *Engel* did not apply because these morning exercises they were defending, the Lord's Prayer and Bible reading ceremonies, were not held for religious purposes!

The Holy Bible, Pennsylvania counsel conceded, is a "religious document—in a sense." But the ten verses were read to give the pupils moral and ethical instruction. Pennsylvania had decided on this means of "teaching morality without religion."

Counsel for Maryland contended that the purpose of the recitation of the Lord's Prayer was not religious, either. The morning exercises had a calming effect on the pupils and resulted in better behavior during school hours. (Justice Stewart suggested Baltimore might try tranquilizer pills.)

These explanations were ingenious, if not ingenuous. The Justices reacted as might professors to a very clever but not entirely convincing graduate student. The explanation that these ceremonies are not religious activities was not strengthened by the supplementary plea that the court should not be "hostile to religion."

—T.P.

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ROSEMARY PARK:

New President of Barnard

By TERRY FERRER, *Education Editor, New York Herald Tribune.*

IT WAS just two years ago that Miss Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar, predicted the extinction of virtually every women's college in the country within the next 100 years. Because of "phenomenal" waste and poor administration, she said, all but about ten of the 100 or so independent all-girl colleges would become coordinate, coeducational, or be taken over by the government.

Miss Blanding's prophecy sparked a curt reply from another women's college president, Dr. Richard Glenn Gettell of Mount Holyoke. Girls' colleges are definitely not on their way out, he said, unless they "sit on their fat status quos."

The other day, Miss Rosemary Park, the new president of Barnard, was asked where she stood in this continuing argument, now bubbling up again with renewed verve in an era of early-teen twosomes and young marriages.

Quite typically, Miss Park had no glib, catch-phrase answer. "I am inclined to think," she said after a moment's deliberation, "that there is still a place for the women's college. Somehow, it is always more difficult for women than for men to achieve a sense of independent individuality. In the background of a woman's mind, there is traditionally the thought that someone will take care of her, that some man will come along and give the answer."

It is true, she continued, that "we educate women at the wrong time, when the biological urge is strongest and the intellectual intent not wholehearted. But we must educate at that time, because the mind is most supple, the memory strongest, the ability to take to new ideas unsurpassed. The women's college can do the best job of shaping the sound person who has achieved some intellectual, social, emotional, and financial independence before entering on a partnership. Coeds don't have as many opportunities to learn to stand on their own two feet. But I do think we should not just have women's colleges, but both kinds."

From her newly and brightly decorated office on Morningside Heights, Miss Park can view the field of women's education with an experience and knowledge that are uniquely hers. She is perhaps the only woman who has been president of two girls' colleges—Barnard, where she will be inaugurated next week and Connecticut College in New London, which she headed for fifteen years. When she went to Connecticut in 1947, few had heard of the college; when she was chosen at Barnard, the academic world buzzed with what Rosemary Park accomplished at Connecticut.

Miss Park has traveled all over the world, including a three-month visit to Japan and India last summer. She earned her Ph.D. from the University of Cologne during the desperate days of the rise of Hitler, when German universities were on trial for their very lives.

From these experiences, she has emerged as a distinguished scholar in German and philosophy, a strong administrator, and a delightful person of charm and wit. "She has a mind like a steel trap," said one of her Barnard colleagues, "and you can hear it snapping. Her side remarks at meetings of boards on which she serves make sitting through them worth the time and effort."

If she is not glib, Miss Park does use her dry humor to good effect. When asked what she thought about today's early marriages and present standards of premarital sex, she says that "the model has been the same ever since it was started. Early marriage is more a desire for security—like why people keep dogs—than it is a sign of more morality or more maturity."

Has a college education tended to knock women off their pedestals as they study to go out and compete with men? Miss Park answers with a smile: "I'm not so sure you can't have it both ways—if you have a movable pedestal."

Petite, pretty, and extremely feminine herself, Miss Park nevertheless believes that the fight for feminism is finished. "We have to have women," she said recently, "there being nothing as far as I know that experts have agreed on that can take the place of a dame. But what kind of learning should be offered to them? I would say, most briefly, all kinds of learning that lead into the professions, under the same professional standards as the learning offered to men. Women's life is no longer bounded by the home—in spite of biological differences, roles of men and women are more similar than they were fifty years ago. Therefore, it is natural that offerings in women's and men's colleges should be similar, if not identical."

Thus she dismisses the proponents of teaching college women to be homemakers and of giving degree credit for such courses as flower arranging. "There is a difference," Miss Park says emphatically, "between egg omelets and Shakespeare—but you shouldn't get credit for making a good omelet. The egg omelet is important but it just isn't the same thing as Shakespeare. If you want to learn how to break eggs, let a chef teach you on Saturday mornings, but not for academic credit."

Such items as making omelets or learning to choose furniture go under a heading which Miss Park calls "indirect education." There are, she believes, "an awful lot of things you can't teach in a classroom." Indirect education, she continues, is "not that which

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is delivered through the curriculum, with which I think one can be relatively satisfied, but all the kinds of influences which come to bear on these young people, in ways which perhaps they take in through the corner of the eye rather than with a direct gaze."

Such education can give young women a security previously cultivated in the home—"the ability to distinguish between what is true and genuine and what is fake; to appreciate the effects of beauty and the effects of good taste in private living, and to cultivate—and I say this with some trepidation—good manners. This is an esthetic and an ethical problem, and something which most of us have shied away from considering at all. It is the kind of thing that permits enjoyment of life irrespective of one's financial standing."

Like her predecessor at Barnard, Mrs. Millicent Carey McIntosh, Miss Park is committed to the premise that the college can and must teach taste, values, and ethics as well as science and languages. But the taste and values come indirectly, not necessarily from a classroom podium. Both women have an intense desire to bridge the gap between the generations, and to offer the younger one the fruits of their own experiences as well as their value judgments.

Rosemary Park grew up in a family where scholarship and learning were taught from the cradle. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all Presbyterian ministers (her father, and later her brother, subsequently became Congregational ministers). Dr. J. Edgar Park, her father, was president of Wheaton College from 1926 to 1944; her younger brother, Dr. William E. Park, has been president of Simmons College—also for women—since 1955. When Miss Park was inaugurated as president of Connecticut in 1947, her father remarked wryly: "This family has spent all its life walking in academic procession."

Born in Andover, Massachusetts, on March 7, 1907, young Rosemary attended the public schools of Newton, Massachusetts. "What a wonderful education," she recalls. "My, the teachers were good." Even then, she was headed for the academic life—"there was no assumption that I would do anything else." Her mother was the first woman in her town to go to college (Wellesley) but Rosemary wanted to "go to a place more like a university."

She chose Radcliffe, and a major in German. She was graduated in 1928, summa cum laude with a Phi Beta Kappa key. "In my day at Radcliffe," she says, "you had to take what crumbs you could get. There were no easy relationships between students and dean and president. I saw each once in four years."

Miss Park received her M.A. the following year, and then went to Wheaton as an instructor in German for two years. "Father didn't want to appoint me," she says, "but there was a vacancy and they couldn't get anyone else." Even her father must have found her qualified; she had studied for a year on an exchange fellowship at the University of Bonn before her appointment.

While at Wheaton, she had been taking doctoral work at Radcliffe, but she felt she wanted to return to Germany for her Ph.D. By 1932, she was off to the University of Cologne, and the fateful years in Nazi Germany.

Adolf Hitler came to power in 1933. At the time, Miss Park was living in the home of a German professor, working on her dissertation, *The Image of Richard Wagner's Tristan and Isolde in German Literature*. Every day after Hitler, "it was something awful—dismissal, persecution, suicide."

Even she, an American, tangled with the new German higher education. When she turned in her thesis in 1934, she received a discreet university suggestion: "It would be easier if you grouped all Jewish authors together." She didn't, of course, but ultimately got her Ph.D. magna cum laude.

On her return to this country, Dr. Park went back to Wheaton as acting dean of freshmen and taught German at the Windsor School in Boston. In 1935, she was offered an instructorship in German at Connecticut College for Women (as it was then called).

She went on from instructor to associate professor and dean of freshmen there and in 1945 was named acting president to succeed Miss Katherine Blunt. Two years later, she became the college's fifth president.

Miss Park literally made Connecticut College over, academically and materially. The undergraduate enrollment jumped from 700 in 1947 to 1,150 the last year she was there and will go to 1,350 by 1964. Buildings valued at some $10,000,000 have been erected to take care of this expansion, including a $4,000,000 complex of six new dormitories. To enrich the artistic life of the college, she started the now-famous Connecticut College Summer School of the Dance and the American Dance Festival on campus, bringing such leading modern dancers as the late Doris Humphrey, Martha Graham, and Jose Limón there to teach and choreograph. Courses on Africa and the Far East were added.

And in 1959—proving that she has no prejudice toward educating men—Miss Park obtained a charter for Connecticut College for Men, offering graduate studies to fifty male nonresident students.

When Mrs. McIntosh informed her Barnard trustees in 1959 that she wished to retire at the same time as her physician husband, Dr. Rustin McIntosh, the trustees had more than two years to find her successor. Miss Park was the inevitable choice, and her selection was announced in the fall of 1961. She became Barnard's fifth dean—a title retained in the administrative set-up of Columbia University—and second president.

On the breezy Barnard campus, Miss Park blends right in with her 1,500 girls. She is so tiny and bustles at such a pace that frequently she has been

—Morris Warman.

"We'd better step things up when girls are young and catch them when they're here."

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mistaken for one of the students.

She is planning no major changes in Barnard's curriculum, and she certainly plans to carry forward Mrs. McIntosh's heavy fund-raising schedule. "I don't mind raising money," she says. "I love meeting all kinds of people."

Miss Park also expects to continue the vocational workshop for older women who want some education in later years. She has no infallible plans on how to educate those women who leave college to marry, but sees possible advantages in television courses, taken in local centers, and in independent study. But by and large, she believes that "we'd better step things up when girls are young and catch them when they're here."

In higher education, Miss Park is worried about what she calls the "inflation" caused by the Advanced Placement program, or the devaluation of the bachelor's degree.

Perhaps the inflation could be stemmed, she feels, by making Advanced Placement students take a fourth year of college instead of finishing in three and going on to an M.A. Such Advanced Placement fourth-year graduates might win an "honor B.A." rather than a "pass B.A." But, she admits, "I suspect that like all inflations it cannot be stopped. People say 'you've got a good idea, dearie, but it won't work.'"

Most of all, she worries because "we don't have enough original thinking in education. We just pass the same counters back and forth between us."

Miss Park gets many of her own ideas, she says, from reading in the natural sciences. "I always read the MIT reports—they're just fascinating," she admits. For recreation, she chooses detective stories, music, visits to art museums, travel, swimming, good foods, and good wines. She lives alone with her housekeeper in an apartment on Riverside Drive.

Barnard's new president has cogent advice for young women who are about to enter college: "In these next few years," she says, "you are undertaking the interior decorating of your living for the rest of your life. You are determining whether it is to be sparse and niggardly, or whether it is to be rich and varied and vibrant. . . .

"Most of you will probably live to be 100. If you want to keep from being a stuffy old bore for forty years, that is between sixty and 100, then you've got to learn to be something now. In other words, you can't rely on preserving either your youthful charm or your feminine allure through 100. To be young and feminine at sixteen is no achievement. To be a respected person at sixty is."

Offspring of Webster's Third

By ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS

THE literary critics and editors who disliked the Third Edition of Webster's unabridged dictionary may find the collegiate edition, which is based on the larger work, more to their taste—if only because it retains its reference sections and has restored capital letters to the entries they belong on. But few of them are likely to give it their wholehearted approval, though it is safe to predict that most of them will find themselves consulting it on current word meanings before long, even if they have to do so surreptitiously.

Many of the critics of Webster's Third seem to believe that the chief function of a dictionary is to serve as a brake on the language of the apprentices in their art, especially on that of the student writer. Their own language is proof that they themselves feel free to disregard Fowler and Webster's Second when it suits their purposes, though they hold them up as guides for the rest of us. But they strongly hint that they owe their present colloquial fluency to a youthful knuckling under to the authorities that they now delight in flouting. This attitude obviously owes something to the twin Puritan notions that early discipline, however pointless, is good for the soul and that freedom is more fun when it is exercised against a background of external restraints—preferably against legalistic restraints, encoded in black and white.

What they really wanted from the Webster editors was a dictionary that would have been a safe guide to a non-English-speaking student in a freshman English composition class, the only conceivable type of young adult who would attempt to write in English with so little *Sprachgefühl* for it that he would ever consult a dictionary for the status of most of the words the critics wanted the lexicographers to label.

The Seventh Collegiate hardly meets those requirements, but there is no doubt that its editors have been somewhat influenced either by the same philosophy or by a desire to aid the teachers and usage-test framers who need something specific to red-pencil on papers, or both.

The first concession toward providing a handbook for the ritual hazing of the apprentice writer is a certain amount of bowdlerization. All the four-letter obscenities are missing.

A less defensible kind of bowdlerization serves to put the lexicographers into the pedagogical conspiracy to conceal from impressionable young minds the true extent of the waywardness of their language. It consists in such devices as omitting the less prestigious of the spelling variants and extensions of word functions. *Supercede* and *spritely*, for example, are not given as alternative spellings, though they were included in *both* 2 and 3, with an unwarranted *arch.* label on the latter, even in 3. (*Spritely*, the etymologically correct word, has always been the choice of certain individualists, including Shaw and Muriel Spark.)

The most indefensible backing down on a usage label, probably because the word involved is a perennial entry in usage-aptitude tests, is on adverbial *real*. Webster's Third has only the mild caveat "not often in formal use," but 7Coll flatly labels it "chiefly dialect." It's a strange sort of dialect ("regional variety of speech") that can be shared by Lois Long, Ralph McGill, Bosley Crowther, Phoebe Adams, Art Buchwald, James Michener, and Westbrook Pegler—not to mention the editors of *Time*, *Life*, and *Saturday Review*.

MORE important than its small—and doubtless prudent—concessions, however, is the boldness 7Coll shows in going beyond its parent in including new definitions of old words. For example, our non-English-speaking freshman would get no inkling from 3 of the limited sense *compatriot* usually has in modern prose, nor that it is neither good English nor good sense to speak, in 1963, of the *fortuitous* maiming of a child. Here, and on many other words that have been altered chiefly in literary usage 7Coll is everybody's best guide at present, even though it does flub by following its parent on *inchoate* and *putative*. These are two of the words that nearly everybody does look up, and on it 2 is worse than useless.

Whatever hostility carries over from the big to the little Merriam-Webster, the teacher and the editor, as well as the reader and writer (including students), are bound to discover eventually that 7Coll is the indispensable desk adjunct until a new one comes along.

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—Arthur Leipzig.

SCHOOL SEGREGATION

THE NORTH AND WEST HAVE PROBLEMS, TOO

By G. W. FOSTER, JR., *Professor of Law at the University of Wisconsin.*

BY THE beginning of 1963, the attack on public school segregation had become nationwide. In more than sixty communities of the North and West there were active and organized pressures for desegregation programs.

The drive in the North and West differs in many respects from the efforts which continue in the South. The problems are different. So are the tactics, the demands, and—inevitably—the legal issues raised when conflict ripens into court action.

In the years after the 1954 Supreme Court decision in the school segregation cases national attention focused largely upon the South. There the attack was against a whole legal structure which compelled segregation. Negroes, insisting that state officials must be colorblind, sought removal of racial classifications and demanded reorganization of schools without regard to race.

By the 1960s a drive developed against what is called "de facto" segregation in the public schools of the North and West. De facto segregation does not result from any formal, legal classifications based on race. Rather, it arises from the effect of residential segregation upon patterns of neighborhood school attendance districts.

The problems raised by de facto segregation are more sophisticated and more subtle, and they stem from complex causes. The Negro fortunate enough to find housing in predominantly white neighborhoods usually has little difficulty in obtaining access to schools that serve those areas. Most Negroes in the North and West, however, live in crowded urban slum areas that racially are almost or entirely homogeneous. Even those with resources adequate to acquire housing elsewhere encounter private discrimination that discourages and often prevents their escape from segregated neighborhoods. Still more Negroes, caught by discrimination in employment and having few developed skills, simply lack the resources to escape.

School officials, accused of being responsible for de facto segregation in the schools, usually counter by insisting that residential patterns and not racial bias on their part produced the result. An attorney representing Negroes who commenced judicial action against Philadelphia school officials gave his answer to that position:

> The position of the board is that it does not consider race at all in the operation of the school system, either in setting boundaries or in administrative practices. This is not enough. The board cannot be color-blind. It is the affirmative responsibility of the board to work toward integration. Every choice which may arise in making decisions about school matters must be made in such a way as to accomplish results leading to the integration goal.

This concept of color-consciousness marks a sharp break, tactically and legally, with the thrust of school desegregation efforts in the South. It poses for many educators troublesome questions in attempting to provide adequate education for academically and culturally handicapped children in slum schools. And finally, the demand for color-consciousness raises some serious legal questions of Constitutional proportion.

Assignment by race was of course the historic basis for the dual school systems of the South. Outside the South, school assignment is typically based on geography. The school system is divided into a single set of zones and each child is initially assigned to the school in his zone of residence. Frequently some provision exists for attending school outside the zone of residence, either by permitting transfer under specified conditions or by allowing a free choice of any uncrowded school in the system. A few communities do little or no zoning and simply permit a choice among all or some of the schools in the district.

The predominant pattern, however, involves geographic zoning with rather stringent restrictions against transfer or attendance outside the zone of residence. Often this is referred to as a "neighborhood" school pattern, although there is much variation in defining the characteristics of a neighborhood. The school in a particular "neighborhood" may be large or small and it may be located near the center, or close to the edge, of the area it serves.

The neighborhood school is particularly characteristic of the organization of elementary schools in urban areas. There, with younger children involved, concern is felt for having the schools close at hand and available along safe routes which avoid major traffic problems. In more sparsely populated areas the neighborhood concept tends to break down. Buses are then provided to bring children in from greater distances, and convenience in fixing bus routes may be a major factor in determining the attendance area of a school.

At the level of secondary schools the neighborhood concept tends to be somewhat less important. These schools are generally larger and serve more extensive geographic areas. Where a high school does not offer a comprehensive curriculum, but instead is specialized and offers either a vocational or college preparatory curriculum, it may serve quite a large area of the community. In communities with two or more high schools the student populations in each are derived from a group of "feeder" elementary schools and thus a high school acquires the population characteristics of the "feeder" schools.

A neighborhood school—however defined—reflects the economic, social, cultural, and racial characteristics of the area served. Since most Negroes in the North and West live in densely popu-

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lated, racially homogeneous slum areas, the schools available to them are largely or entirely segregated. Negro discontent, then, grows largely out of the problems of these slum schools.

Slum schools have traditionally had their problems. Poverty, squalid and congested housing, and social and economic discrimination combine to produce higher rates of adult crime, juvenile delinquency, general disorder, and disease. Yet the successive waves of white immigrants who once filled the slums in time found ways to escape into the white mainstream of America. The fact that escape was possible supplied motivation for many who finally succeeded in getting away.

A great fraction of the slum dwellers in the 1960s, however, are not white and they face additional handicaps which stem from their race and the peculiar problems of their cultural isolation from the whites. Oriental minorities, principally on the West Coast, with more stable family organization, higher levels of motivation, and tighter self-discipline, are steadily finding it easier to become assimilated into the community at large. But the Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans and Mexicans and the English-speaking American Negroes, burdened after centuries of slavery and peonage with far greater rates of family disorganization and illegitimacy, and lower levels of motivation and discipline, are still finding it difficult to escape.

Many Negroes in the North and West are recent immigrants from the South and they bring with them the inherited educational and social handicaps of their rural Southern background. Hoped-for employment does not always materialize and the combination of job discrimination and their own limited skills relegate them generally to the lowest-paying jobs or, worse yet, to chronic unemployment.

Other school problems grow out of housing. Population densities in areas occupied by Negroes in the cities of the North and West rise sharply above the levels in the same neighborhoods when earlier occupied by whites. Schools become overcrowded and in many instances operate on double shifts, providing each child with only a half-day of education. Elsewhere in the community, school populations drop in older white neighborhoods because the children have grown up and left. The result is that there are often empty classrooms and smaller classes in many white sections of a city and overcrowded and sometimes double-shift classes in others which are all or largely Negro.

Still other difficulties grow out of employment barriers faced by minority groups. Racial discrimination, particularly by many of the skilled craft unions, seriously affects vocational training programs. Pupils, seeing few prospects for employment after being specially trained for it, shun vocational programs. And job discrimination generally contributes to higher rates of dropping school altogether since there is little incentive to acquire an education when it cannot be gainfully used.

The problem of obtaining an adequate supply of interested and competent teachers for the overcrowded slum schools also haunts school administrators. A Baltimore school official admitted the use of some 1,100 uncertified elementary teachers, largely in the slum schools, during the 1961-62 school year. On Manhattan in the same year more than one-third of the teachers newly appointed to the schools rejected their assignments and looked for jobs elsewhere.

The hesitation of many teachers to serve in slum schools grows out of a variety of causes. Most teachers, middle-class in aspiration if not in fact, are under many pressures which direct them away from teaching in culturally disadvantaged schools. Schools of education generally train teachers on the assumption that "a child is a child"—and use the middle-class white child as the model to be taught. As a result many teachers are but little equipped to deal with the distinctive problems of communication barriers, economic deprivation, and social and cultural disadvantages of children in depressed-area schools. This, and factors of teacher aspiration to work in the "better" schools close to where the teacher lives, create attitudes which minimize the desire or willingness to teach in the slum schools.

Physical facilities in the slum school, too, are often inferior. Many buildings tend to be old and the pressures from excessive enrollments add further burdens on the physical plant and the educational program. Major programs to rehabilitate and enlarge facilities in crowded slum areas are to be found in most large cities today. Too often, however, it has remained true that the demands for additional classrooms have continued to outrun the rising supply.

The slum schools, then, are handicapped in many serious ways and protests on behalf of those forced to attend them can commonly be grounded on objections that they furnish inadequate educational opportunities. Since the troubles are often linked with segregation as well, many of the protests take the form of demands for increased integration.

The demands for school integration in the North and West have taken a

The President's Desegregation Plan

". . . PROGRESS TOWARD PRIMARY and secondary school desegregation has still been too slow, often painfully so. Those children who are being denied their Constitutional rights are suffering a loss which can never be regained, and which will leave scars which can never be fully healed. I have in the past expressed my belief that the full authority of the federal government should be placed behind the achievement of school desegregation, in accordance with the command of the Constitution. One obvious area of federal action is to help facilitate the transition to desegregation in those areas which are conforming or wish to conform their practices to the law.

"Many of these communities lack the resources necessary to eliminate segregation in their public schools while at the same time assuring that educational standards will be maintained and improved. The problem has been compounded by the fact that the climate of mistrust in many communities has left many school officials with no qualified source to turn to for information and advice.

"There is a need for technical assistance by the Office of Education to assist local communities in preparing and carrying out desegregation plans, including the supplying of information on means which have been employed to desegregate other schools successfully. There is also need for financial assistance to employ specialized personnel to cope with problems occasioned by desegregation and to train school personnel to facilitate the transition to desegregation. While some facilities for providing this kind of assistance are presently available in the Office of Education, they are not adequate to the task.

"I recommend, therefore, a program of federal technical and financial assistance to aid school districts in the process of desegregation in compliance with the Constitution."

—President Kennedy in his special message to Congress on civil rights, February 28, 1963.

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variety of forms depending upon the particular situation on which attention focused. Understandably, some of the demands have been inconsistent with one another. At New Rochelle, for example, Negroes won a court order permitting free transfer from a largely Negro elementary school to predominantly white schools elsewhere in the city. A year later, groups at Philadelphia were opposing a free transfer policy on the ground that it permitted too many whites to run away from schools in which Negroes were enrolled.

Protests against segregation in schools around the periphery of Negro neighborhoods generally suggested one or more of three alternatives:

1) *Rezoning of attendance areas.* In some instances, it has been possible to show that school officials have apparently zoned schools to "contain" Negroes once they moved into a particular neighborhood. In other instances, zone lines remained unchanged from the days that whites occupied the entire area. In both these situations it is occasionally possible to show that existing zone lines may reasonably be changed to promote integration. Thus, it has been insisted that school authorities have a duty to rezone whether the resulting segregation has been the product of intentional board policy or merely a refusal to deal with the changing character of the neighborhoods involved.

2) *The Princeton Plan.* Another suggestion, taken from a plan installed at Princeton, New Jersey, in 1948, calls for reclassification of schools to handle fewer grades and thus serve larger geographic areas. This is accomplished by pairing two adjacent schools both of which cover grades from, say, kindergarten through the sixth. On reclassification, one of the "sister" schools handles all pupils in both attendance areas from kindergarten through third grade and the other school serves both areas for grades four through six. By doubling the geographic area of each school it is occasionally possible to promote integration around the edges of segregated neighborhoods.

3) *Location of new school facilities.* The location of new facilities, either to replace over-age buildings or to handle the needs of increased enrollments, has frequently provoked much controversy. Obviously, the location of facilities can have substantial short-run effects upon the racial composition of a school.

These suggestions for promoting integration along boundaries between segregated neighborhoods often have only temporary effect. Boundaries between racial groups tend to be unstable, holding only where freeways, rivers, or railroad tracks block expansion. Elsewhere the segregated areas expand, sometimes abetted by "blockbusting" techniques of unscrupulous realtors who panic whites into moving out as Negroes begin to move in. Integrated schools in these areas frequently become segregated again in relatively brief periods of time.

For schools deeper within segregated neighborhoods, other plans are suggested. Rezoning or reclassification of schools in these cases produces no change because of the homogeneous neighborhood patterns. In such situations the proposals involve moving some of the children out to uncrowded, predominantly white schools elsewhere in the city. Occasionally, protests have led to complete abandonment of a school, with resulting reassignment of all pupils to less segregated schools in other areas. The demands for transfers out of segregated areas are frequently coupled with insistence that bus service be provided without charge.

These open enrollment and free transfer policies merely scratch the surface. They provide means of escape for relatively small numbers of minority-group children who are strongly enough motivated to seek transfer. Most children, however, are left behind in congested, segregated schools.

To alleviate congestion, the urban school systems are busy with vast programs of new construction. Because of the high costs of acquiring additional land, much of this is going on at the sites of existing schools. Some systems —Chicago and Philadelphia are examples—are also using so-called mobile-unit classrooms, carried to a site on a trailer. These units are attractive and air-conditioned, but in Chicago particularly many Negroes regard them as symbols of a settled intent on the part of school officials to preserve segregation. And indeed, new school construction in segregated areas is increasingly coming under fire everywhere because of its failure to mitigate the effects of residential segregation.

There is broad agreement among educators that a policy of providing integrated experience for all children is a desirable objective if equality of educational opportunity is to be achieved. From this point on, however, there is real dispute among them over how much weight integration should be given in shaping school organization and educational practices.

Even in desegregated schools there are wide differences in classroom organization and teaching methods. These grow primarily out of the problem of dealing with differences in motivation, ability, and achievement among children at the same grade level. Most school systems make some efforts to group children according to one or more of these characteristics. In some instances, achievement grouping oc-

—*Photos from Wide World.*

Should the schools be required to mitigate the effects of residential discrimination?

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curs within the classroom, with the teacher devoting attention to each group in turn. In other instances, achievement groups are isolated in separate classrooms. Less frequently, no achievement grouping is attempted and the entire class is considered as a heterogeneous unit.

The cultural deficiencies and poorer educational backgrounds among minority-group children tend to separate them at one end of the grouping scale. This means that many wind up in the "slow" group within the classroom or off in a separate classroom by themselves. There is much disagreement over the extent of damage which this kind of isolation does to social adjustment and ability to learn.

Some, placing greatest weight on the damage done by isolation, argue that properly trained teachers can handle heterogeneous classes without grouping. Others disagree, laying stress on the need to expand the horizons of the gifted child and to protect slow learners from situations in which the goals are beyond their reach.

The same sorts of differences grow out of discussing what to do about children in segregated schools. Those who strongly support policies of open enrollment and free transfer stress the value of an integrated education. They are met, however, by others who argue on behalf of strengthening the neighborhood school. The case for the neighborhood school is supported by a wide range of arguments.

Experimental programs in a number of school systems have produced striking results in upgrading the performance levels of disadvantaged children. A feature common to many of these is a concern for the child not only during the school day but in his neighborhood and his home. Social workers, school psychologists, and teachers deal with families and others with whom the child associates. Special efforts are made to enlist those around the child to encourage and support him in seeking an education. The child himself is placed in situations designed to expand his horizons and motivate him to set his own sights higher. The Banneker Group program at St. Louis and the Higher Horizons project in New York are notable examples of such endeavors. The "Great Cities" project sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education has also launched experimental programs in a number of cities designed to improve educational opportunities for deprived children.

An interesting program at Hunter College in New York attacks the problems of segregated and culturally deprived schools on another front, that of training teachers for the job. This, a voluntary program open to education majors while still at the undergraduate level, places them in slum schools for their practice teaching.

Attacks are being made on still other fronts, among them on the kind of teaching materials furnished children in depressed-area schools. Beginning with the "Look, look, look. See, see, see" elementary readers, the conventional teaching materials describe a white, middle-class world which is as foreign to that of the slum child as the back of the moon. He never sees himself in that world except incidentally as a servant or some other distantly viewed figure. He does not understand that world and cannot see himself becoming part of it. In a few places, Detroit and New York among them, efforts are being made to create teaching materials that give the disadvantaged child a chance to identify himself and see a way to goals beyond anything he or his family ever experienced.

THE disagreements among educators suggest that there is much to be learned before any specific program can be imposed with much more than a hunch that it would be better than some competing alternative. Whether or not open enrollment or free transfer programs are adopted, most children will remain in their neighborhood schools. And the neighborhood schools in depressed areas will require much more understanding and attention before many of the children in them can acquire the skills, confidence, and motivation that will be needed to move into middle-class status.

"THE FIRST OBLIGATION of state authorities is to eradicate any remaining public school segregation created by sanction of state law or practice. . . . But executive responsibility does not end with the elimination of government-imposed segregation in public education. Executive officials aware of their Constitutional responsibilities must also be concerned with *de facto* public school segregation resulting from past discriminatory practices or prevailing restrictions in the availability of housing for minorities. They should likewise move affirmatively to eradicate educational disadvantages for minorities which flow from segregation in private educational institutions that derive benefits from the state." —*The Potomac Institute, "State Executive Authority to Promote Civil Rights."*

Indeed, programs to increase integration by siphoning off some small fraction of these children through open enrollment and free transfer mechanisms create other problems. Placing the child in a school far removed from his home environment makes it virtually impossible for the school to work closely with his family and neighborhood problems. Again, as happened in New Rochelle during the 1961-62 school year, if the child is too far out of step with the motivation and achievement of the other children in the school to which he transfers, the result can be a humiliating failure for the disadvantaged youngster and a hardening of attitudes against him among those who make the grade and see him fail.

There are questions, too, about the effects of open enrollment on the children who remain behind in the neighborhood schools. The children who transfer are likely to be the more strongly motivated, better achievers. Their absence only makes it more difficult to create good neighborhood schools with a wide range of goals to spur everyone along more rapidly.

The concept that public officials should become conscious of race—provided they do so benignly—represents a substantial departure from the position long asserted by and on behalf of Negroes in their fight against racial restrictions. They have fought for, and won in a number of states, legislation that prohibits keeping public records by race. They have insisted that colleges and universities not require photographs as a condition to admission and that job application forms contain no reference to race.

Indeed, the principal argument advanced in the Supreme Court in the cases which led to the school segregation decision of 1954 was that classifications based on race have no place in public education. "That the Constitution is color-blind is our dedicated belief," read a key sentence in the brief submitted to the court on behalf of the Negro plaintiffs in the school segregation cases.

Yet the basic issue before the Supreme Court in 1954 was quite different from the question whether state officials could take racial considerations benignly into account. The question at that time was whether states could require separation of public schools by race in view of the obligation under the Fourteenth Amendment to provide all persons "equal protection of the laws." The court's answer was that public school segregation could not be required. "Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal," the court held. Neither then nor later did the court

(*Continued on page* 79)

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While School Keeps

KINDERGARTEN ENTRANCE AGE can raise parental blood pressure as few other issues in education are able to. As a result, an arbitrary age for admitting young scholars is usually set and experienced superintendents are likely to make no exceptions. Many schoolmen, however, take the standard cliches about individual differences quite seriously and are convinced that emotional maturity and intellectual capacity should be given at least as much weight as chronological age in determining when Johnny starts school. But few have the fortitude to tell doting parents that their five year old prodigy should wait until next year because he is "emotionally immature." This is not least of the reasons why research evidence on the factors influencing the ideal time for children to begin school is so scarce.

In an effort to identify the factors making for success in starting school—without inducing parental trauma by admitting some children and excluding others—the Gesell Institute and the North Haven (Connecticut) Public Schools are cooperating in a demonstration project which groups kindergarteners according to their mental and emotional "readiness" for school. Last spring all applicants for the following fall (children who would be five by December 31) were given a ten-minute "developmental examination." Taking into account the children's ages as well as test results, they were divided into four groups when school began: 1) a well ready top group, 2) a true kindergarten group, 3) a "young" group which was still capable, and 4) a definitely young group of nursery school level. Some adjustments in the grouping were made in the course of the fall, but original screenings proved to be 80 to 90% accurate.

Early results of the experiment indicate that members of each group progress faster when working with others at the same school level. The two top groups especially have made exceptional progress.

Major problems were stated succinctly in an independent report on the project: "After a stormy period of protest by parents (particularly those of children in the fourth level), by pediatricians (regarding the correlation between physical development and readiness), and by school psychologists (regarding the lack of a control group), the situation stabilized."

In general it was found that the older children fell into the two more advanced groups and the younger ones in the third and fourth groups, but there were some notable exceptions. North Haven Superintendent of Schools St. Clair is enthusiastic about the program and hopes to expand it from the present two pilot schools to the other three schools in the district. Two manuals are being prepared for summer publication—a descriptive approach for parents and staff, and a how-to manual for testers and coordinators.

DESEGREGATION NEWS in the South has, since 1954, been reported fully and objectively by the *Southern School News*, published by the Southern Education Reporting Service. But the issues of desegregation are no longer being fought out in the South alone. (See "School Segregation: The North and West Have Problems, Too," p. 69.) *Integrated Education*, a new bi-monthly magazine which will report on school integration throughout the country, has been launched by Teachers for Integrated Schools (1424 N. Orleans Street, Chicago 10, Ill., $3 per year). Dedicated not to the cool, impartial reporting of the *Southern School News*, but to stimulating "informed action by community groups everywhere," the sponsors of the new magazine promise to report on the whole range of issues growing out of efforts to integrate the schools, both North and South.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, in social studies, civics, or American history and government, are exposed to knowledge about most of the nation's major public institutions. But usually they receive only the sketchiest introduction to one of the most important—the schools themselves. Not least of the reasons is that historians, like politicians, pay fervent lip-service to the public schools, but have done little to explore the scattered and complicated story of their development.

There have been attempts, over the years, to stimulate more interest in teaching about schools in the schools, but the results have been spotty. Nearly ten years ago the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools conducted an informal survey to find out what the schools were doing to make future board members and taxpayers better informed about both the philosophy and the mechanics of school affairs. The resulting report aroused considerable interest, but little action. Others have also attempted to stimulate interest, including the education fraternity, Phi Delta Kappa, and the Metropolitan School Study Council at Teachers College, Columbia University.

More recently, Dr. Maxwell Kushner, principal of the Samuel B. Huey School in Philadelphia, conducted a survey of 394 public school systems in forty-nine states. Among his other findings he discovered that three-quarters of the schools claimed to teach about our educational institutions, but an analysis of their programs indicated that a high proportion of the teaching was incidental and fragmentary. Only twenty-six school systems had developed well coordinated programs that promised satisfactory results.

Another view of the question is given in the April issue of *The Nation's Schools*, which contains a description of the twenty-year-old program for teaching about educational institutions in the Alpena (Michigan) public schools. Revised each year to keep it up to date, the program gives all seniors a thorough grounding in the purposes, programs, finance, and problems of public education generally and of the Alpena schools specifically. One of the principle findings of the Alpena experience is that parents are often as interested as the students in learning about their schools. Reaction of one student: "To be honest, I never really thought education was so important and helpful until I heard the discussion and read the booklet on education."

THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION has often been berated for the snail's pace at which it processes and publishes statistics on the nation's educational establishment. Limited, as it is, to working with figures supplied by the individual state education departments, comparison of its five-year-old data with the latest market figures produced by the Agriculture Department or Department of Commerce, has seldom done justice to the problems involved. In recent years elaborate preparations have been made to speed up the collection and dissemination of education statistics. National Defense Education Act funds have stimulated states to install modern data processing equipment, and facilities at the USOE itself have vastly improved. Now the first trial run is being made. Each of the states has been queried about the current data they have available on their certified teach-

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ers "in machine-usable form." Assuming sufficient compatibility of data, the Office will be able, for the first time, to collect, tabulate, and make available for use, current statistics on the nation's teachers. It is to be hoped that this is just the first step in a successful effort to put all USOE statistics on a current basis.

SMALL COLLEGES, which traditionally have prized their smallness as a prerequisite of quality, are facing a new kind of academic bind. They are feeling the pressure of new and more sophisticated demands as knowledge increases and the focus of national interest broadens. Academic intimacy, they are finding, can be a liability as well as an asset, and each is meeting the challenge in its own way.

Wheaton College in Massachusetts, with 800 women students, is undertaking a slow, carefully planned, expansion program. About seventy-five students will be added to the enrollment annually for the next three or four years to bring the total to 1,000. The reason, President William C. H. Prentice says, is that "knowledge has been multiplying and because the introduction of able students to many fields of knowledge now requires a core of specialists that was not necessary a generation ago. A faculty of 100 is almost a necessity for the curriculum we wish to provide. . . ."

Hamilton College (750 men) in central New York, and neighboring Colgate University (1,300 men) have combined forces to make courses at each institution available to students at the other when they are not given on the student's home campus. A substantial number of upper-level studies (junior and senior courses) are given at one school or the other, but not at both.

More dramatic is the recent announcement that the University of Chicago is sending academic care packages weekly to three of the nation's most prestigious small colleges in the Philadelphia area. Swarthmore (950 men and women), Bryn Mawr (700 women), and Haverford (450 men) have combined to sponsor a course in the Civilizations of South Asia. One of seven Chicago University professors flies into Philadelphia each week, lectures to students of the three colleges on Thursday, and conducts a seminar for faculty members on Friday. Occasionally the Chicago professors are supplemented by an MIT scholar or one from the University of Pennsylvania. There is more than one way, apparently, to retain the virtues of smallness, while making available to students the scholarly facilities required to prepare them for the contemporary world.

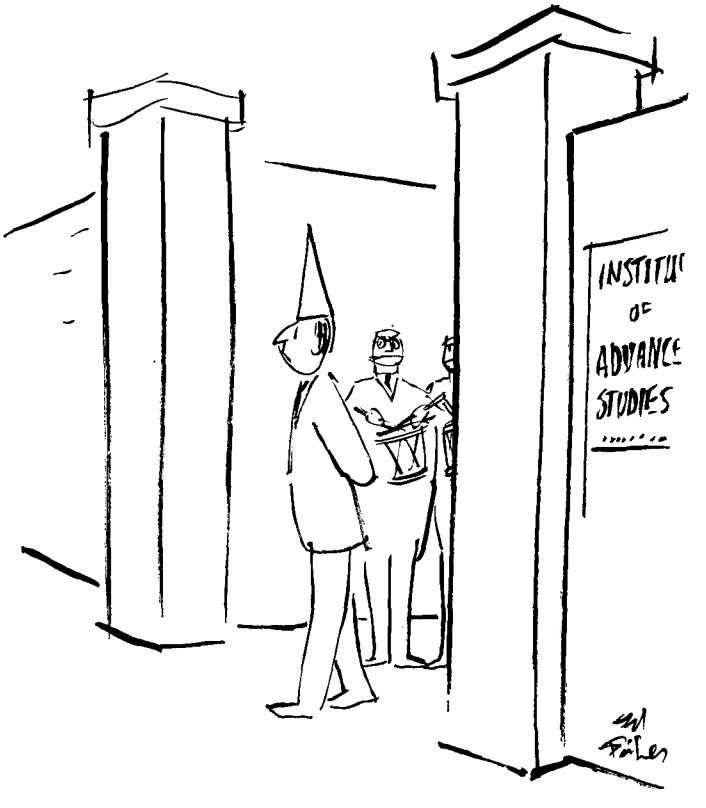
GREAT UNIVERSITIES, despite their size and resources, are also feeling the pressure of new demands. For several years the Committee on Institutional Cooperation (CIC), composed of the presidents of eleven of the nation's largest Midwestern universities, has sponsored cooperative projects among the member institutions. Recently they have launched a new program under which graduate students are encouraged to move freely from one university to another in order to take advantage, on a short-term basis, of special opportunities available on any one of the eleven campuses. The attraction may be a special laboratory, a library collection, or a faculty member specially qualified in a particular area. Members of CIC are the University of Chicago, University of Illinois, Indiana University, State University of Iowa, University of Michigan, Michigan State University, University of Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, and Wisconsin.

MERIT PAY for teachers—a policy of paying teachers according to their individual merit—has long been heatedly opposed by teacher organizations, but no one has been as sure about how the teachers themselves felt on the subject. Now the Research Division of the National Education Association has polled them and finds they are strongly opposed—though a substantial minority approves. Secondary school teachers are more likely to favor merit pay than elementary teachers, and men teachers view it more favorably than women. Less than a quarter of elementary teachers approve in contrast to more than 30% of secondary teachers. Of all men teachers, more than 34% approve while only about 24% of all women teachers do.

TELEVISION COURSES of instruction in everything from elementary arithmetic to college sociology are multiplying at such a rate that it is fast becoming impossible to recognize all the players without a score card. Therefore, it is fortunate that The National Instructional Television and Radio Center (10 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N.Y.) recently announced the second edition of its *Instructional Television Materials: A Guide to Films, Kinescopes and Videotapes Available for Televised Use.* The Guide contains listings of 272 courses for schools: 116 elementary, 55 secondary, 81 college, 12 for adults, and 8 for in-service teacher education. A measure of the rate at which this new medium of instruction is growing is that the first edition of the guide, issued last July, contained 169 courses.

Aim of the guide is to make the source and availability of courses widely known; they are of little use when stored on library shelves. Two regional libraries serve other areas of the country. They are: Great Plains Regional Instructional Television Library, Assenmacher Building, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Northeastern Regional Instructional Television Library, Eastern Educational Network, 238 Main Street, Cambridge, Mass.

—JAMES CASS.



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Schools in Our Rural Slums

"Education in Depressed Areas," *edited by A. Harry Passow (Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 359 pp. $4.75), is the report of a conference on education in the rural slums. Dan Dodson is director of the Center for Human Relations and Community Studies at New York University and also editor of the Journal of Educational Sociology.*

By DAN W. DODSON

AMERICA'S neglect of her native-born underprivileged is no longer concealed on Mississippi Delta plantations or hidden in the "hollers" of the Appalachian Mountains. These impoverished rural people, together with Puerto Ricans and Mexicans, have moved to the central areas of the large cities and are on display before the world. The growth of the slums, coupled with the mass exodus of the middle-class whites to the suburbs, has created a condition described by James B. Conant as "social dynamite."

In 1962, a two-week conference at Teachers College was devoted to education in these urban slums. Thirteen specialists prepared papers on "major theoretical and empirical considerations" of the problem. *Education in Depressed Areas* is based on these papers. Professor Passow writes appropriate introductory and concluding statements.

Together, the papers provide as complete an analysis of educational problems in depressed areas as probably exists. However, there may be some danger that its overall impact will reinforce stereotypes rather than provide a guide to constructive action.

Despite the effort to keep broader perspectives, the major emphasis is on race. (Conant candidly states in *Slums and Suburbs* that this is the crux of the problem.) This does not imply a racist approach to education, but suggests instead that in the great encounters between Northern educators and Negro children, the latter have not been very "malleable to the forges" of the former.

Some reasons seem apparent. The first, which the book makes plain, is that schools in depressed areas are usually inferior to those outside the slums. Judgment on the capacity of education to involve and educate depressed-area children must wait for demonstrations in which equipment, teachers, and administrative staff are comparable to those of the remainder of the community. That morale can be maintained, adequate teacher leadership provided, and facilities made comparable, in deteriorated "Jim Crow" sections of cities, to those existing elsewhere is yet to be demonstrated. As cities receive more high-welfare-cost newcomers and lose their low-welfare-cost middle-class residents, the economic capacity to make such facilities comparable becomes increasingly difficult.

Like the generals who try to fight a new war with the experience gained in the last, education and agency leadership try to apply to Negroes concepts and practices learned through serving nationality minorities. Generous references are made to terms such as "cultural pluralism"—as if the goal were to protect the cultural autonomy rather than to integrate Negroes into the main stream. Time-honored jargon such as "community councils," "neighborhood councils," neighborhood planning, participation, and involvement suggest reliance upon panaceas of yesteryear.

A MORE heretical question is whether the educators have not been seduced by the social scientists. The chapters of this book are studded with assumptions that intelligence quotients, social class, and race are causes rather than symptoms of present educational difficulties. These concepts, designed to explore social relationships, tend to become tinted glasses that determine what we see.

"Low I.Q." and "low social class" are becoming new and secular forms of infant damnation. Their widespread use suggests we are programming from "pictures in the back of our heads" rather than from the reality.

A characteristic of today's slum child, unlike his counterpart of the past, is his visibility. When the nationality group youth learned the manners, dress, and language of the dominant group, he could escape identity. Hence we never had to learn to respect differences. The minority, instead, learned how to escape the effects of prejudice. This is not possible for the Negro youth—except the small number light enough to "pass."

Policy issues receive some consideration. Most "experts" urge that curriculum be adapted to children's needs "where they are." Kenneth Clark, on the other hand, would have teachers eliminate differential academic expectations for children. Dr. John H. Fischer, president of Teachers College, recommends "compensatory" opportunity to overcome past traumas. Fischer and Ausubel oppose "artificial" mixing of children of varied backgrounds.

With neighborhood segregation increasing, it is not clear how, without some such devices, the school can provide meaningful racial encounters to teach children the skills of citizenship.

AN important section of the book deals with "Teachers for Depressed Areas." Programs at Queens and Hunter Colleges of New York City are described. Both train teachers especially for depressed areas. Here again, bafflement and confusion reign. Can teachers be trained to be proud of assignment to what the culture considers "problem schools"? If they take them as a matter of "service," can they creatively spend their lives working with human materials they fundamentally do not respect?

This brings us back to the question posed earlier: "If the whole culture considers a racially segregated school as inferior, does not this make it so?" If so, can it provide equality of education? If not, does requiring a child to attend it violate his civil rights? Judges seem to understand this issue better than educators — including some of these distinguished contributors.

In broader perspective, and in spite of some experimentation, one is struck with the importance of educators to elicit creativeness from these slum children. Traumatized by a historical past, slum-shocked by mass migration from rural environs, discriminated against, avoided by whites who withdraw to suburbs, these "children of the ghetto" respond with apathy, sullenness, and mistrust.

One wonders if it may not now be too late to try to integrate them into an automated society. May not even those who have escaped be pushed back to the ghetto by a mass culture which responds to groups *en masse* by relegating all of a kind to a common category? Is it possible that nothing of consequence can be done until a new ideology provides a polarization of life and gives new hope and faith? Whatever the answer, one despairs that educators with present orientations will contribute significantly to the solution of the problem.

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New Books

HIGHER EDUCATION AND THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. Programs and Problems. *Edited by Charles G. Dobbins. American Council on Education* (1785 *Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington 6, D.C.*). 127 *pp. Paperback,* $2. A series of addresses by outstanding educators on the expanding relationships between higher education and the federal government.

STUDENT FINANCIAL AID IN THE UNITED STATES: ADMINISTRATION AND RESOURCES. *By Rexford G. Moon, Jr. College Entrance Examination Board* (*Box* 592, *Princeton, N.J., or Box* 27896, *Los Angeles* 27, *Calif.*). 47 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. An analysis of the approximately $700 million in financial aid awarded to students at American colleges and universities.

THE INTELLECTUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. *By Mauritz Johnson Jr., Gordon F. Vars, William T. Lowe, and Oscar G. Mink. Cornell University.* 31 *pp. Paperback,* 25 *cents.* A statement of position by the staff of the Junior High School Project, School of Education, Cornell University.

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF PARENT. *By Richard and Margery Frisbie. Sheed & Ward.* 209 *pp.* $3.95. A lighthearted guide that suggests ways in which a parent can implement his child's education.

MERIT SALARY PROGRAMS IN SIX SELECTED SCHOOL DISTRICTS. *By James P. Steffenson. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington* 25, *D.C.*) 63 *pp. Paperback,* 30 *cents.* An examination of the practices and procedures for the administration of a merit salary policy.

USING MASS MEDIA IN THE SCHOOLS. *Edited by William D. Boutwell. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* 292 *pp.* $4.50. A series of essays collected by The National Council of Teachers of English.

AMERICA'S EMERGING ROLE IN OVERSEAS EDUCATION. *Edited by Clarence W. Hunnicutt. Syracuse University* (*School of Education,* 200 *Slocum Hall, Syracuse* 10, *N.Y.*). 148 *pp, Paperback,* $2. A series of papers given by prominent educators and administrators in the field of international education and exchange.

CHANGING DEMANDS ON EDUCATION AND THEIR FISCAL IMPLICATIONS *Prepared by John K. Norton. National Committee for Support of the Public Schools* (1424 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 109 *pp. Paperback,* $1. The interrelation of education and economics as they affect the well-being of the nation.

A COMMUNITY-SCHOOL VENTURE. Top Professionals Work with School Students. *By David Mallery. National Association of Independent Schools* (4 *Liberty Square, Boston* 9, *Mass.*). 58 *pp. Paperback,* 75 *cents.* An analysis of a program in a suburban New York district where youngsters are given an introduction to the various professions by those adults actively engaged in them.

TEN DESIGNS, COMMUNITY COLLEGES. *Department of Architecture, Rice University* (*Houston, Tex.*). 100 *pp. Paperback, free.* A report on facilities for two-year community colleges.

KINDERGARTEN TODAY. *Department of Elementary-Kindergarten-Nursery Education, National Education Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 20 *pp. Paperback,* 60 *cents.* A presentation of the philosophy of kindergarten education.

CURRICULUM DEVELOPMENT. Theory and Practice. *By Hilda Taba. Harcourt, Brace, & World.* 529 *pp.* $6.95. This book examines the many factors bearing on curriculum development.

FOUNDATIONS OF EDUCATION. *Edited by George F. Kneller. John Wiley.* 650 *pp.* $6.95. A collection of essays on education as it relates to other aspects of American society.

NEVER TOO LATE FOR COLLEGE: THE BROOKLYN DEGREE PROGRAM FOR ADULTS. *By Bernard H. Stern. Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults* (4819 *S. Greenwood Avenue, Chicago* 15, *Ill.*). 40 *pp. Paperback,* $1. A discussion of a college degree-granting program created for adults.

COST AND QUALITY IN PUBLIC EDUCATION. *By Harold F. Clark. Syracuse University Press.* 54 *pp. Paperback,* $1.75. **FEDERAL AID TO SCIENCE EDUCATION: TWO PROGRAMS.** *By Paul E. Marsh and Ross A. Gortner. Syracuse University Press.* 97 *pp. Paperback,* $1.75. **ADMINISTERING THE NATIONAL DEFENSE EDUCATION ACT.** *By Sidney C. Sufrin. Syracuse University Press.* 76 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. *Nos.* 5, 6, *and* 8 *in a series entitled "The Economics and Politics of Public Education."*

EDUCATION FROM DEWEY TO GANDHI. The Theory of Basic Education. *By G. Ramanathan. Asia Publishing House* (*N.Y.*) 308 *pp.* $11. An Indian educator presents an outline of the development of modern educational thought.

TEACHING CAREER FACT BOOK. *National Education Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 58 *pp. Paperback,* $1. Facts and figures on the teaching profession.

TEACHING ADULTS THE LITERACY SKILLS. *By Edward Warner Brice, Roy B. Minnis, and Ellen C. Henderson. General Federation of Women's Clubs* (1734 *N Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 112 *pp. Paperback,* $1.00. A manual for clubwomen and others who are interested in planning and carrying out literacy programs.

HOME, SCHOOL AND WORK. *By M. P. Carter. Pergamon Press* (*Macmillan*). 340 *pp.* $7.50. A study of the education and employment of British youth.

THE SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY READER: EDUCATION IN PERSPECTIVE. *Edited by Edward G. Olsen. Macmillan.* 523 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. Short selections by some 200 well-known authors on the school-community movement.

LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGES AND TEACHER EDUCATION. *American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*). 58 *pp. Paperback,* $1.25. A survey of programs, practices, and problems.

THE PRESIDENT, THE PROFESSOR, AND THE COLLEGE LIBRARY. *By Guy R. Lyle. H. W. Wilson Co.* 88 *pp.* $2.50. Four studies on making better use of the college library.

EDUCATION AUTOMATION. Freeing the Scholar to Return to His Studies. *By R. Buckminster Fuller. Southern Illinois University Press.* 88 *pp.* $2. Some suggestions on design and expansion of future physical facilities in higher education.

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School Prayers

Continued from page 64

uncomfortable under the gentle questioning, explained that he would not make it compulsory on anyone. Those who wished could be excused.

Later, another Senator witness emphasized the voluntary aspect. Senator Hart, very polite but persistent, asked what the law would be if the prayer used were a "Hail Mary." This question was no easier than the earlier one but the Senator witness held to his position:

"Well, I am not familiar with the 'Hail Mary' or what is in it. However, I think that if it is voluntary, there might be no more objection to the 'Hail Mary' than to the Lord's Prayer."

It is accurate, if harsh, to note that on this point, by his own admission, the Senator witness didn't know what he was talking about.

What the witness Senators really favored, they said, was a "nondenominational" prayer. Senator Hart asked who would decide what was nondenominational, and did we really want our judges to become theologians.

The answer?

Many Americans believe that religious practices in the public schools should be determined by local governmental bodies or agents who will be responsive to dominant local public opinion. Those who hold such views, like the Senator witnesses, reveal little knowledge about the working of the democratic process or the nature of religious belief.

In the first roar of controversy about the prayer decision it seemed that dominant Protestant opinion and all of Catholic opinion opposed the Court's ruling. Subsequently, however, more Protestant clergy and organizations defended the court. Some Catholic journals and spokesmen also praised the decision. Majority opinion, however, among school superintendents, other public school officials and teachers, and the general public favors some religious worship and ceremony in the public schools.

The Supreme Court decision against religious establishment in the public schools was commonly evaded by allowing the policy on prayer to be made by the local board of education, the school principal, or the classroom teacher. An official at the convention of the National Education Association told the delegates, "Just keep on with what you have been doing. But don't make it anything official."

Illustrative of this policy is the decision made by the Milford, Connecticut Board of Education. Five residents petitioned: "It is our humble contention that the Lord's Prayer is a sectarian religious observance. We believe a public school is not a place for partisan religious observance."

After months of study the Milford board denied the request. In front of an audience of about 375 persons the board adopted a motion to retain the "custom" of recitation of the Lord's Prayer as part of opening exercises in the public school. The protest that this was the equivalent of an order by the

school board was overridden by a five-to-four vote.

The contentions of the Milford school board and the NEA officials are not so much arguments for public school prayer as advice on evading the court's decision. A school board is a governmental body and the public school teacher, an employee of that body, is an agent of government. Should governmental bodies or agents decide religious questions? Are questions of faith to be decided by popular opinion, majority vote, or democratic process?

For a school board or teacher or any other government agency to declare what prayer shall be said or other religious act performed by a public school pupil is unconstitutional, a use of governmental power for promotion of religious belief. It is also blasphemous; a manifestation of "irreverence or disrespect toward sacred things." In party caucus or polling booth we select public officials, not spiritual advisers. They are elected to promote the general welfare, not to lead us to salvation. Is the state an instrument of the church? Is Caesar the agent of God?

The role of the teacher, of course, is crucial. If a child before school lunch says grace on his own initiative, it could not reasonably be held that the state is sponsoring a religious act. However, if the teacher leads the children in prayer, this would seem to violate the restrictions against the use of governmental authority for promotion of religious ceremony.

The state is not qualified or authorized to decide that religion—some religion or any religion—is good or bad, useful or harmful. Such judgments under our Constitution are private, to be decided by the individual conscience, not by majority vote, legislative process, or dominant local opinion.

If all religious ceremony, even of the briefest, inoffensive nature, is removed from the classroom, does this not make government an enemy of religion? The public school has the child for five days a week. Is God to be absent from his

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mind during all of this period? If even such minor efforts as a short prayer or Bible reading are to be excluded, the public school, it is sometimes charged, will be antireligious. To strengthen our national fiber, we are urged to restore religion to a place of eminence in public life.

Even *if* these contentions are valid, is public school prayer the solution?

There is a far more meaningful policy which we can adopt, a policy which has wide support, a policy which is clearly Constitutional.

Clergymen and educators were asked: "Do you favor public school teaching 'about' religion, objective presentation of doctrines of the great faiths and the role that religion, religious groups and leaders have played in our history?"

With only rare exceptions, school officials, teachers, clergymen, and others replied, "Yes." Frequently, however, the "Yes" was qualified by a warning.

Wisconsin's Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction R. F. Lewis, stated the problem: "In theory, the idea of favoring public school teaching 'about' religion can be defended. However, a thorough job in this field would invariably arouse ill feeling on the part of many religious sects in spite of any attempt on the part of the teacher to remain neutral."

The apprehension about religious partisans was also expressed by the school superintendent in the nation's capital, Carl F. Hansen: "I believe religion should be taught for information as part of the social studies program. I must confess, however, that very little of this is being done in our schools. The hazard is that in the treatment of facts about religion, if these are handled honestly, adherents may be affronted. *In education very few will practice free expression or search for truth if to do so may cause criticism.*" (emphasis added).

There are at least two substantive problems in teaching "about" religion in addition to the public relations problem of gaining acceptance by religious groups in the community:

First, a curriculum design that gives proper emphasis and dispassionate treatment to the significant religious events, groups and personalities.

Second, teachers who are aware of the crucial difference between education and indoctrination.

Clearly, there are difficulties to be faced if a school system attempts seriously to teach "about" religion. The difficulties will not be solved by evasion or by seeking to appease religious-group interest with innocuous prayer or empty ceremony. Rather, our boards of education should have the fortitude to set a policy on curriculum in history, literature, art, music, and other fields that will give religious influences their proper significance.

This will mean that the public school student will not always see religion in a favorable light. He will learn that the way of the dissenter or unbeliever often has been painful, that many religious leaders led lives that were less than saintly, that those who have preached the inspired gospel of brotherhood have not always practiced what they preached, that in the name of peace churches have waged war, in the name of charity they have practiced persecution, and in the name of love preached hatred, that those who would teach man he is the son of God have proved, alas, to be substantially lower than the angels.

All of this will be part, but only part, of the public school curriculum.

The student will also learn that man, in the face of insuperable odds, has been willing to give his life for his faith, that in his search for identification with eternity man has been capable of inspired achievement, that the Mosaic Law, the Sistine Chapel, Handel's *Messiah,* and the Mayflower Compact are all products of man's ceaseless striving for salvation, that sword, fire, and gas chamber could not halt his quest for God. Is this hostility to religion?

Surely, the churches should ask for no more than accuracy and objectivity, the positive and the negative, the good and the bad, the favorable and unfavorable. Let us search for truth; for if we know the truth, shall it not make us free?

IF the Supreme Court rules against the Lord's Prayer and Bible reading, we can restage the unhappy religious conflict of last summer. Or we can turn to serious reconsideration of the place of religion in the public school. Instead of bitter battles to maintain a feeble recognition of religion by means of opening exercises with little meaning or educational effectiveness, school boards should be encouraged to adopt a program based on the proper function of the public schools, not worship or indoctrination, but education.

It is both a defense of religion and a challenge to parents and clergy to insist that religious expression is beyond the domain of governmental officials, including public school teachers. The child's spiritual needs are the responsibility of the home and the church.

The purpose of the public school is to impart knowledge, not to instill faith. This, in itself, is no small task. Real understanding by pupils of the place of religion in the development of our civilization should be a goal for every public school. Parents, clergy, and other citizens should support the schools in working for that goal.

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School Segregation

Continued from page 72

speak specifically to the question whether the Constitution required public officials to be color-blind, although the concept of color blindness was implied in a series of cryptic decisions which the court handed down thereafter that invalidated laws requiring segregation of parks, buses, restaurants, and the like.

Many questions remain to be decided in determining how far and in what manner state authority may—or perhaps must—constitutionally take race into account in shaping public policy.

It was abundantly clear by the beginning of 1963 that the process of doing away with the dual school systems in the South has endlessly taken racial considerations into account. Everyone involved in the process has done so—the community at large, school officials, even the courts. The patterns and practices of school operation have to be understood before solutions can be worked out. In this respect the actions of public authority are not color-blind.

It is also reasonably clear that, while racial considerations can be taken into account, they cannot be used invidiously against any racial group. Thus, school zone lines cannot be gerrymandered to contain Negroes. And even with racial considerations not in the picture, substantial questions of equal protection are raised by claims of serious overcrowding or that schools are badly deficient in physical plant, quality of teaching, or curricular offerings. Where any such questions develop, the Constitution probably affords a basis for judicial relief.

Other questions, however, are more difficult. As long as private discrimination produces residential segregation, it will affect the racial composition of the schools themselves. The state, whether it likes it or not, must take the community as it finds it. Since segregation cannot under the circumstances be erased, racial considerations must be taken into account. What is needed, it seems, is some flexibility of choice among reasonable educational alternatives to avoid placing any group at a disadvantage because of its race.

Where it can be shown that the practices of school authorities operate purposely to place Negroes at a racial disadvantage, judicial relief can be expected. There are, however, difficult and delicate problems in fixing the Constitutional line that measures the extent to which judicial relief may be forthcoming. Several illustrations suffice to make the point. San Francisco closed down a junior high school after protests that its student population would be 60 per cent Negro. Was this a "separate"—or "segregated"— and hence "unequal" school in the sense that the Constitution would require judicial action to put it out of business or to require alteration of its racial composition? Or was the action merely one which the political processes of the community are free to take—or not take? Again, it has been suggested that Negroes may be entitled to compensatory educational benefits because of damage done by past practices of racial segregation. It hardly seems constitutionally possible that the state can establish a compensatory program exclusively for Negroes and bar similarly handicapped whites who attend the same school.

YET the controversy over de facto segregation in the schools of the North and West is reaching the federal courts under a wide range of claimed Constitutional deprivations. The most celebrated case thus far came out of New Rochelle, New York, where the court found that school board practices more than a decade earlier caused the development of a segregated elementary school. This produced a court order permitting pupils in that school to transfer to any uncrowded school in the district. Cases like this one, which produce findings of intentional segregation practices, manifestly demonstrate a need for some corrective action. The far harder question is that of determining what kind of relief is appropriate; a number of Negro children in New Rochelle suffered serious setbacks when they transferred to classes maintaining higher academic standards.

For wholly understandable reasons, Negroes continue to insist that school authorities have the duty to mitigate the effects of residential segregation. The farthest reach of judicial language on this point came from the case in Hempstead, Long Island, in April 1962. The school board moved to dismiss the case before trial on the ground that residential patterns, not school board practices, produced the school segregation. The court denied the motion to dismiss, indicating the board had an obligation to mitigate the effects of segregation, whatever its cause. The board's obligation, the court said, could be discharged either by doing something to relieve segregation or by "a conclusive demonstration that no circumstantially possible effort can effect any significant mitigation." Thus, where the Hempstead case departed from earlier cases was in the court's insistence that the state, in operating its schools, has a Constitutional obligation to mitigate the effects of private discrimination.

So far as the drive against school

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Learning from textbooks was once considered a rote learning process. Today's textbooks strive to help children get facts straight and think straight about them—learn *how to think* for tomorrow as well as today.

Building the teaching of thinking into daily lessons is a complex task, as every textbook editor and author knows. Simply admonishing a child to think is fruitless. It's no use to say "THINK" to a child or a class without taking into account what kinds of thinking the situation requires and whether children are being taught to think in these ways. For example:

Many thinking skills cluster around **seeing relationships.** Instead of responding at random to what confronts him in a lesson, a child needs to learn ways of organizing the data presented. Perceiving **time** relationships is often important: seeing what happened first, second, third, instead of jumbling everything together. Learning to look for **likenesses** and **differences,** coming to see things in classifications and sets, can help children keep objects, then ideas, in order. Learning to look for and identify **cause-effect** relationships is, of course, basic to clear thinking.

From the relationships a child learns to perceive, he can begin to learn how to **generalize**—to **draw conclusions, form judgments, test** his hunches, **revise** them as needed. Then he can begin to think in terms of **structure,** of **principles** with broad applications; and he has a basis for fitting new knowledge into what he has learned so far.

The ways textbook lessons are developed, the kinds of questions that are asked, the exercises that are provided, the suggestions in teaching guides can all be directed toward helping children learn to do the kinds of thinking that produce effective learning. This is an aspect of textbook programs school administrators and teachers evaluate when they are selecting new books. If you are a parent, dip into lessons in books your child brings home. Can you spot the kinds of thinking your child is learning to do? Compliment him when he does them well!

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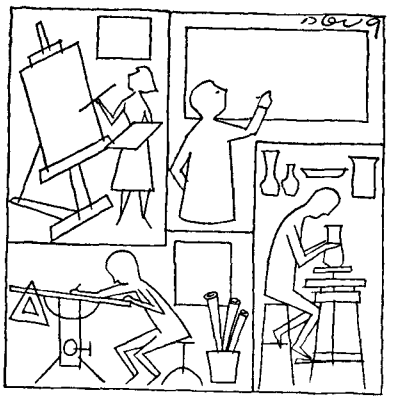

segregation in the North and West insists that school authorities become benignly color-conscious, it raises many questions still to be resolved. In a great many situations public authority is not, and cannot be, color-blind. The earlier insistence by Negroes that the Constitution required the state to be color-blind seems clearly inconsistent with the minimum need of the state at least to be sufficiently color-conscious to make sure that invidious racial discrimination is not being practiced in its name.

The courts, too, in passing on claims of racial discrimination, have to take race into account. That the Fourteenth Amendment requires judicial relief against intentional segregation of public schools has been settled. Whether the courts are required by the Constitution to insist upon maximum integration where segregation is attributable to private discrimination is another question. Particularly is it another question in light of the deep differences among educators about methods for overcoming social, cultural, and educational disadvantages suffered by those isolated from the mainstream of American life.

Merely that judicial action may not be available to compel maximum integration, however, does not suggest that the state cannot experiment with such educational programs. Nor does it suggest any impropriety in having Negroes and others make political demands for these things. It does suggest that there are certain questions which must be addressed to the political processes of the community and state rather than to the courts. And where state legislation requires affirmative integration programs, courts could be looked to for enforcement of the statutes; but judicial action in such cases would flow from legislation rather than from the federal Constitution.

Manifestly, public education has a great burden to discharge in helping disadvantaged children develop their abilities to the fullest extent possible. But public education seems hardly equipped to carry the whole load of mitigating and ending all the disadvantages minority groups suffer from private discrimination. Other efforts, both public and private, must continue on many fronts if America is to make good on its Constitutional commitment to equality for all its people. Fortunately, more and more Americans are aware of this. And while much more effort is still required, significant changes are taking place in lessening job discrimination, in breaking up patterns of housing discrimination, and in generally providing more and more reasons for hope among the nation's minority groups that they can share our democratic ideals on equal terms.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 60

TEACHING ABOUT COMMUNISM

IN HIS ARTICLE "Teaching About Communism" Mr. Miller states that our way of life stresses the individual, whereas Communism stresses the state. He then compares the World War II struggle between democratic England and Nazi Germany in such a way as seemingly to imply that Fascism and Communism are the same philosophies. Such is certainly not the case. Nor is theoretical Communism a state-oriented philosophy even though it may indeed seem so in practice. A student who does not recognize the present contradiction between theoretical Communism and practical Communism would be just as weak in face of Communist propaganda as the Korean War POWs mentioned by Mr. Miller's article. I might add, however, that on the whole Mr. Miller's article was a worthwhile contribution to a field of study that has been neglected too long.

W. ROBERT BRAZELTON,
Kansas State University.
Manhattan, Kan.

WHODUNIT DEPARTMENT

I WAS VERY IMPRESSED by Margaret Bennett's "Teaching Is Better With!" [*SR*, Feb. 16], and felt for the first time that my views on "education courses" might be completely unjustified. I felt that there was no better authority on such a subject than an instructor who had experienced teaching "with" and "without."

Therefore I was shocked in finding out that "Margaret Bennett" is in truth the fictitious invention of two librarians: Mrs. June Biermann, and Mrs. Barbara Toohey, presently employed at Valley College in the San Fernando Valley near Los Angeles.

I realize that it is very difficult to track down the sources of some contributions you receive, but I believe that the evidence of this experience demands further care in identifying your contributors.

SIMON F. WOLF.
North Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our introduction to "Teaching Is Better With!" clearly stated that "Margaret Bennett" was a pseudonym. By way of further clarification we present the following note from the authors: "We're sorry for the trouble our tangled web has caused you. Again, we assure you it's all true TRUE—who could make up stuff like that anyway? The one of us with the experience (described in the article) is Barbara Toohey, who taught for five years in the elementary schools of the Los Angeles City System before going into library work at Valley College, which is also part of the Los Angeles System. We collaborate under the name of Margaret Bennett, not through any particular desire for anonymity, but because we generally write essays in the first person singular, which would sound a bit weird with two names affixed."*

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Booked for Travel

Continued from page 40

of God was subsequently divided, the French occupying the east half, the Spaniards the west. When the Negro slaves overthrew the French early in the nineteenth century, they formed the Republic of Haiti. Gradually Haiti took over the Spanish districts, too, and occupied the island for twenty-two years. The Dominican Republic was finally formed in 1844, its first flag sewn by Maria Trinidad Sánchez. In the strange ways of Latin politics, that good lady was later executed by one General Pedro Santana, who, since he held the presidency five times and refused to honor the constitution, might fairly be called the Republic's first dictator. Just before Maria Trinidad Sánchez was shot by Santana's riflemen, she bade her brother tie her skirts to her ankles so that the members of the firing squad would not be able to gaze upon her legs when she toppled over.

BESET again by Haitians, Santana turned the country back to Spain, under whose flag it remained while America fought the Civil War. U.S. Marines occupied it in 1916, shortly after they had moved into Haiti upon the assassination of the Haitian dictator, Vilbrun Sam. An army general, Rafael Trujillo, second of eleven children, whose grandfather had been in the Spanish Secret Police ferreting out Dominican traitors, whose grandmother had been a half-caste Spanish spy similarly employed, and whose mother was half-Haitian, boldly took over the island in 1930.

Now that it was all over, what would the Dominicans have to entice the traveler? For one thing, they could offer direct jet service as fast as the travel times to Puerto Rico. Its native society and its native cuisine are considerably more evident in its hotels than are Puerto Rico's. Sheraton and Hilton have had their emissaries in, and interested delegations have explored the fish-filled Bay of Samaná and a fifteen-mile stretch of sand beach at El Macao on the northeastern fringe. And then there is the lore of Columbus in the cathedral, and in the handsome reconstruction of the palace of Diego Columbus, the Admiral's son, which Spain obligingly filled with $300,000 in antiques. As an American lady said in the lobby of the Embajador the other night, "What did Puerto Rico have fifteen years ago?" Not even a very savory reputation. And now, at the drop of the first snowflake, you can't even get a room.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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(Continued from page 81)

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MALE, 24, enthusiastic, teacher, English and reading, desires summer and/or permanent position. Box C-381.

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PERSONALS

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, Princeton, master's, desires Manhattan position with magazine, publishing, recording or other firm related to serious music. Box C-380.

LADY AVAILABLE—traveled, educated, secretary to same. Languages, tutoring, home management. Box C-365.

WHAT'S NEW? Welcome low price. Top Quality, distinctive business cards, beautifully imprinted in two color relief. Present them proudly. Samples. Rodie & Son, 53 Brackett Street, Brighton, Massachusetts.

NETHERLANDS MOTHER'S HELPER, experienced, excellent English, French, desires position, June-August. Box C-368.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY for mature person in dynamic life insurance sales. Financial independence and intellectual freedom assured. NYC and environs. Box C-313.

CALIFORNIA JOBS! Tell us field you want; we'll mail listings postpaid. Send $2 to California Employment Directory, 582 Market, San Francisco 4.

CASEWORKER: For multi-service children's agency. Psychiatrist provides consultation. Liberal personnel policies. NHW retirement. Salary commensurate with experience and training. For further information write to The Rev. Arnold Purdie, Children's Center of the Episcopal Church, 225 South Third Street, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania.

WIDOWER, with well brought up school age daughters, 5-12-15, needs housekeeper-governess young in spirit, run house located 30 minutes from Manhattan, supervise children. Own air-conditioned room, bath. Good salary. Other help employed. Should be cultured, able handle household for television VP. References required. Reply details Box C-371 or PLaza 1-2345 NYC, Extension 8062-3.

WANTED: Emeritus professor biology-chemistry. New Yampa Valley College. Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

UNUSUAL SUMMER TRAINING OPPORTUNITY NYC. Bright future, out-of-town male student attending college here this winter; majoring investments banking. Good typing, driver's license essential. Box C-333.

ELEMENTARY LIBRARIAN and elementary teachers, certified Pennsylvania Public Schools. Live and work in beautiful Bucks County. Joseph Roberts, Newtown Joint Schools, Newtown, Pennsylvania.

WANT HIGHER SALARY, better opportunity, security? "NER" reports on hundreds of $7,000-$35,000 job openings monthly. Get free copy. National Employment Reports, 105 West Adams, 830-2, Chicago 3, Illinois.

LIKE TO BE a college professor part-time? Liberal arts graduatees and ex-graduate students, men or women, needed for paid work one or two evenings a week teaching and advising in humanities, social science. Should live within 25 miles of Westport,, Connecticut. Send resumes to Box C-383, Saturday Review. Interviews will follow.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES. Lake shore or mountain, your choice our guide. Specifications put us on your side. 400 feet lake frontage, cottage, $14,000. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT. 4 bedroom house, separate studio/garage. Exquisitely private. Rustic woodland setting overlooking pond. $39,500. Box C-331.

HUNTINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Small, secluded hillside house, accessible Tanglewood area. $11,500. MOrris 7-4671, Box C-351.

MAINE COUNTRY HOME. Beauty, quiet, comfort, convenience. Excellent value. Write Harold Matthews or Caretaker, "Elm Glen," West Sumner, Maine.

CENTRAL VERMONT—Seasonal homes, farms, acreage. Free list. W. S. Gilman, Broker, Chelsea, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR SALE

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y. Interesting small house, 5 rooms, views, one acre. 10 minutes Tappan Zee Bridge. $16,500. Freda Buchanan, Realtor, 914-EL 8-1025.

MODERN HOME with up to 5 acres, Berks County hills. Mrs. Lena Gresh, Boyertown, RD 3, Pennsylvania.

MEDITERRANEAN STYLE HOME. Beautiful Miami Shores Village, Florida. Lovely landscaped setting. Double lot. Separate housekeeping apartment. $25,000. Picture, details. Box C-350.

SECLUDED HILLTOP. Studio, living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, garage. 500 ft. well, electricity. 160 acres woodlands, fields, deer, 110 miles N.Y. via Taconic. Asking $28,000. Box C-327.

For Sale—Furnished

ISLAND LUXURY SUMMER HOME in the best fishing waters of Lake Nipissing, Ontario, Canada, suitably furnished for four people. $31,000. Box B-976.

SUPERB VIEW of Mount Desert, Maine, from Cranberry Island waterfront 4 bedroom modern Cape Cod type, furnished. $22,000 cash. Box C-307.

NORTHERN WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK. Magnificent mountaintop summer home—only 1¼ hours from NYC. Modern, furnished, 3 bedroom log cabin. Heat, air conditioners, washers, Sweeping views, privacy *but not isolation. Separate studio, piano, bathing* beach on beautiful Lake Waccabuc. $16,500. Dyas, Realtor, 914-SO 3-3000.

EASTPORT, MAINE. Snug cliffside retreat overlooking bay and Campobello. 2 bedrooms, paneled living room, fireplace, bath, garage, sun porch. Insulated, equipped year-round living. $5,000. Box C-326.

For Rent

MODEST POCONO FARMHOUSE. Low rent includes care pensioner horse. Suitable for retired couple, writer, painter. References. Box C-332.

For Rent—Furnished

COMPACT FAMILY ESTATE for rent in Westport—suddenly available for one year from June 1st. One of Westport's oldest houses—not too big, completely furnished. Main house with 4 bedrooms, 3 baths and powder room, designed for live-in maid or family room. Guest house fully heated, furnished, self-contained—with bar, bath, kitchenette. A playhouse for the kids plus more than three landscaped acres with a country hilltop. Complete privacy *inside the walls, no adjoining property. Only three* minutes to town—all facilities of beaches, town golf club. The perfect set-up for all four Connecticut seasons. Rental of $500 monthly includes grass-cutting, leaves, basic maintenance. Call owner direct (not listed): CApital 7-7006.

STOWE, VERMONT. Chalets or mansions. $175 up. Justis Realty, RFD 1.

NEWLY FURNISHED studio cottage, modern conveniences. On 3 acres, trout brook. Mrs. Harden, South Kent, Connecticut.

EASTERN SHORE ESTATE—10 room house with mile of waterfront, near Easton, Maryland. $175 monthly. Brochure. Schofield, 109 East 81st Street, New York City.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD COTTAGES in Orleans area. Bimonthly to seasonal. Reserve early for best choice. Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C, Orleans, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Telephone 552.

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages. Rogers Rock Club, on Lake George, near Ticonderoga. Mile shore line. Tennis, ideal swimming. Children welcome. Golf nearby. Box C-323.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CAPE MAY, N.J. Large, quiet, comfortably furnished house. $700 season. Box C-321.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—Artist's home. April-May; mid-June—mid-August. Box B-779.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. 10 room, comfortably furnished modernized hillside home. Private swimming. June, July $350. August $400. Season $800. Box 184, Jamaica, Vermont.

MESSALONSKEE BEACH COTTAGES. Housekeeping, lakefront. Fish, play, relax. Belgrade, Maine.

CONVERTED BARN. Large Pocono farm. July, August. Box C-340.

SORRENTO, MAINE. Fronting shore. 8 bedrooms, 2 baths. Good living rooms; fireplaces. June, July, August. $900. Box C-370.

SHERBURNE, VERMONT. 14 miles to Rutland or Woodstock. 3 bedrooms, living room with fireplace, modern kitchen. Trout stream. Quiet area. June 22nd through Labor Day, $500. Ray Holway, Realtor, Gryphon Building, Rutland, Vermont.

LAKE MAHOPAC. 2-5 room cottages, apartments, private lakefront. $550-$800. TRafalgar 4-1659 NYC, MAhopac 8-4020 weekends.

COTTAGE, suitable two or more. View, near lake, secluded, accessible. Season or monthly. Madeline Holden, Wallingford, Vermont.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS. Rose-covered cottage, near heart of town, view of moors from terrace. Quaint living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, modern kitchenette. Season, $1,000. Box C-70.

FAMILY FLING—Lake Ontario. House, woods, yacht, help. All for $1,500. July. Box C-343.

TOMKINS COVE, Rockland County, N.Y. Guest house, secluded wooded hilltop 45 minutes George Washington Bridge. Reasonable. Available May. Box C-382.

HOUSE TO SHARE

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. Lady share unfinished country house couple or woman. Reasonable. Must have car. Box C-358.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

FOR EDUCATORS ONLY. Home Exchange and other economical travel services. Brochure. Homex Educators Association, Box 582, Niagara Falls, New York.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

EAST END AVENUE, NYC, 3½ rooms. July and August. $180 monthly. References. Box C-303.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

EAST 80's, NYC. 4½ rooms, May-November. Well run elevator building. $275. References. REgent 7-5146.

MODEST 3 rooms, bath, mid-Manhattan, June, July, August. MUrray Hill 3-0169 NYC. Box C-372.

APARTMENT WANTED

Unfurnished

GARDEN APARTMENT. Floor through, brownstone, East side. Sublet or lease. ELdorado 5-6000—3C, NYC.

(Continued on page 84)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 83)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

OLD SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT. Long Island Sound lot with beach and seawall. Swimming, sailing, fishing. Ten minutes shopping, Thruway, railroad. $12,500. Box C-92.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOMESITES. Thoreau-like country. All utilities. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

POCONOS—½ acre lake sites from $1,995. Roads, water, electric lines in. 5 year terms, no interest. Local builders quote $3,000 up for cottages, etc. Only 70 miles NYC. L. Miller, Milford, Pennsylvania. 717-295-5281.

MAINE—Northeast coast. Unimproved scenic property of great beauty fronting on ocean and harbor. Conservative terms to responsible people of culture. Box C-347.

CALIFORNIA RIVER FRONTAGE—5,140' on Colorado, 140 acres, private airstrip, superb boating, swimming, fishing, waterfowl hunting, gliding, flying. Relax among lovely dogwood and willows in Palm Springs climate. Only $10 down per front foot. Claude McEntyre, 4936 Alta Canada, La Canada, California (The broker with the twin-engine airplane). Need large listings.

CAMPS

CAMP CHOCONUT. Stressing self-reliance for boys from 9-16. Small group. Summer of constructive fun. Campcraft, trips, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Private lake. 800 acres in northeast Pennsylvania, 17 miles south of Binghamton, N.Y. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 443-R, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 2, New Jersey.

"YES, JACK, there is a rugged camp: Saltash Mountain Camp on a wilderness lake in Vermont." No bells, no "classes." Primitive camping for 40 boys in search of real challenge. Axmanship, construction, forestry, natural science, canoe trips. Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups. 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse trips. Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Riding. Forestry; riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. 3 nurses. 38th year. Booklet. William H. Abbott, Director, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y.

INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

NEW HORIZON at Southampton, N.Y. A Children's Democracy. All activities. Brochure. 9 East 67th Street, NYC 21. TRafalgar 9-5221.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS ABROAD—International six-week coed school-camp summer program. See ad under "TRAVEL."

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

CAMP HALF MOON, Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Boys 6-16 arranged by age, physical development. Special care younger campers. Individual, group activities. Riding, water, field sports. Tutoring. Nurses. Catalogue: give age of boy. Dr. and Mrs. E. I. Storey, Mathews, Virginia.

SUMMER READING-STUDY Skills Camp. Students with good potential yet underachieving. Perfect setting for a profitable summer study and recreation. Harry Purchase, Director, The Wawbeek, Upper Saranac Lake, New York.

RUGGED MOUNTAINEERING, SKIING, SURVIVAL, unique Aspen environment, boys 12-16, separate girls'. Ashcrofters, Aspen, Colorado.

CAMPS

APPRENTICESHIP IN RECREATION LEADERSHIP for 20 boys and girls of high-school age, at Winooski, a Goddard College summer program combining instruction in crafts, sports, and games with responsibility for Vermont village children's recreational activities. Adult staff includes working craftsmen and resident counselors. Headquarters on Goddard College campus. June 29th to August 23rd. Folder: write Evalyn Bates, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

CUTLER READING CAMP at Craftsbury Common, Vermont. Seven weeks of intensified instruction—remedial, corrective, developmental, and advanced reading. Complete recreational activities program. Boys 10-18. Limited enrollment. Institute for Reading and Study Skills, 75 Prospect Street, Huntington, N.Y.

SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. Room 811, 225 Lafayette, New York 12.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

COLORADO ADVENTURE TRAILS. For the child of exceptional parents who value Thoreau-sensitivity and Socratic deep curiosity above sophist conformity. Sleep under stars, eat from fry pan, bake bread, ax timber, hikes, campfire sings. Lone esthetic experiences reading, creative writing, meditating sunsets over the Great Divide from 10,000 ft. crest. Enthusiasm for Just Living. 10 boys and 10 girls. Ages 10 through 15. 4 Adult Educators, 8 July through 4 August, $250. Brochure: T.D. Lingo, Black Hawk, Colorado.

CAMP ELLIOTT. Democratic Community Living. Work, study, recreation. Coed 14-18. $150 per 3 week session. Brochure and application from Ethical Culture Society of Bergen County, 637 Larch Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey. 201-TE 6-5187.

HIGH/SCOPE—coed camp for capable youth, 11-15. Creative program, exploration of ideas, realistic responsibilities, professional staff. Individual attention, enrollment—sixty. Eight weeks—$400. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

VACATIONS

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Now is the time to book for the spring and summer months GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Weather cool and calm, comfortable craft, congenial Captains, cordial crews, conservative costs. Cable or correspond (Airmail). V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WENTWORTH WORKSHOP—paint and vacation in New Hampshire. Brochure. Box B-576.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

VACATIONS

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. $5 single, $7 double. Box 1558, Nassau.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

PEACE . . . PRIVACY . . . Martha's Vineyard! Writers, painters, naturalists especially welcomed. Housekeeping cottages available at Horizon Murals, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

TENNIS: 4 Clay Courts. Sun-drenched Florida Keys. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada, Florida Keys.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do! The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

UNWIND AT MARLBORO MANOR, your mansion in the Berkshires. 625 acres . . . ambrosial food. All sports. Send for folder. New Marlboro, Massachusetts. Telephone: SHeffield 229-2520, area code 413.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn and Motel. Elevator. Informal. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

GASCON, famed old guest and cattle ranch high in Pecos wilderness, with 4,000 acres of spruce, aspen, high meadows, invites you to enjoy its peace, quiet and scenery June through October. James Bartley, Gascon Ranch, Rociada, New Mexico.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

EXCEPTIONAL MEALS at one of New England's foremost resort hotels. Swimming pool, private beach, on beautiful Ogunquit headland. Opens June 24th. Color folder. The LOOKOUT, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 7th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1963 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

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VACATIONS

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard College campus. Vacation home for amateur chamber musicians, painters, crafts workers, offers *low-pressure life, professional staff to work with* and learn from. Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. Special opportunity for recorder players, including American Recorder Society Summer School, July 7th to 20th. Stay one week or all summer, June 30th to August 25th. Bulletin: Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing *historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres* grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 24th. Kennebunkport, Maine.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

VERMONT HOUSEKEEPING June and September: "Snug Harbor" (4 rooms over boathouse) or "Currier & Ives" Suite (3 rooms). Free boats, canoes, sailboats, tennis. Near golf, horses, White Mountains. Write Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th Street, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Enjoy a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

LOOKING FOR peace and quiet? Spend your vacation at Islesboro, Maine's resort island. Modern housekeeping cottages. Write for brochure. Lloyd T. Pendleton, Islesboro, Maine.

LUDLOW LODGE, leisurely living in a little village. Ludlow, Vermont.

RENT BY DAY, week, month, beautiful studio apartment, private dock, at Marathon in fabulous Florida Keys. Beautiful turquoise waters, spacious beaches, superb boating, fishing, bowling, theatre, golf and pool available. District Attorney, Brookville, Pennsylvania.

GOLFING APLENTY at Sky Lodge and Motel . . . informal, complete resort. Swimming pool, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Two miles north of Jackman on picturesque Arnold Trail. Ed Landgraf, Moose River, Maine.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

FAMILY ADVENTURE? *Bahamas Out-Islands* housekeeping cottages for five. Blue water and lush tropical foliage. $100 per week including car. Box C-90.

CHASE'S on Torsey Lake, Readfield, Maine. Nature at its loveliest. Food at its best. Widely spaced lakeshore cottages. Excellent fishng, lake and shore activities. Booklet.

HOOK, LINE, SINKER. Here's our story and you *can take it hook, line and sinker: Whether you* want surf fishing, bay fishing, or deep sea fishing, it's here to enjoy. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

"IT IS A HEAVENLY PLACE and I say it reverently . . . no treasure undiscovered, sunshine and starlight, fog, rain, wind, golden wild mustard, wild iris, wild strawberries, delicious air, sweet wood fire smoke . . . I'll never forget." From a guest's letter to The Island Inn, Box A, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. *2,150' high in the Green Mountain National* Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

TRAVEL

ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick building, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

HOLIDAY SCHOOLS ABROAD—unique, international six-week school-camp summer programs. Coed, 14-18. Switzerland, Israel, England—$895. Write/phone: Ruth Faine, Holiday Schools Abroad, Room 3100, 11 West 42nd, NYC 36, OXford 5-1360.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guide book gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, *Los Angeles 25, California.*

SEBAGO-LONG LAKES REGION. Pine-clad mountains surround Maine's most accessible lakes region. Seacoast cities nearby. Magazine in color free. Sebago-Long Lakes Association, Sebago Lake 16, Maine.

EUROPE, June 28th, $997. An excellent tour—about 5½ weeks, personally conducted. Modern luxury boat, first class on European trains. Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic Tours, 1148 West Northshore Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois.

PHILADELPHIA (on Penn Campus in "University City"). Hear incomparable Philadelphia Orchestra at home—in the noble Academy of Music. Theatres, Art Museum, Barnes Foundation, famed Society Hill community. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th, Philadelphia. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

PALESTINE, EGYPT, EUROPE. Brochure: Dr. Panzer, First Methodist, Sacramento, California.

WANTED: 10 VENTURESOME TRAVELERS. Luxury limousine coach with leader-driver and hostess going West on 4 camping-sightseeing tours. Motels utilized through East. Excellent food and all equipment provided, all-expense basis. June 1st—21 days: Grand Circle Tour—South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, $575. June 29th—15 days: Compact Circle—Yellowstone, Tetons, etc., $495. August 3rd—21 days: Wyoming Wind River Wilderness. Horseback and pack trip, tremendous scenery, memorable forever, $665. September 6th—15 days: Colorful Colorado—Highest mountains, Mesa Verde, $495. Write for itineraries, Modus Operandi: Murray deCamp Spear, Director, The Company of Voyageurs, 711 Valley Road, Mahwah, N.J.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest *who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town.* Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . . Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Box 6, San Miguel *Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.*

EASTERN EUROPE. New, colorful folder, free for the asking, describing five different conducted tours through Russia, the Balkans, and Scandinavia. Write Maupintour, Folder SEE, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

A WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL is the greatest! New, special package rates for two- and three-day visits are available. *Write or call for information. If you're driving,* ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll be near everything—steps from the United Nations, theatres, shops, museums and art galleries. Two excellent restaurants serve delicious food at moderate prices. The fascinating Top o' the Tower *Cocktail Lounge offers magnificent views of the* East River and the city as well as expertly prepared refreshments. Don't miss the fun! BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

TRAVEL

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Consider The Duffys', a tropical guest house by the sea. Excellent beach. Gemutlichkeit bar. Casual island atmosphere. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1515

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. City involved in what was officially reported as the Conemaugh Disaster, 1889.

B. Restrain by fear.

C. Headgear worn in hot countries (2 wds.).

D. English painter who, from a small boat in Plymouth harbor, sketched Napoleon then under restraint on the *Bellerophon*, becoming famous for the portraits he made later (1793-1865).

E. Married woman attending a bride in ancient Roman ceremonies.

F. Female of the black grouse (2 wds.).

G. How our Navy men dress in summer or in hot places (2 wds.).

H. Pertaining to a market.

I. Throughout this planet (comp.).

J. Wendy's kisses.

K. Poured out; sent forth.

L. Amer. pioneer in the Far West, a peak at the source of the Yellowstone river named for him; became Mexican citizen, 1835.

M. Phrase pinpointing the moment of occurrence. (2 wds.).

WORDS

52 50 204 190 177 94 20 68 100

59 65 189 88 122 156 35

215 30 90 138 185 170 132 55

106 16 127 77 115 194 199 29

86 44 76 203 53 166 111

188 205 31 162 56 129 84 4

95 26 193 97 184 120 152 159

137 109 164 13 117 74 165 148

155 6 180 134 173 131 146 19 66

112 121 209 5 80 139 18 133

79 22 43 82 58 202 186

87 108 136 91 128

200 37 207 102 195 60 154 171 48

DEFINITIONS

N. Till now.

O. One of most famous of Colonial preachers (Massachusetts; 1703-58).

P. Correct word for a female sloven.

Q. Hanging suspended over one.

R. King James of England was famous for replacing these with old ones whenever he could (2 wds.).

S. English engineer of public works, won fame, World War I, for building the tunnel under Messines Ridge (1871-1930).

T. Angel with Zephon in *Paradise Lost*, sent on a mission by Gabriel, with a magic spear.

U. Wearing a halo around the head.

V. Zodiacal constellation on opposite side of the Milky Way from Orion.

W. One who pertinaciously contends for some trifling point; a precisian.

X. "Restorer of the Roman Empire", of humble birth; defeater of Queen Zenobia (212-275).

Y. Criterion of a small compass, compact container.

Z. State of being stunted.

Z¹. The birthday whose passing allows many U.S. citizens to apply for Social Security (comp.).

WORDS

28 57 12 2 89 181 75 143

41 99 175 113 126 141 196

62 42 98 96 142 83 135 105

38 85 211 147 172 107 47 36 71

61 130 206 40 78 167 119 33

27 67 214 8 183 69 110 151 158

9 150 191 93 213 163 3 81

210 63 17 92 176 178 192 149

49 15 39 25 51 182

54 123 73 198 118 114 34 104

144 103 10 179 116 125 212 7

70 161 169 46 201 174 23 64

32 1 157 14 124 153 140 72 208

11 45 168 187 24 21 197 145 101 160

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Z	2 N	3 T	4 F		5 J	6 I	7 X		8 S	9 T	10 X	11 Z¹	12 N		13 H	14 Z	15 V		
16 D	17 U	18 J	19 I		20 A	21 Z¹		22 K	23 Y	24 Z¹	25 V	26 G	27 S		28 N	29 D			
30 C	31 F	32 Z		33 R	34 W	35 B	36 Q		37 M	38 Q	39 V	40 R	41 O	42 P	43 K		44 E		
45 Z¹	46 Y	47 Q	48 M	49 V		50 A	51 V		52 A	53 E	54 W	55 C		56 F	57 N	58 K			
59 B	60 M	61 R		62 P	63 U	64 Y	65 B	66 I	67 S		68 A	69 S	70 Y	71 Q	72 Z		73 W		
74 H	75 N	76 E		77 D	78 R	79 K		80 J	81 T	82 K	83 P		84 F	85 Q	86 E	87 L	88 B		
89 N	90 C	91 L		92 U	93 T	94 A		95 G	96 P		97 G	98 P	99 O	100 A	101 Z¹		102 M		
103 X	104 W	105 P	106 D	107 Q		108 L	109 H	110 S		111 E	112 J		113 O	114 W	115 D		116 X		
117 H	118 W	119 R		120 G	121 J	122 B	123 W		124 Z	125 X	126 O	127 D	128 L		129 F	130 R			
131 I	132 C	133 J		134 I	135 P	136 L	137 H	138 C	139 J	140 Z	141 O		142 P	143 N		144 X			
145 Z¹	146 I	147 Q	148 H	149 U		150 T	151 S	152 G	153 Z		154 M	155 I		156 B	157 Z	158 S			
159 G	160 Z¹	161 Y	162 F		163 T	164 H		165 H		166 E	167 R	168 Z¹		169 Y	170 C	171 M	172 Q		
	173 I	174 Y		175 O	176 U	177 A		178 U	179 X	180 I	181 N	182 V	183 S	184 G	185 C	186 K			
187 Z¹	188 F	189 B	190 A		191 T	192 U		193 G	194 D	195 M		196 O	197 Z¹	198 W	199 D		200 M		
201 Y	202 K	203 E		204 A	205 F		206 R	207 M	208 Z		209 J	210 U		211 Q	212 X	213 T	214S / 215C		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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The Burgemeester of Amsterdam invites you to cruise through the canals of Holland

BURGEMEESTER van Hall, Mayor of Amsterdam, invites you to cruise Holland's amiable waters—the rivers, the lakes, the canals.

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For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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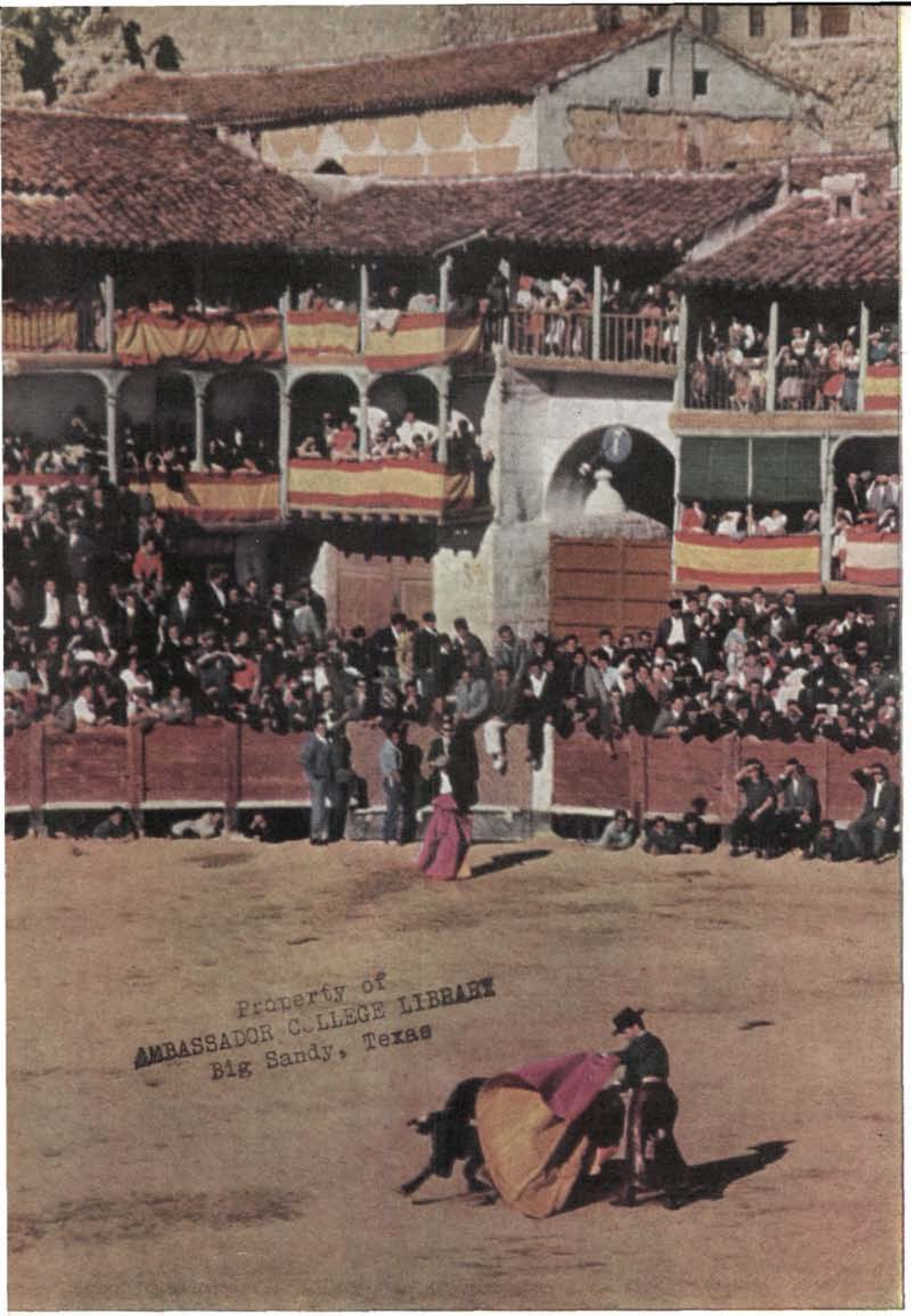
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Bullfight at Chinchon, 25 miles southeast of Madrid.

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Add it up. For less than $50.00 you can spend a full week in a good hotel in Madrid. Eat to your heart's content. Watch the bullfights and jai alai matches. Visit the Prado.

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